



K OR BABIES: which does Hollywood want?

oct. 15c

modern screen

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Ava Gardner

Look lovelier
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Gown by Ceil Chapman

Yours in *seconds*—a flawless, poreless-looking complexion! Solitair goes on easier, quicker. Its soft, smooth loveliness clings longer—without retouching. Introductory compact only 29¢. Larger sizes, 60¢—1.00. No finer quality at any price!

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★ You'll find new, exciting loveliness in this *different*, feather-weight cake make-up. Solitair creates flawless complexion beauty—*quickly*. Goes on easily without streaking. Takes only seconds to apply! Hides each little blemish—yet never looks artificial or "mask-like." Stays fresh and lovely hour after hour without retouching. It's a complete make-up combining creamy foundation and "wind-blown" powder.

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shades

Contains Lanolin

SKIN-SAFE SOLITAIR! Protects against dryness. Only clinically tested make-up which leading skin specialists confirm WILL NOT CLOG PORES! Safe to use!



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***FASHION-POINT LIPSTICK**

Try Solitair "Fashion-Point"—first and only lipstick with the point actually curved to fit the lips! Applies creamy-smooth color evenly—quicker. 39¢ and 1.00.

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Here are three girls who never met before. They are brought together by a strange quirk of fate. Each in her past hid the one reckless mis-step that seals a girl's reputation. Here in one of the most heart-arresting pictures in the long history of Warner Bros. are three girls whose pasts cannot be judged until you know their

Three Secrets

STARRING ELEANOR

PATRICIA

RUTH

PARKER

NEAL

ROMAN

The girl of **CAGED**

The girl of **THE BREAKING POINT**

The girl of **COLT 45**

WITH FRANK LOVEJOY • LEIF ERICKSON • WRITTEN BY MARTIN RACKIN AND GINA KAUS • DIRECTED BY ROBERT WISE

PRODUCED BY MILTON SPERLING • UNITED STATES PICTURES PROD • WARNER BROS.



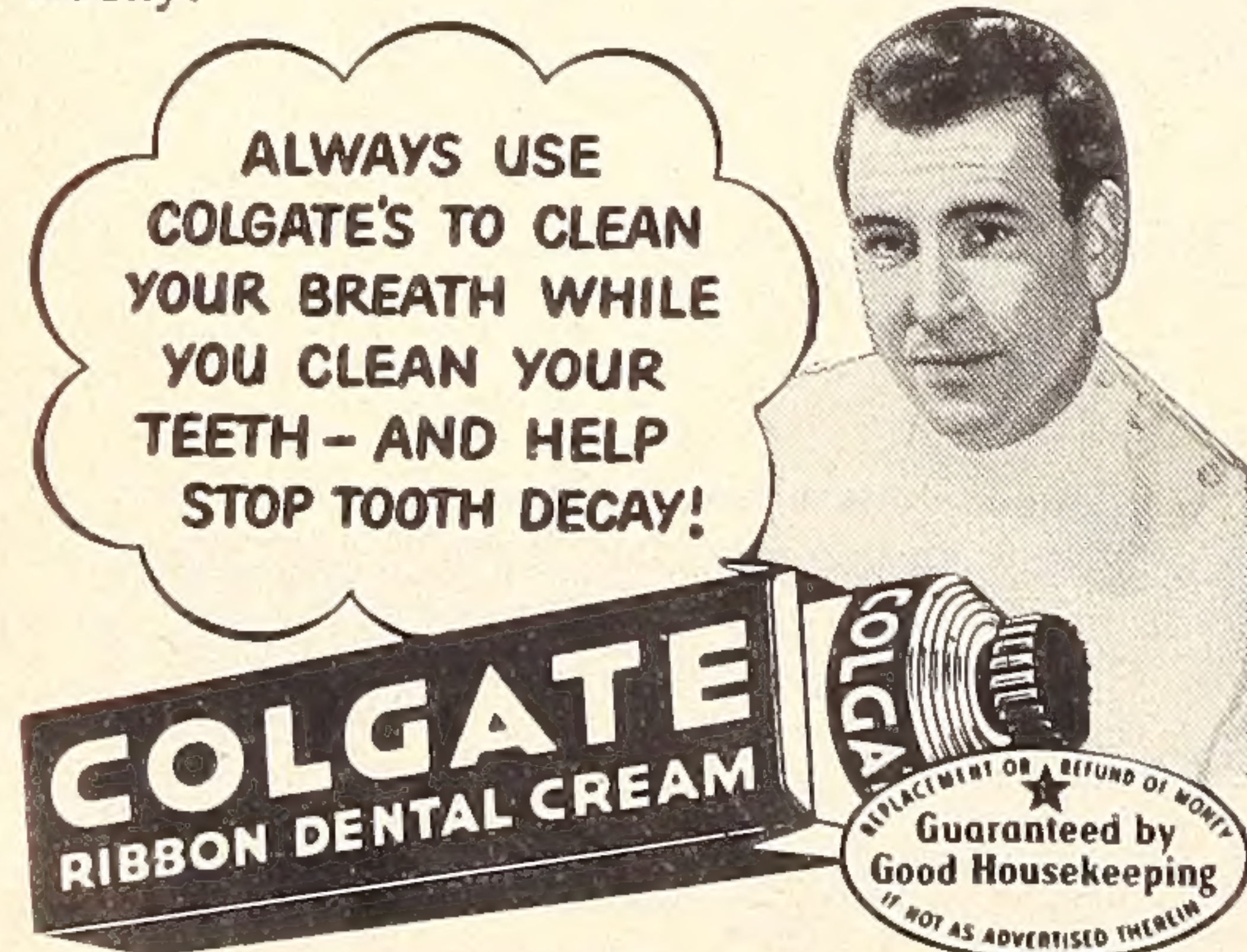
July
READER'S DIGEST*
 reports the same
 research which proves
 that brushing teeth
 right after eating with
**COLGATE
 DENTAL CREAM
 STOPS TOOTH
 DECAY BEST**

**Better Than Any Other Way of
 Preventing Tooth Decay According
 to Published Reports!**

Reader's Digest for July reports on one of the most extensive experiments in dental history! And remember these additional facts: The toothpaste used *exclusively* in this research was Colgate Dental Cream. Two years' research showed brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped tooth decay *best!* Better than any other home method of oral hygiene! The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever reported in all dentifrice history!

**No Other Toothpaste or Powder
 Ammoniated or Not
 Offers Proof of Such Results!**

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even *one* new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.



***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** Colgate Dental Cream, while not mentioned by name, was used exclusively in the research reported in Reader's Digest.

OCTOBER, 1950

modern screen

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The story of Lily James... the girl
 from Kansas... who took New York
 by storm..... became a famous,
 fascinating model and really lived
 A Life Of Her Own.....!



*There were many men
 in her life... but with
 him she knew love—
 and its heartbreak!...*

M-G-M presents
**LANA
 TURNER**
**RAY
 MILLAND**
 in
**"A Life Of
 Her Own"**

TOM EWELL • LOUIS CALHERN
 ANN DVORAK • BARRY SULLIVAN
 MARGARET PHILLIPS
 JEAN HAGEN

Written by ISOBEL LENNART
 Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • Produced by VOLDEMAR VETLUGUIN
 A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

More
"glory lights"
in your hair



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Unbreakable
Plastic Bottle

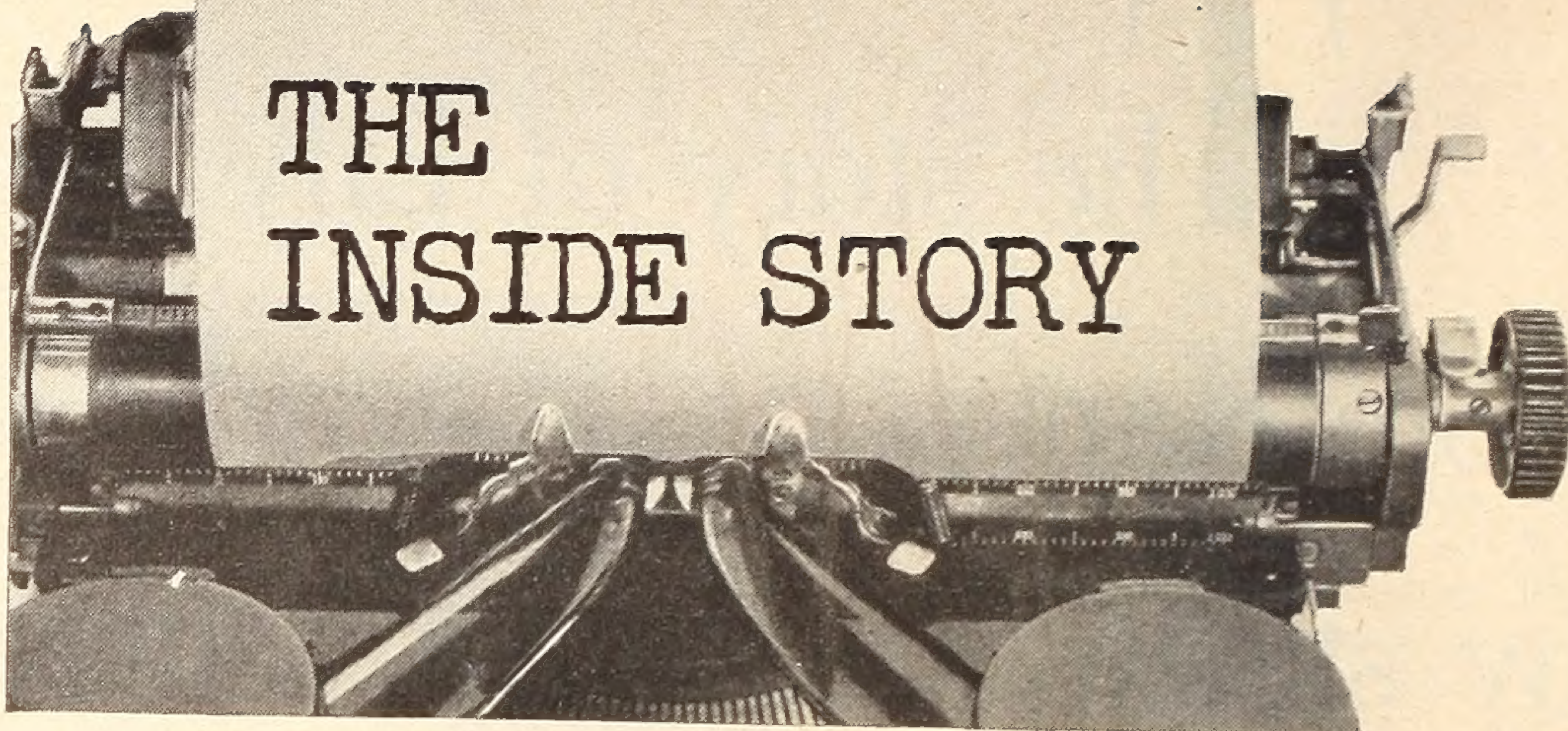
New!
Shulton
SHAMPOO

Perfumed with
famous Old Spice 5 3/4 .85 oz.
NO FEDERAL
TAX REQUIRED

At Drug and Department Stores

SHULTON
Rockefeller Center, New York

THE INSIDE STORY



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to **THE INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. There is a rumor that the Narcotics Bureau of the U. S. Treasury Department was called in to investigate Judy Garland's suicide attempt a few months ago. True or false?

—F. F., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. False. No Government or police officers of any sort were called in on the case. Two days after she jabbed her throat with a piece of glass, Judy removed the bandaid which covered the entire wound. It was healed completely.



Q. Is Frank Sinatra more popular than ever because of his love affair with Ava Gardner?

—R. T., THOMASVILLE, N. C.

A. Certainly not in Hollywood. Frank, however, boasts an extremely loyal group of followers who will be happy to learn that their hero's future, at least for the next three years, is financially assured. Frank has signed a 3-year contract with CBS for radio and video shows that will pay him \$250,000 per year.

Q. How come there has been no news of Robert Walker out of Hollywood lately?

—L. Y., SALT LAKE CITY

A. Walker has been living quietly and has done nothing "newsworthy."

Q. Which Hollywood stars are permitted to appear on television?

—N. Y., MONTGOMERY, ALA.

A. All stars not under contract to a studio are permitted to appear on television, also such contract players as Doris Day, Bing Crosby, Milton Berle, Bob Hope, and Jimmy Durante. The list is increasing daily.

Q. Is it true that there is a lot of intermarriage in Hollywood between the white and colored races?

—R. L., PAWTUCKET, R. I.

A. The only intermarriage on record is the one between Lena Horne, the beautiful Negro singer, and Lennie Hayton,

her musical arranger. The marriage took place in Paris three years ago. It was the second marriage for both and revealed only because Lena is expecting a child.

Q. What is the marriage status of Richard Greene these days?

—T. U., MIAMI, FLA.

A. He is in the process of being divorced from Patricia Medina and is currently going around with Nancy Oakes De Marigny whose first husband was acquitted on the charge of murdering her very wealthy father.

Q. Who is the hottest young actor in Hollywood today?

—R. M., DETROIT, MICH.

A. It is generally agreed that David Wayne is the newest personality headed for stardom. Since his arrival in Hollywood a year ago, Wayne has starred in Adam's Rib, The Reformer and the Redhead, My Blue Heaven, Stella and M. He is constantly in demand by all the major studios.

Q. Why is Joseph Cotten keeping secret the fact that he is a grandfather? How old is he, anyway?

—D. D., DANVERS, MASS.

A. Mr. Cotten is not keeping the fact a secret. He became a grandpa on June 19th, 1950, when his daughter, Mrs. James Young, gave birth to a child in Santa Monica. He is 45 and not an avid publicity seeker which is why his private life is not particularly well-known to the public.

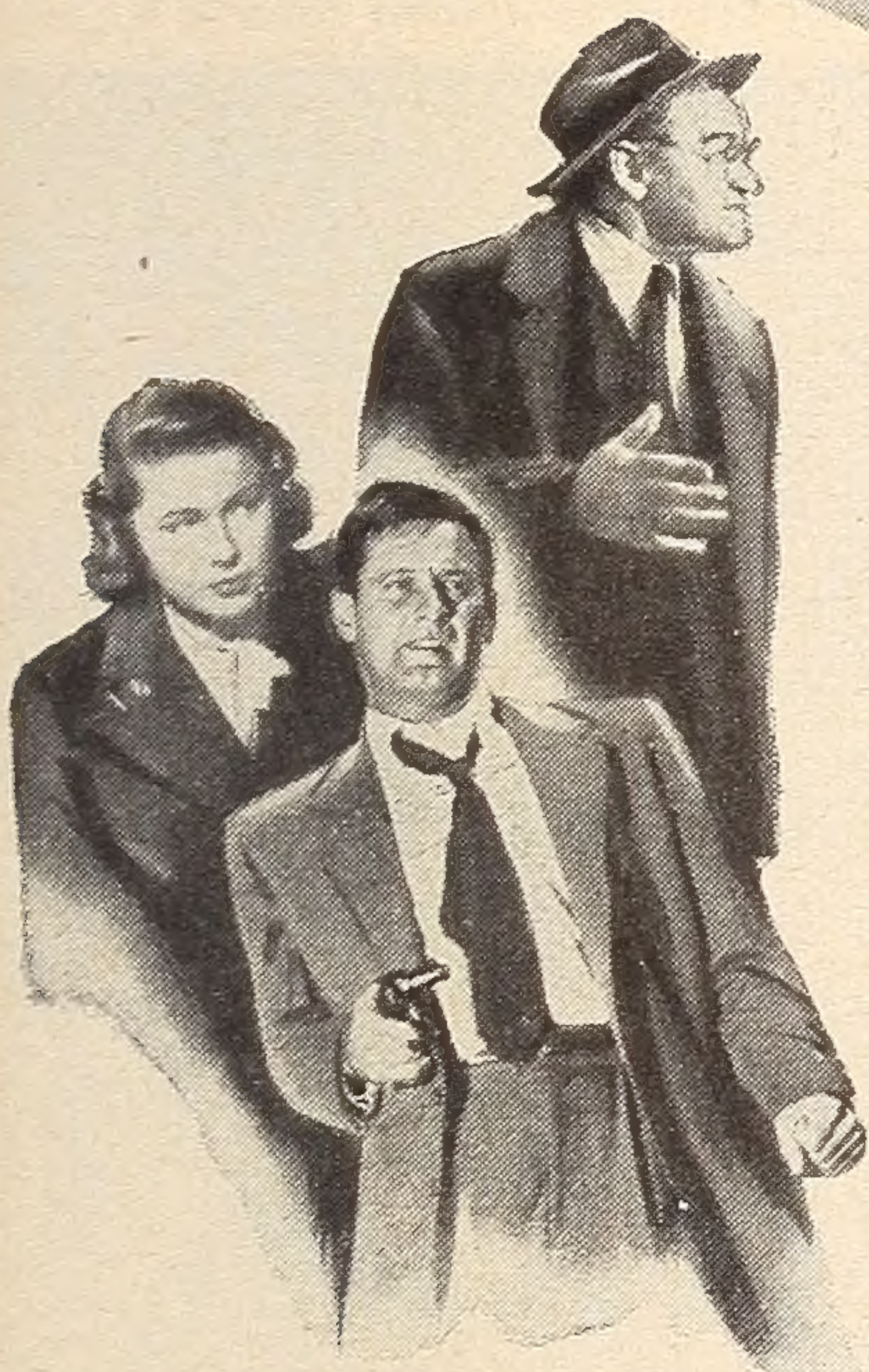


Q. I've been told that Bing Crosby when he was young spent some time in jail. Is this true or another one of those vicious rumors?

—L. G., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Bing was once jailed for a traffic violation, the kind of accident that could happen to anyone. Throughout his entire life, however, he has never been guilty of the slightest off-color action.

UNION STATION



A Paramount Picture starring

WILLIAM HOLDEN

Nancy Olson

Barry Fitzgerald

with

LYLE BETTGER

JAN STERLING

Produced by **JULES SCHERMER** • Directed by **RUDOLPH MATÉ**

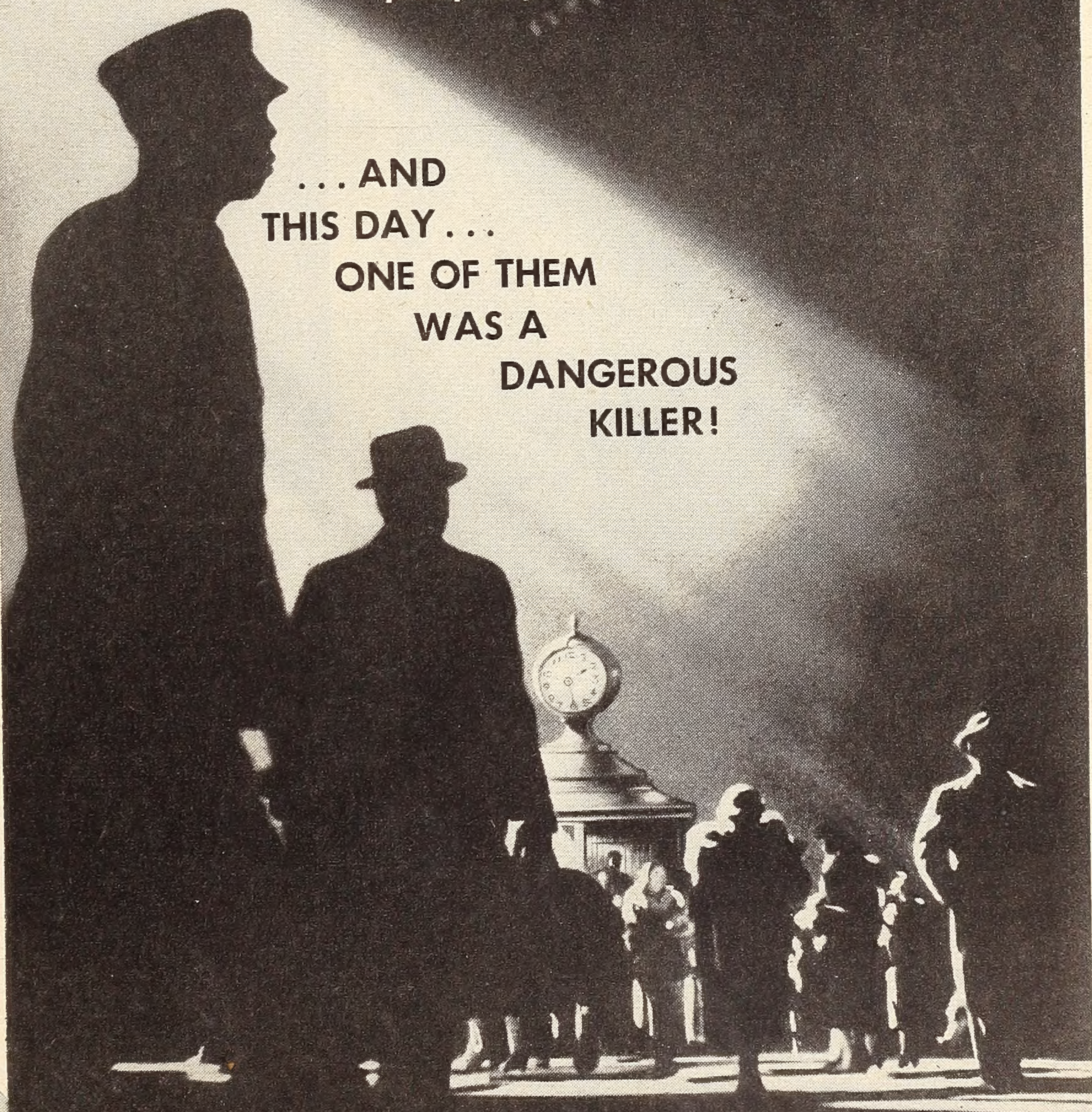
Screenplay by Sydney Boehm

JAN STERLING...
That Blonde
Dynamite you
can't forget!



...Where hundreds of thousands of
people pass through every day...

... AND
THIS DAY ...
ONE OF THEM
WAS A
DANGEROUS
KILLER!



Straight from the pages of the "Saturday Evening Post," and
best-selling novel, "Nightmare in Manhattan," acclaimed by millions
of readers ... comes a story of suspense!



LOVELLA PARSONS'

Good news



Mickey Rooney congratulates Vic Damone on his new MGM contract. Scene's the Mocambo where Joe Pasternack (center) threw a party in Vic's honor. Later Vic treated several patiently-waiting fans to Cokes.



Diamonds aren't Ann Sheridan's best friend—but she knows how to wear them. Ann, now starring in 20th Century-Fox's *Stella*, and her escort, sat in on the Mocambo festivities welcoming Damone to MGM stardom.

MR. SOUTH PACIFIC (THAT'S EZIO) COMES TO MY PARTY . . . DID YOU KNOW THAT VIC DAMONE CAN COOK, TOO? . . . THE TRUTH

BROTHER AND SISTER—was Bette Davis sizzling when she heard that her ex, William Grant Sherry, was marrying 23-year-old Marion Richards, nurse to their little daughter, Barbara!

Bette felt it was a personal insult because she had taken the pretty nurse into her home, befriended her, and sent her with Barbara to see Sherry. Even before the Sherrys were separated, Marion was caring for the child and never once did Bette suspect there was a romance in full bloom between the nurse and her "ex". In fact, Bette thought Marion was on her side.

La Davis couldn't take it, and three days after Sherry came out and spoke of the beautiful, spiritual relationship he and Marion had found, and how happy they expected to be, Bette took off for the New England coast.

The thing that burned her up most was

that the newlyweds intend to make their home in the Laguna Beach house which Bette gave her artist husband as part of their property settlement.

As amusing as this mix-up may be to outsiders—Bette doesn't consider it at all funny!

I guess it does take quite a sense of humor for a woman to think it's a howl when her ex-husband marries her child's nurse and they settle down in a home she bought!

Of course, Bette has a new husband of her own now—Gary Merrill.

But before they were married Gary told me that Bette was so upset over all the publicity about Sherry's new love that she left town as quickly as possible. And was I surprised when she ended up in Juarez, Mexico, saying "I do." Gary's from New England, by the way. That's Bette's home. Well, I certainly hope Bette has better luck this time.

WHO is trying to fool who about Maria Elena Marques (the girl who got the lead with Clark Gable) being an 'unknown'? asks a snippy letter writer from Mexico. "She has played opposite some of our most prominent stars in Mexican pictures. This is what makes us real amateurs mad about these so-called contests to find new talent."

Well, true or false, Maria Elena is brand new to American fans and to Hollywood. And she turns up with a wonderful sense of humor.

Ever since she arrived in town, before taking off with the *Across The Wide Missouri* company on location, she's been busy boning up on Indian sign language—all she uses in the movie.

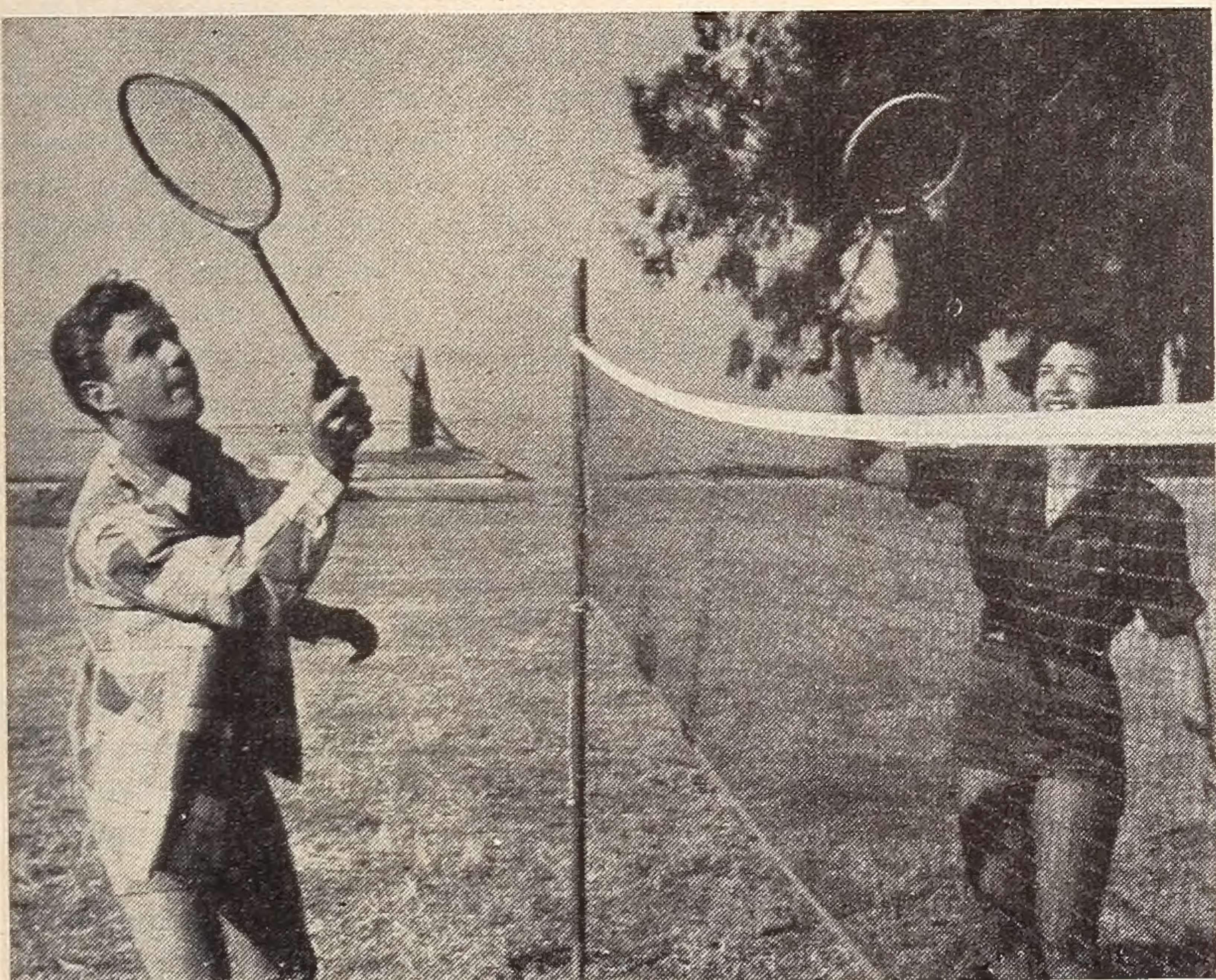
Now, for the laughs, she won't talk any other way! You should see the wolves trying to get her telephone number and getting it back in sign language!



The Geary Steffens and the Marshall Thompsons join a square dance at the Catalina Guest Ranch. They came to the island on C. B. Hilton's yacht (Nicky's brother). See page 52 for more Catalina activities.



Onlookers claimed that Jane Powell's and her husband Geary's square-dancing looked professional. Jane's sporting a new short hair-do for her role in *Royal Wedding*—a role that insiders say will bring her new fame.



First thing Marshall Thompson did when he landed in Catalina was to grab his paddle-board and make for the surf. Here, the athletic Thompsons play badminton on the grounds of the Catalina Guest Ranch.



Determined to play till they drop, Marsh and his wife try their skill at baseball. Barbara strikes out—but Marsh doesn't care. He's catcher for the opposing team. Anyway, Barbara trimmed him at badminton!

BEHIND LINDA DARNELL'S DIVORCE . . . IS NICKY HILTON SCREEN-STRUCK? . . . WANDA HENDRIX IS A TORCH-BEARER NOW . . .

She has an unusual face. When she isn't smiling, she has a wistful, almost spiritual expression. But when she laughs, she looks like a pixie. Plumb fascinatin'.

SAW June Allyson in Beverly Hills the other day getting fitted for two "cocktail" maternity gowns. "Good heavens," I said. "I didn't know they made them so fancy."

One was beige lace with a cute stiff taffeta coat. The other was bronze net and both are made so June can just "relax" the waist band and wear them after the birth of the baby.

"If you think these are something," Junie laughed, "you should see my sports maternity outfits for golf." These young mothers-to-be—aren't they something? (For more on mother-to-be Allyson turn to page 34.—Ed.)

I GAVE a garden party for some friends from Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Elliman—and

if I do say so myself, practically every star in town came to meet my guests, making their eyes gleam with excitement and making me very happy.

It was the first party the Ezio Pinzas attended in Hollywood and they seemed just as eager to meet the movie stars as the stars were to meet them.

One of the first to arrive was Shirley Temple, looking very chic and tailored in a suit and close fitting hat. When I asked her why she did not bring a boy friend, she said, "The only boy friend I go with is not here yet. He's flying down from San Francisco tonight and I'm going to the airport to meet him." Of course, she meant Charles Black—the one and only.

I had invited both Olivia De Havilland and Joan Fontaine—but luck must have been on my side. Both showed up—but at different

times. Joan blew out—just as Olivia blew in with Marcus Goodrich. Livvy goes to so few parties, it was such a pleasure to have her. She wore a chartreuse green dress and a small matching hat.

Betty Hutton wore the largest white hat of the season—and Ginger Rogers the smallest black one.

When Pinza saw Betty, he tapped my arm and said, "Who is the girl in the big white hat?"

"Betty Hutton," I replied.

"Oh, yas!" he said, "Onnie Get Your Gun!"

He was embarrassed that he also failed to recognize lovely Marion Davies, Jane Wyman, Lauren Bacall or Mary Pickford.

"The faces on the screen," he explained, "are different from the faces face-to-face. Face-to-face they are lovelier," he added gallantly.

One of these Twins has a Toni, the other has a \$20* permanent. Can you tell—

WHICH TWIN HAS THE TONI?



Hair styles by Don Rito

Look closely! Compare the shining softness . . . the live, long-lasting "spring" . . . the lovely *natural* look of both permanents. Which is which? You can't tell! Not even experts can find any difference between the \$1 Toni and the beauty shop wave. Because a Toni looks as natural, feels as soft—is actually *guaranteed* to be as beautiful and last as long—as a \$20 wave (*including sham-

poo and set.) Your Toni has that natural look from the first day. There's *no frizz!* Even if your hair is baby-fine, bleached or tinted, Toni's gentle Creme Waving Lotion leaves your wave as satin-soft and easy to set as Nancy Fletcher's (at left.) You can be *sure* of this—for only Toni has given over 93 million natural-looking waves to *all* types of hair. Try a Toni—you'll love it!

*Toni alone, of all home permanents—
looks so natural, feels so soft!
That's why more women choose Toni than
all other home permanents combined.*

Here's the reason! Toni contains an exclusive blend of the very same waving ingredients used in most expensive beauty shop lotions. Yet Toni costs . . . only

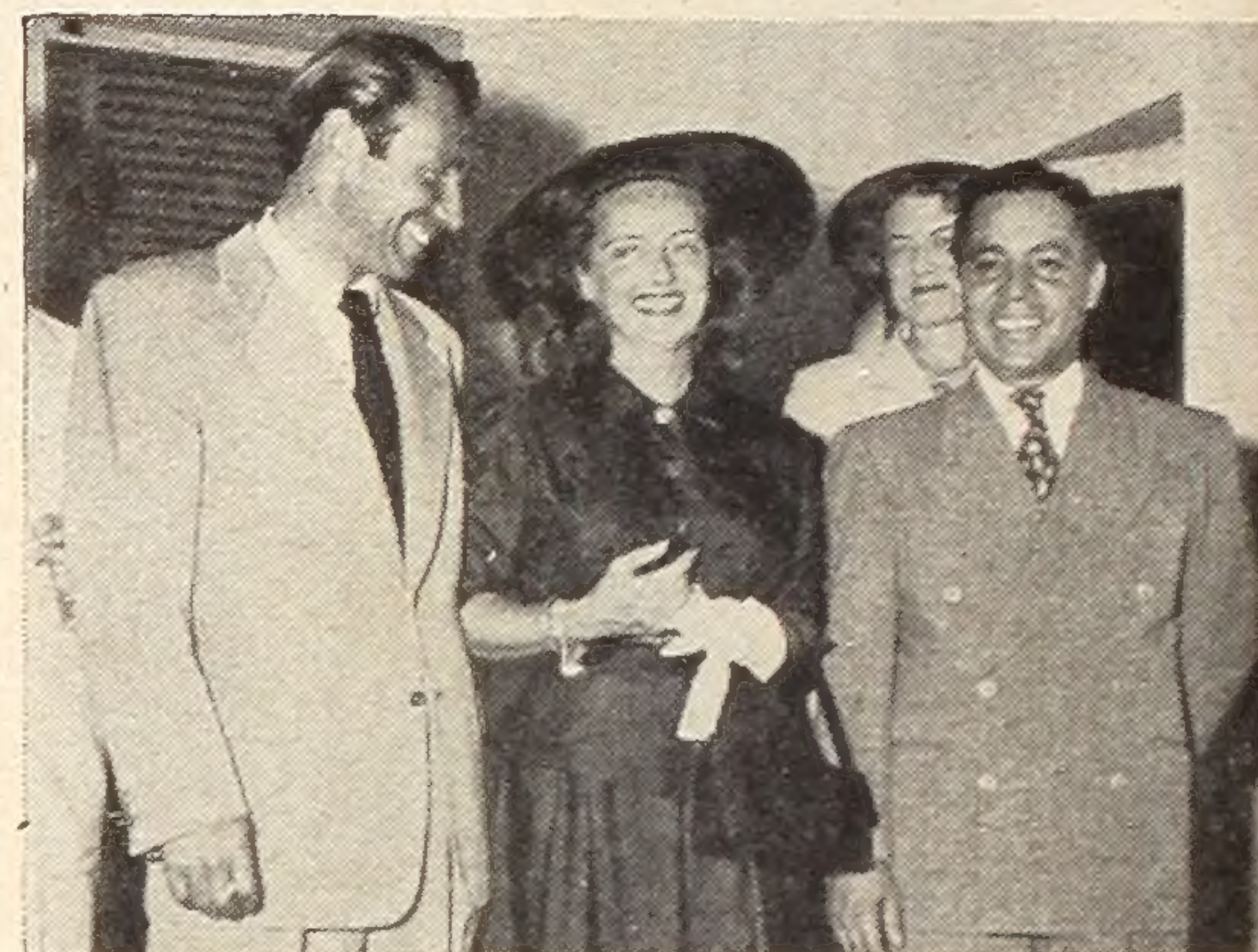
with SPIN curlers \$2.29



Toni

HOME PERMANENT

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



In a surprise elopement on July 28, Bette Davis wed actor Gary Merrill (left) in Juarez, Mexico. Judge Raul Orozco (right) performed the rites.

Gregory Peck and his pretty Greta were very happy to be back in Hollywood again after three months in London while Greg was making *Captain Horatio Hornblower*. Greg is one of the nicest men in this business.

Kirk Douglas brought Irene Wrightsman, natch. She told me that when she was in Florida—she was very jealous reading about Kirk and me doing the Charleston together at the Mocambo! I bet she was!

LETTER FROM ROME: "We've been working for the past five weeks with a thermometer that plays between 105 and 115°," writes Mervyn Le Roy, who is directing *Quo Vadis*.

"In spite of the Italian food we eat, Bob Taylor has lost eight pounds and Deborah Kerr almost as much.

"But the other day—Bob got a break. He was supposed to be splashing around in a Roman bath—so Bob had big chunks of ice put in the bath—and had the time of his life splashing around in ice water!

"Everybody is getting a little homesick—but that will change when Barbara Stanwyck gets here to visit Bob and Tony Bartley joins Deborah."

THE "inside" on the Linda Darnell-Pev Marley rift isn't anything sensational. It's just what it has been from the start of their marriage seven years ago—too much difference in their ages.

Pev is 21 years older than Linda and, except in rare cases, this is too much difference. Their marriage has been straining at the matrimonial seams for years, so it was no surprise to Hollywood.

They have quarreled and parted a half dozen times—once coming to a definite break about three years ago. But each time they made up. Their close friends say Linda had sort of a "father complex" about Pev and he always treated her more like a spoiled daughter than as a wife.

Two years ago they tried to solidify their marriage by adopting a baby girl, Charlotte Mildred, and for awhile they were so happy with her everyone thought Linda and Pev had reached firm footing at last. They even talked about adopting another child.

But it is no go—again. And this time, the Marleys will reach the divorce court—or so Linda says.

"We never really had any organized home life," she explains. "Pev is such a good cameraman—he is always working, usually on location trips. (Continued on page 10)



New to Hollywood, but already part of the scenery, Ezio Pinza (of *Mr. Imperium*) and his wife attend Vic Damone's party at the Mocambo.

will be with her and Spencer Tracy in *Father's Little Dividend* (sequel to *Father of the Bride*). Nicky's turning actor is a lot of nonsense.

He is going to be too busy managing the Bel Air Hotel in which he bought the controlling interest before their marriage. Besides, Nicky has no yen to act.

START practicing up on your tango, kids. After you see Anthony Curtis and Eleanor Parker do the Valentino Tango in *The Valentino Story*, that s-e-x-y dance is coming back hotter than the Charleston revival—or so they say.

Of course, you don't have to do it as torridly as do Eleanor and Tony. Their version starts with Tony brushing his lips against Eleanor's temple and winds up with a kiss on her shoulder.

Wanda Hendrix still carries the torch for young Audie Murphy. She was heartsick when he announced from Texas that he would go back in the service just as soon as Uncle Sam said he needed him.

Although their marriage is all over, Wanda cried and cried. She had always felt that the break-up between them was caused by Audie's war nerves and the restlessness which has driven our most decorated hero ever since he got out of the service after World War II.

Cathy Downs was modeling some butcher boy pajamas for a fashion magazine. The photographer took one look at her and said, "My dear, the pajamas are supposed to be loose-fitting. You will have to . . . to . . . uh . . . remove some of your chest."

"That," said Cathy, blushing beet red, "will require a major operation!"

ONE enchanted evening, Clifton Webb gave a dinner party honoring that wonderful guy, Ezio Pinza, of course—and his charming wife. I sat at a table for four with Pinza, Cole Porter and Virginia Zeanuck.

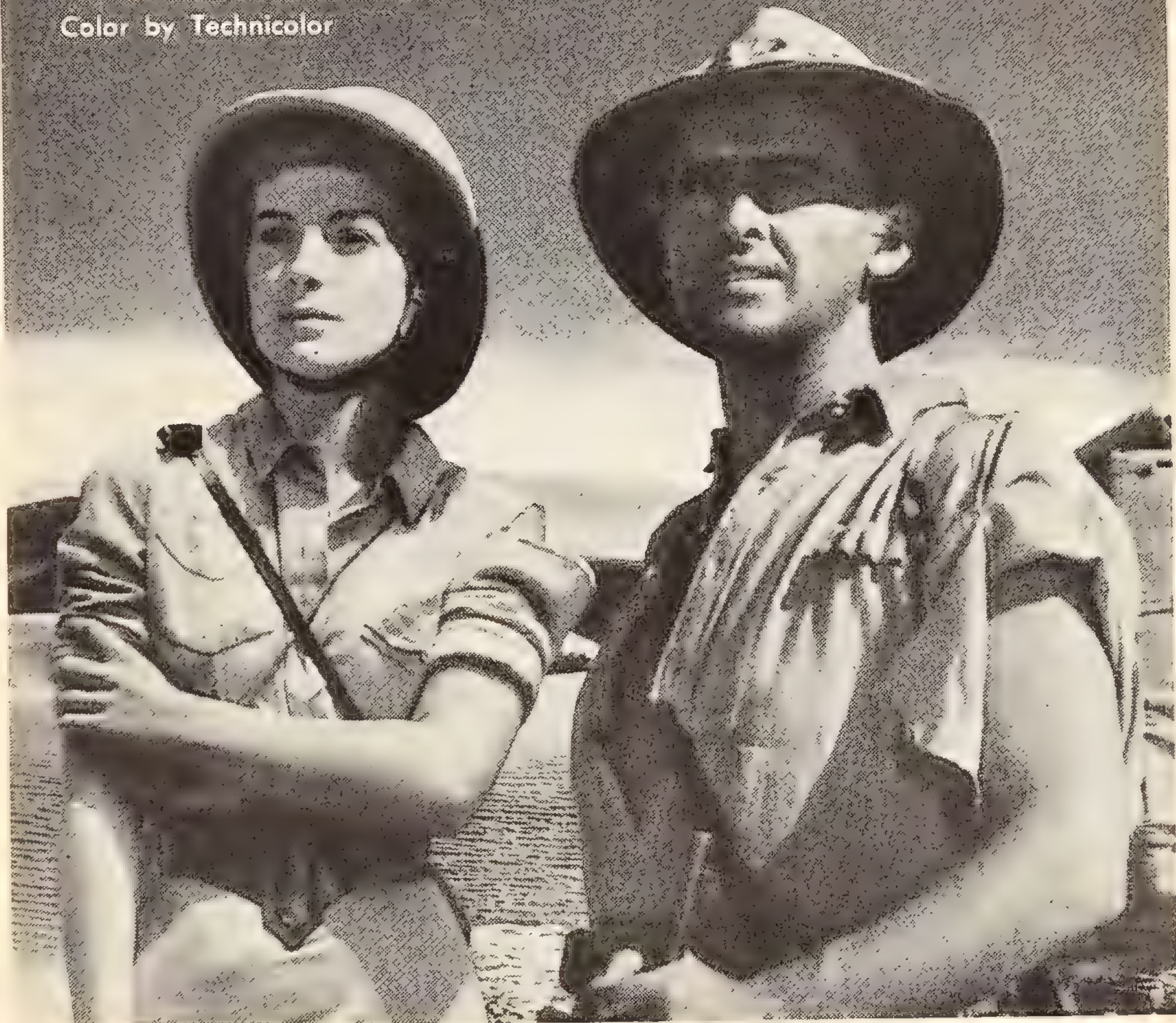
Pinza was terribly perturbed by the news that Mary Martin was ill in the hospital in New York. He said, "If you'll telephone me, I'll let you know just how she is feeling after I talk with her." He did just that. He's a most considerate person.

There is apparently a very strong bond between Pinza and his co-star of *South Pacific*. He spoke of her many times during our conversation.

Ezio, who continues to be Hollywood's most exciting new star, had a wonderful time at the party. He admired all the lovely women—and they surrounded him—but he

"I did a slow burn for 180 days!"

says **DEBORAH KERR**, co-starring with **STEWART GRANGER** in MGM's **"KING SOLOMON'S MINES"**
Color by Technicolor



We trekked 6 months in Africa for "King Solomon's Mines." Sizzling heat parched me to the bone . . . made my skin unbearably dry!



Acting thirsty took no talent. Even my skin was thirsty!

Even between scenes the African sun seared me.

But Jergens kept my hands soft for romantic scenes.



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand). It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat skin with oily film (right hand).



Prove it with this simple test described above . . .

You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

Still 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax)



Dumb is the Word for Dora

Away now to some Secluded Spot for a big, Romantic Evening with her new-found Romeo. That's what she Thinks!

Instead, She's going to be Dumped back on her own Doorstep in no time Flat. Two hours with her in the movies have Cooled this Casanova off for Keeps! She's off his List forever . . . and she won't know Why.

Dumb certainly is the word for Dora . . . and for thousands of other Women who take their Breath for Granted. Don't Be One of Them.

Nothing puts you in a worse light with a man than halitosis (bad breath). Unfortunately, you yourself, may not know when you have it, so why take chances of offending . . . ever?

It's so easy to put your breath on the agreeable side with Listerine Antiseptic . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

Before any date where you want to be at your best, never omit this *extra-careful*, wholly delightful precaution against offending.

It's almost your passport to popularity.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

never neglects his lovely wife, Doris, who has become just as popular as Mr. South Pacific. Valentina Cortesa and Alida Vali greeted him in their native Italian.

I have never seen Lauren Bacall look so well. She said Bogey (Humphrey Bogart) was out boating. Since the arrival of their baby, she doesn't go yachting with him every weekend. She looked stunning in a white evening gown.

The two Joans were very attractive in their filmy frocks—Joan Bennett in black and white and Joan Fontaine in pale yellow.

Clifton Webb and his mother are such wonderful hosts, I hated to tear myself away so early—but with the radio show next day—my Cinderella slippers always fall off at 11:30 Saturday night.

OVER THE BACK FENCE: Hear Ginger Rogers and Joan Davis have been politely feuding—or should I say, impolitely—ever since they started work in *Illegal Bride*. . . . I wish Jane Wyman would let her very short hair cut grow just a little. She is such a pretty girl—but I just don't think these near "crew" cuts for ladies, making the most glamorous of them look like young sailors, is becoming. . . . The rumbles are that the next big Hollywood divorce will break from Europe—a famous star and his wife, currently on the continent, are straining at the matrimonial seams. . . . The Johnston Office won't let them use the title, *Undercover Girl*—too suggestive. But haven't we had *Undercover Agent* and *Undercover Man* and *Undercover* about Everything Else? . . . Wish Audrey Totter would go back to her blonde hair. Hardly recognize her as a brunette. . . . Scott Brady and Dorothy Malone are very much in love. But Dorothy says she will never formally announce another "engagement" after calling off her marriage to Dr. Philip Montgomery, in Dallas, practically within sound of the Wedding March. Dorothy had had three "showers" and her bridesmaids' dinner when she suddenly decided to call everything off. Now she's superstitious about "announcing." . . . By the way I've just finished writing a magazine about the romances of these glamorous gals and guys of Hollywood. It's called "Louella Parsons' Hollywood Romances" and it'll be on your newsstands any day now. It has stories about sweethearts (like Frank and Ava), brides and grooms of this year, bachelors, torch



Doris Day and her fiancé Marty Melcher arrive at the première of *Three Secrets*. Her latest



Vera-Ellen and Cesar Romero try to collect their food ration books at Grosvenor Gardens, London. They're co-starred in *Happy Go Lovely*.

bearers, gay divorcees—it even includes a marriage chart covering 50-100 married stars. Well, how's that for self-advertising? But buy it, and I hope you like it!

I'M on my vacation down at Del Mar, and writing this GOOD NEWS for you kids this month is all the work I'm going to do.

I think more of our stars relax and have fun at this small resort spot than anywhere.

I'll tell you who I have seen so far, both at the track and around La Jolla and Laguna:

Kirk Douglas and Irene Wrightsman McEvoy were guests at a houseparty at Laguna—and when they weren't at the races, they rode bicycles around the beautiful hill streets. I bet you a fat fortune these two will be married just as soon as Kirk's divorce is final.

Ezio Pinza came down one weekend to visit his press agent, Margaret Ettinger and her husband. Ezio brought along his bicycle. Did you know that early in his career, he was a professional bicycle racer?

Rosalind Russell and Freddie Brisson come down as often as they can (she is doing the news part of my show).

Mickey Rooney is another steady and I've seen Tony Martin several times.

YOUR LETTER BOX: Farley Granger is back as head man in your interest with June Allyson (still) topping the gals.

Lots of excitement over June Allyson's and Dick Powell's expected heir or heiress.

The very young kids ask questions about Johnny Sands' new pictures.

Well, guess that's all this month. See you next month.

PHOTO CREDITS

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Abbreviations: B., Bottom; T., Top; L., Left; C., Center; R., Right.

"I'm Enthusiastic"

says

Ann Sheridan



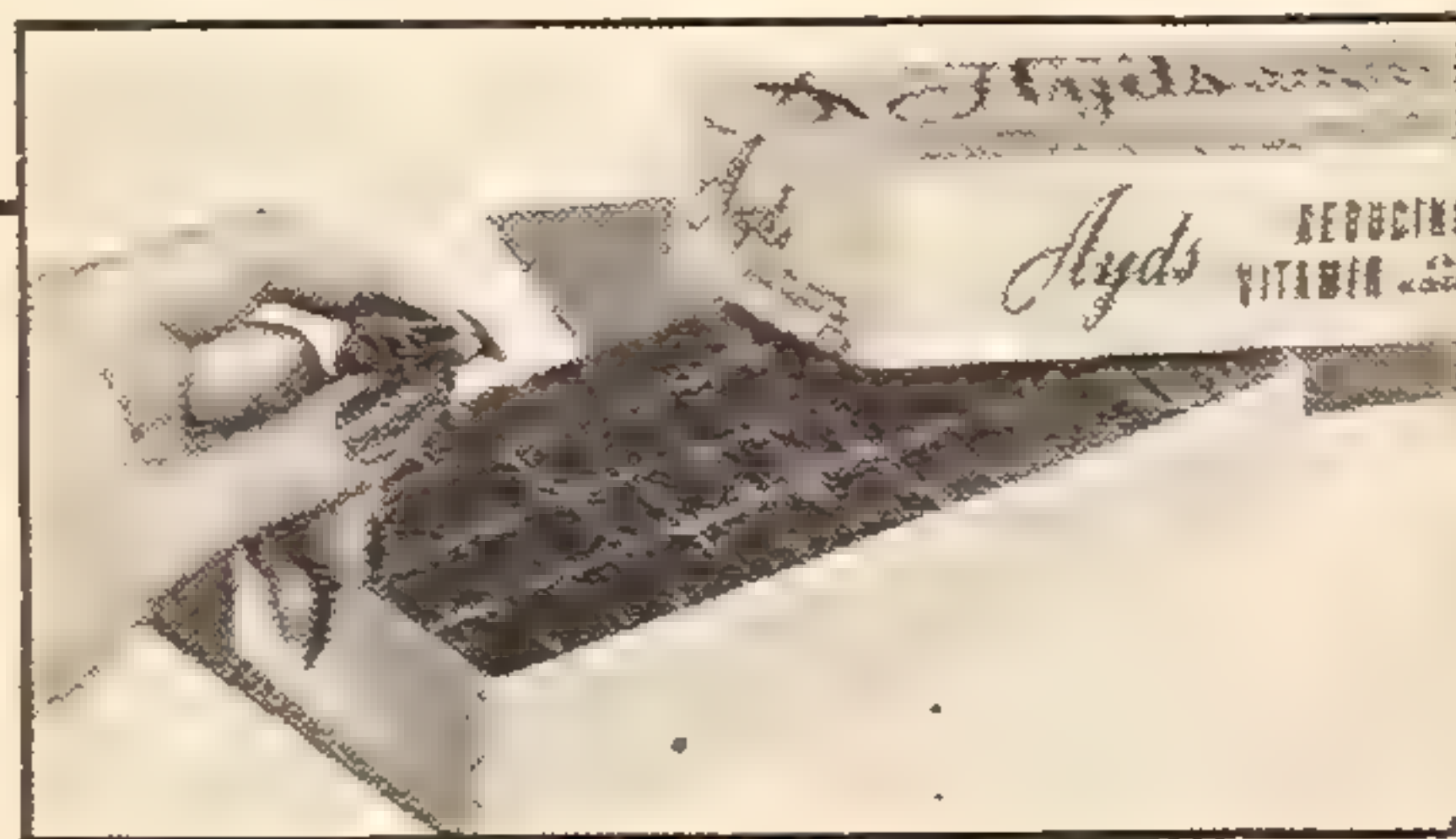
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The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



Hoodlum Richard Widmark is brought to County Hospital with his brother after they've been shot in a holdup. Widmark's brother dies. Widmark accuses Dr. Sidney Poitier of murder, swears to get revenge.



To prove his innocence, Poitier wants an autopsy on Widmark's brother. With Dr. Stephen McNally, he visits widow Darnell. She refuses them.



In his attempts to get even, Widmark instigates a race riot and sets a trap for Poitier. Just as he's about to kill Poitier, Linda Darnell enters.



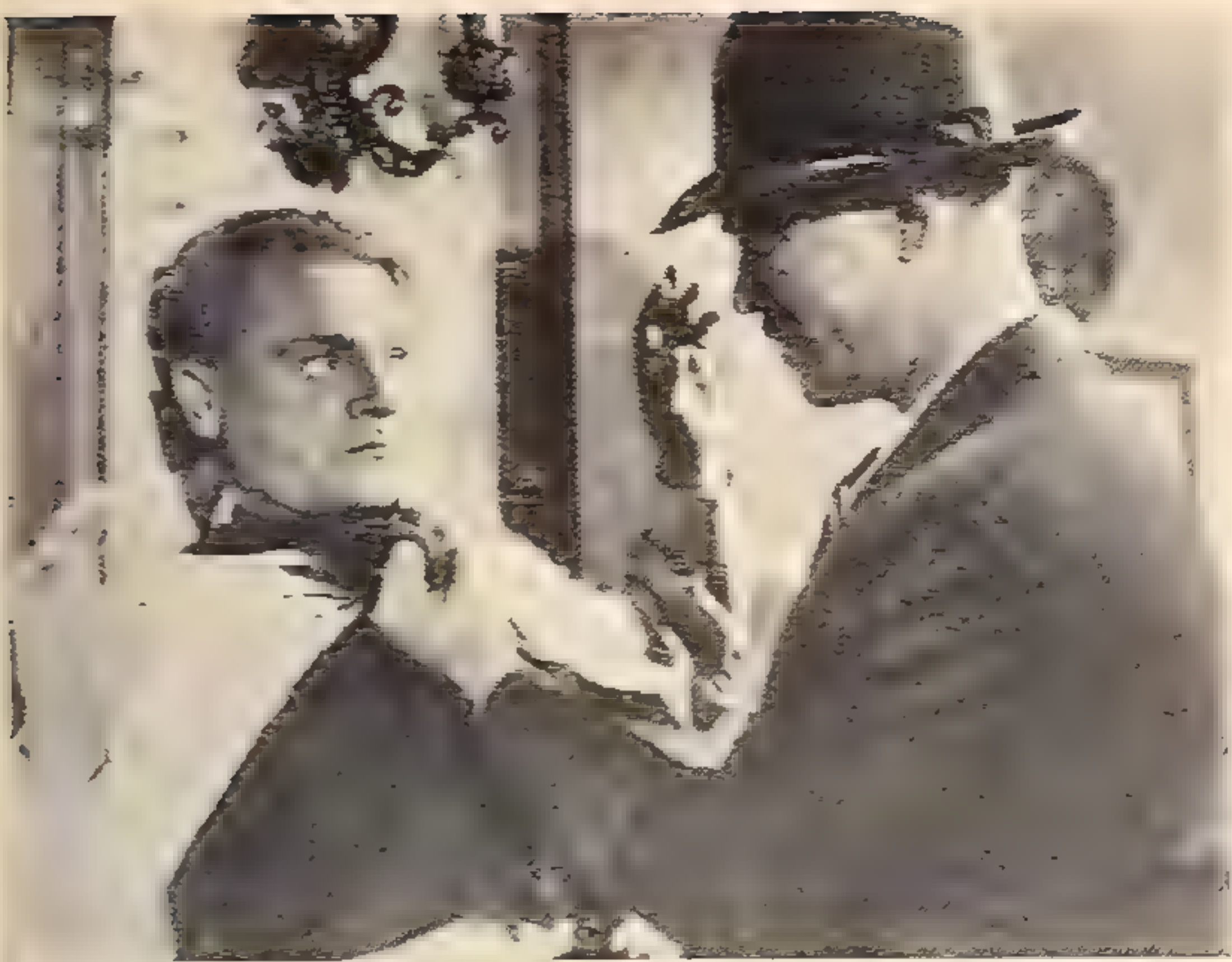
Linda turns off the lights, Widmark's shot goes wild. His former wound begins to bleed. "Don't cry, white boy," says Poitier. "You'll live."

NO WAY OUT

■ Everything Darryl Zanuck failed to do in *Pinky*—and I persist in thinking that that wasn't a very effective picture—he's made up for in *No Way Out*. Here is a film so brave, and uncompromising, and emotionally racking, they'll say it isn't "entertainment." According to one of the more romantic poets, "truth is beauty," but life isn't poetry, and sometimes truth stinks, and Mr. Zanuck has faced that fact squarely, and still told the truth. The story of *No Way Out* concerns a rabid young man (Richard Widmark), a small-time hoodlum, who's brought into a hospital after a holdup. He and his brother are supposed to be treated by a young colored doctor, but Widmark, who could give the Klan lessons in Negro-baiting, starts torturing the doctor (Sidney Poitier), and when his brother dies, Widmark blames the doctor, and swears to get even with him. There are many other characters involved. The white doctor (Stephen McNally) who's the colored

boy's friend. The white girl (Linda Darnell) who once loved Widmark, and was married to his brother, and who's spent her whole life trying to get out of the slums. In part, the picture's a study of poverty, and the hatreds that spring from the bitter soil of poverty, and ignorance and fear. Its characters are living, breathing, three-dimensional people. Widmark is mean, vicious, contemptible, and yet, in the scene where he's wounded, and reliving his painful childhood, and he screams out about the colored doctor, "Why should I love him—who ever loved me?" you feel a terrible surge of pity for him because he is, after all, so tragically human. Technically, the picture's superb. There's a scene in a junk yard, for instance, of a gang of whites getting ready for a race riot, milling around, banging pieces of metal, stumbling and scrambling in the darkness, when suddenly the Negroes, who've found out about the oncoming attack, throw up a flare. For a couple of sec-

onds, there's blinding light, and absolute silence. The scene has impact that many a pure suspense film could envy. There's so much to say about *No Way Out*. The flawless acting of the huge cast—Widmark's performance comes very close to sheer genius—the refusal of director and producer to pull punches. All the vile words are there—nigger, sambo, coon, boogie, and the ending isn't full of sweetness and light, either. It isn't even melodramatic. The colored doctor patches up Widmark, the mad dog who's tried to kill him, and all he says is, "Don't worry, white boy, you'll live." This is a picture which understands men and needs to be understood by them. This is a picture which hates nothing but hate. Frederick O'Neal, head of The American Negro Theatre, has said of it: "No Way Out should provide the greatest step forward in the fight against racial prejudice since the Civil War. It touches the heart. It reflects the conscience of the American people."



KISS TOMORROW GOODBYE

Little old Jimmy Cagney escapes from the state penal farm, and friends, is he nutty! He bumps off the boy who's escaping with him, and then jizzes on into town and starts making love to this same boy's sister. Sis is no rock of Gibraltar, either. She's killed a guard, trying to help her brother escape, but she still persists in regarding herself as Little Red Riding Hood. So innocent, so confused. If Jimmy's paranoid, Lady Jane is schizoid. She alternates tender, "You're all I've got now," with screeches of, "I told you you'd get us all killed, ruined, wrecked, bumped off," etc. Just can't stay on one side of the fence. Jimmy finds himself two crooked policemen, blackmails them with the help of a shady lawyer (Luther Adler), marries an heiress (another lady screwball—this one likes to drive 1,000 miles an hour, and she's crazy for masterful men) and meets his end in a spray of bullets. Two bullets, to be specific. Not quite a spray, more like a sprinkle. If this isn't a parody of a Jimmy Cagney picture, it will certainly do until one comes along. Still, it's fun to watch Luther Adler work, even if it's only for money.

Cast: James Cagney, Barbara Payton, Helena Carter, Ward Bond, Luther Adler.—Warners.



MY BLUE HEAVEN

Here I've been thinking "television" was a dirty word, out in Hollywood, and now Fox makes a picture about television entertainers. Honest to Pete. Betty Grable and Dan Dailey are the TV stars—they sing, they dance, and, most byootiful of all, they're married lovers. They want a baby. That's what the theme of *My Blue Heaven* is. First Dan and Betty lose their own unborn baby, then they lose an adopted baby, then they have a more or less casually adopted baby kidnapped from them, and, by the end of the movie, Betty herself is pregnant again, and the mother of a couple of other children. David Wayne and Jane Wyatt, who play our stars' script writers, have a family of six, and run around being generally witty—you know how writers act—and a girl named Mitzi Gaynor (Grable's

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understudy) tries to neck with Dailey, which Betty thinks is carrying the understudy business a little too far. It's Technicolor, and, Fox claims, "modern as tomorrow." Betty's come out from behind those bustles, so hold tight.

Cast: Betty Grable, Dan Dailey, David Wayne, Jane Wyatt.—20th Century-Fox.



RIGHT CROSS

Ricardo Montalban, a champion prize-fighter, is owned by old, ailing, has-been promoter Lionel Barrymore, and is in love with Lionel's daughter, June Allyson. Ricardo's got a chip on his shoulder, though. Since he's Mexican, he keeps accusing June of thinking she's too good for him, and he finds insults in nearly everything said to him by nearly everybody. Slightly a persecution complex. He believes he's got to be rich, and stay champ, or he'll lose June, so he double-crosses her pop, and signs with a richer man. Of course he's wrong. June loves him for himself. Dick Powell also loves June, alas, in vain, but he is a newspaperman, so he handles his grief in a dashing manner. You get boxing scenes, a smattering of a racial problem, quite a bit of good, humorous dialogue, and some nice acting in this one.

Cast: June Allyson, Dick Powell, Ricardo Montalban.—MGM.



FANCY PANTS

Back in the days when the West was young—well, anyway, younger—the minute a family got rich, it started hating itself for its lack of culture. Here Lucille Ball's ma trots Lucy out of her levis, and into some ostrich plumes, and off to Europe they go. An impoverished English earl who wants to marry Lucille's millions hires a bunch of actors to help him impress the American visitors, and mama

visitor is so impressed she hires the butler (Bob Hope) and hauls him right back to the states with her. Little does she know he's really an out-of-work ham. Lucille hates him for his lah-de-dah ways, her father hates him because he (Bob) is supposed to bathe him (the father), and Bruce Cabot hates him because Bruce Cabot's a cowboy in love with Lucy. News gets around the little Western town that Bob is an earl, to make matters worse. It's not the funniest picture I've ever seen, but there are a couple of priceless moments, mostly centering around Eric Blore, as somebody named Sir Wimbley. Every time he opens his mouth, the most outrageous sounds pour forth, but you can't make words out of any of them; they're more like lava eruptions. And Bob is always cute, and Lucy simply flames in Technicolor. Cast: Bob Hope, Lucille Ball, Bruce Cabot, Jack Kirkwood.—Paramount.



OUTRAGE

Ida Lupino, who likes to produce controversial pictures (she did one about unmar-

ried mothers) has gone and went and dared to deal with rape. Unfortunately, daring isn't enough. This is a pretty awful picture, and after the horror which is built up during the promising first few minutes—as a madman tracks down a young girl in the dark of night—dissipates itself, you find yourself more bored than enraged. Hollywood has already proved you can make movies with a message—if you mix your message with entertainment. You want to make the public conscious of some social evil or danger, in the hope that education will breed progress? Well, help yourself. *Home of the Brave* did it, and *Gentlemen's Agreement*, and *All The King's Men*. But they were good movies, and *Outrage* is not. Even though the subject of degenerates roaming our streets may cry out for public attention, you can't hold an audience if you bore it to death. Miss Lupino presents two attractive new actors here—Mala Powers, as the assaulted girl, and Tod Andrews as the clergyman who helps her rebuild her life—but the movie's uninteresting. And when they're charging admission, that's a terrible fault.

Cast: Mala Powers, Tod Andrews, Robert Clarke.—RKO.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES

The story of *King Solomon's Mines* is just a feeble excuse; the picture's real thrill is in its fabulous photography. MGM has shot Africa in Technicolor, and you never saw anything like it before. Natives, animals, desert, all rare, gorgeous, spectacular. This splendor is draped from a plot concerning Deborah Kerr, who wants to go into unex-



plored African country, in search of her missing husband. She hires a guide, Stewart Granger, and he and she and her brother take to the trail. She and Stewart hate each other, so love can't be far behind. They finally come face to face with Deborah's hubby's skeleton, which clears the way for a legal romance, but it's the wonders they see en route to that pile of bones that make you gasp. Eggs that hatch into crocodiles, tarantulas as big as king crabs, native tribes with the features of ancient Egyptians, and natives whose faces are covered with brilliant, bizarre paint, and native dances which are primitive and exciting. It's kind of a travelogue, but it's an exceptionally fine one. Cast: Stewart Granger, Deborah Kerr, Richard Carlson.—MGM.

WHERE DANGER LIVES

Possibly the biggest thing about this picture is that we're finally getting a look at Faith Domergue, the Howard Hughes' dis-

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covery we've been reading about for the last several years. She goes through the 84 minutes of *Where Danger Lives* with sweat on her face, so it's hard to tell if she's as gorgeous as Hughes' other protegee, Jane Russell, but she's the same dark-haired, stormy-eyed type. Why she's got sweat on her face? Hmm. She's crazy. Doctor Robert Mitchum doesn't discover this until she's led him entirely astray. Because of her, he murders—or thinks he murders—her elderly husband (Claude Rains) and then he and she run off to Mexico. Bob's got a concussion in the confusion, and he explains, en route, what dire symptoms may ensue, so that the little lady won't be alarmed, but little lady's so looney a concussion symptom more or less won't unnerve her. You can bet ole Bob wishes he'd stayed home in the hospital with Nurse Maureen O'Sullivan, who loves him (and whose husband, John Farrow, directed the picture). Kind of draggy, for an adventure movie.

Cast: Robert Mitchum, Faith Domerque, Claude Rains, Maureen O'Sullivan.—RKO.



CRISIS

This is a study of an imaginary South American country, and its dictator (Jose Ferrer). Dictator's sick with a brain tumor, but his people hate him so much he doesn't dare leave his palace to go to a good hospital, so he has famous American surgeon Cary Grant, and Grant's wife, kidnapped by soldiers and brought to him. While Cary decides whether or not to operate, he and the dictator have philosophical arguments. The dictator claims his people have to be ruled by force, they're children, they wouldn't know how to govern themselves. "I know your country," he tells Grant. "If there's a sign in the street, no spitting, the people don't spit. Here they spit on the sign." Cary gets into even deeper trouble when the anti-government forces kidnap his wife and threaten to murder her if Cary saves the dictator's life. *Crisis* isn't great, but it occasionally captures the lunatic flavor of the world today, and the end is particularly effective. Cary saves the dictator who's killed later anyhow, and then the head of the anti-government forces instead of freeing his countrymen becomes dictator himself, and is himself shot. Dying, in the middle of a street which has

been the scene of carnage, he calls to Grant, "Save me, Doctor." "The age-old cry," Grant says. "Save me, doctor." Then he shakes his head and mutters, "Save me, anybody." Acting's all fine, and Signe Hasso, as Mrs. Dictator, is exceptionally beautiful.
 Cast: Cary Grant, Jose Ferrer, Paula Raymond, Signe Hasso.—MGM.



UNION STATION

William Holden is the detective chief of a certain big city's Union Station. When a kidnap-and-possible-murder case suddenly starts developing in the middle of his beat, it upsets him. Case concerns the abduction of a young blind girl (Allene Roberts), daughter of a millionaire. An employee (Nancy Olson) of the millionaire sees two men with guns leaving a train, and that's Holden's first warning of trouble. The trouble mounts. Lyle Bettger, who plays the abductor, likes to smack the little blind girl till she hollers, and when his mistress—or moll, I guess—is shot trying to warn him about the cops, he shoves her out of his car onto the street, and drives away. In case you're worrying, he meets a bad end. And there's plenty of tension before that end, too.
 Cast: William Holden, Nancy Olson, Barry Fitzgerald.—Paramount.



THE WHITE TOWER

Based on the best-selling novel, *The White Tower* concerns a whole group of people who want to get to the top of a man-killing mountain in Switzerland, each for reasons of his own. Climbers include Valli, whose father was killed climbing the very same mountain, Glenn Ford, who's an amiable American just going along for the ride, Oscar Homolka, a guide, Claude Rains, a Frenchman "weary of the world," Sir Cedric Hardwicke, a botanist, and Lloyd Bridges, an ex-Nazi who still doesn't smell too sweet. The climb is the most fearful thing you ever witnessed, and the scenery some of the most awe-inspiring. Poor Claude Rains is given lines so hammy you cringe for him, Homolka gives a most delightful performance, a couple of people are killed, and love comes to live with Glenn and Valli. What more can you demand in one picture? Don't ask me did anybody get to the top. I'm not telling.
 Cast: Glenn Ford, Valli, Claude Rains, Oscar Homolka.—RKO.

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UNHAPPY ENDING

This is about
a beautiful girl
who married
for love—but
failed to find
it. This is the
story of Linda
Darnell, who fought
a losing battle.

BY LESLIE SNYDER



Friends claimed the big difference in their ages would be the downfall of Linda's marriage to Pev.

■ "Actress Linda Darnell to divorce Pev Marley!"

The words jumped out from morning paper headlines. All Hollywood knew that this marriage had been shaky almost from the start, but there was a disheartening finality about the announcement. All who are close to Linda hoped she and Pev would work out a solution to their difficulties. Now it was obvious that no such solution had been found.

There it was in black and white, Linda's statement that she'd done everything she could to hold the marriage together, but was finally faced with the fact that it would never work out.

"This time I mean it. We're through."

It's never easy to admit defeat. It was especially difficult for Linda Darnell to admit that her marriage was a failure. In the small community of Oak Cliff, Texas, where she grew up, people who got married stayed married. It was an "until death do us part" proposition. Linda always took a dim view of divorce. Marriage has always meant a partnership to her—a give-and-take arrangement founded on love and mutual respect.

During her seven years of marriage to Pev Marley, Linda had analyzed and re-analyzed their apparent incompatibility. This is not snap decision. What finally caused the break? Little things started it.

Big problems can be brought out into the open, discussed, and eventually solved. But petty annoyances wear on the nerves. Mention of a small grievance seems like manufacturing a fight, so nothing is said and the restlessness grows, and the breach is widened.

This is the case with Linda and Pev. They want to be together, but differences in temperament are constantly working to keep them apart.

Pev is high strung, sensitive—completely wrapped up in his job as a cameraman. He's a fine technician and an outstanding artist in his field. He expected too much of a 20-year-old girl who never had much of a chance to make up her own mind about things.

Friends could tell you about the night Linda came home from the studio dog-tired. (Continued on page 22)

Are you in the know?



What to do about "mousy" hair?

- ☐ Keep it under your hat
- ☐ Try catnip tea
- ☐ Take a capsule

If you're a Jeanie with dull, drab hair . . . you can spark up tired tresses with a color rinse (not a dye) that comes in capsules — washes out with the next shampoo. Harmless! Dreamy shades! Choose the one best for you — slightly lighter than your natural locks. To give you the *protection* best for you at "problem" time — Kotex comes in 3 *absorbencies* (different sizes, for different days). Choose Regular, Junior or Super. Whichever suits your particular needs.



Which helps sidestep dry skin problems?

- ☐ A creamy pillow
- ☐ A steamy shower
- ☐ Stay indoors

For that "peaches" look, dry complexions need cream — (lanolin-rich). No call to smear Mom's best pillow cases. Instead, at curfew, slather your face and retreat to a steamy shower. Then blot off excess cream with Kleenex* tissues. Good grooming habit. Saves face. And at *calendar*-time, to save embarrassment, make it a habit to ask for Kotex — the napkin with the exclusive *safety center*. This special safeguard wards off worry; gives you Grade A confidence.



When asked where you'd like to go?

- ☐ Have a plan or two
- ☐ Pick the town's top nitery
- ☐ Shrug your shoulders

If that New Man leaves the doings up to you — the "I don't care" routine's no help. Have a plan or two. But don't insist on dinner at the Plush Room. Make several suggestions and let him choose whatever's in line with his financial bracket. You can gallivant *confidently*, even on "certain" occasions . . . with Kotex. There's no sign of a telltale line, because those special, *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. Won't betray your secret.



If your beau brings his Mom and Dad to the game, should you—

- ☐ Consider him a "Mama's boy"
- ☐ Make with the green eyes
- ☐ Hang onto him

Begrudge sharing your football date? Not you! You *appreciate* a steady Freddy who's considerate of his parents. As he treats *them*, he'll be treating you, someday. And a good man is worth *hanging* on to. Wherever you go, on "those days," defeat discomfort

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unhappy ending

(Continued from page 20) She showered, slipped into a slack suit and moccasins and curled up on the living-room couch to wait for Pev. He arrived an hour later, gave her a quick peck on the cheek and said: "Honey, why aren't you dressed?"

"Dressed?" Linda was surprised. "I am dressed. We aren't going anywhere, and I'm bushed."

"You know we finished the picture today," Pev said, "and I've invited some of the bunch over after dinner."

KNOWING that the finish of a picture calls for a celebration, aware that her gregarious husband loved a crowd around, Linda trotted upstairs to change. Tired as she was, she was making the sacrifice to please him. Nevertheless, demands of this sort were eating away at the heart of their marriage.

Why should it upset Linda to get dressed up and spend an evening with friends? It seems like a small thing to ask, but it depends on the manner of the asking. If she hadn't been so tired, and Pev had been more considerate, it probably wouldn't have amounted to a thing.

But both of them were out of sorts all evening. Linda felt she was being imposed upon, and Pev thought she was only doing what was expected of her.

This is only one example of the trivialities that can destroy a marriage. They both found a number of little things getting under their skin. For instance, Linda's inclined to spill powder on the dressing table and leave her nylons draped over the chaise longue. It annoyed Pev. And his habit of leaving the washcloth in a damp wad on the basin annoyed her. When she found him one day practicing putting in the living room, using one of her Steuben vases as the hole, she blew a fuse.

It isn't that a few small grievances were too much for them. They didn't simply throw up their hands and surrender. They've both tried—perhaps too hard—to cling to the dream of happiness they shared at the beginning.

Pev is 21 years older than Linda. At the outset a number of well-meaning friends pointed out this vast difference in their ages, with warnings that it would be their undoing. Linda, however, set out to prove to the doubtful few that age was no barrier. And this was probably the least of their difficulties.

Linda's always been mature beyond her years in many ways, and her marriage to Pev Marley enlarged her understanding of people, and developed in her a sense of responsibility that's rare in one who attained tremendous success so early in life. And Pev has learned a sense of comradeship from Linda.

It's her eagerness to be friendly with everyone that impresses people most when they first meet Linda.

DURING the war, she made it a practice to visit various War Department offices and factories and talk with civilian workers. She did it without benefit of press agents or studio fanfare. She felt that these workers were doing a tremendous job, so she dropped in to spread a little cheer whenever she had a chance.

There's no pretense about Linda. She's real and down to earth. This sincerity has been the driving force behind her efforts to salvage her marriage.

When Linda and Pev first separated four years ago, a close friend ran into them one evening in a small, out-of-the-way Hollywood club. They'd gone there to talk and to avoid the usual crowds.

Linda was crying. Waiting long enough for her to dry her eyes, the friend approached the table.

"Darling," Linda bubbled, "you're just in time to hear the news. Pev and I are back together again and we are going to adopt a baby!"

There was no mistaking the genuine happiness shining from her eyes, and Pev looked as though he'd start passing out cigars any moment.

They had just gone through a trying period. Pev was under contract to Warners, and Linda was at Twentieth Century. By an unkind quirk of fate every time Linda finished a picture Pev was just starting one. It reached the point where they were two strangers, living in the same house and only occasionally passing each other in the hall or sharing a hurried meal. So they'd separated.

They were more miserable apart than together. Neither had any outside romantic interest, and when they dated, it was with each other. So the night Linda announced that they'd made up their differences and were going to adopt a child, all their friends hoped that this would give them a common enough interest to cement the marriage. It did—for a while. But as soon as the excitement of a new baby wore off, the bickering started again.

WHEN Linda left for New York alone last February, everyone immediately leaped to the conclusion that this was the final split. The truth is, Linda simply wanted to get away for a while. She was making a last effort to solve the greatest problem in her life—a marriage that was slowly disintegrating.

She took a drawing room on the train and kept to herself. She didn't check in at a hotel, but stayed with friends to avoid the confusion that accompanies a star's visit to Manhattan. She made no dates until the night of the *Twelve O'Clock High* premiere. That was a command performance. The studio asked her to attend with Mr. Skouras' party. Linda accepted, being the most co-operative person who ever drew breath.

On the surface Linda was at her best that night. She charmed everyone there with her gaiety and good nature. Later in the evening, however, when she was alone for a brief moment, her face looked tense and unhappy.

BACK to the Coast she went after that—and moved into a new Bel Air house with her daughter Lola. There was a nurse for little Lola, but both the little girl and her mother must have felt that something was lacking.

Where was Pev?

He was at the Pacific Palisades home, where he and Linda had lived for almost seven years. What went on there before they reached an agreement no one will ever know. But when the divorce proceedings start, there'll be no lurid publicity. Pev and Linda have nothing to hide.

There's no other romance in either of their lives. They are simply incompatible.

Linda missed most of the normal gaiety that goes with growing up. Before she had an opportunity to make up for this lack, she was married, facing the demanding routine of marriage combined with a career. This combination has been too much for more mature women than Linda. She's to be commended for her struggle to overcome all obstacles.

Linda's a more mature woman now. The heartache of the last few years will soon be a memory of the past. She's beautiful and intelligent. She has a brilliant future. And she's still young enough to enjoy the happiness that will ultimately be hers.

THE END



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report
from
the
editor:

hollywood's draft status



Audie Murphy becomes a captain of infantry in the Texas National Guard.

■ Unless the war in Korea should suddenly be called off, a lot of Hollywood actors, both young and not so young, may be wearing the uniforms of Uncle Sam by the time you read this, or very shortly after.

Tony Curtis, Rock Hudson, Dick Long, Bob Patten, Johnny Sands, Vic Damone, Carleton Carpenter, all the unmarrieds under the age of 26 are sure to be headed for the various training camps. They're 1A. Audie Murphy has already been sworn in as a captain of infantry in the Texas National Guard.

Nor will these boys mentioned be the first. Chances are that members of the various service Reserves of which Hollywood boasts plenty may get there before them.

Macdonald Carey, for example, who was a Marine Corps flyer for four-and-a-half years in World War II, received his standby notice in August.

So, too, did Robert Taylor, Gene Kelly, Kirk Douglas, Glenn Ford, Tyrone Power, and Gordon MacRae.

These men did yeoman service for the Navy and Marines in the last war, and their outfits would like to have them back for this one. Ditto Victor Mature of the Coast Guard Reserve.

The Army Air Forces have already notified Gene Autry and Bill Holden to keep in touch, and Dan Dailey as this article went to press, was telling people in the 20th Century-Fox commissary, "Next month this time, and I'll be driving a tank. I'm in the Army Reserves."

Jane Powell's husband, Geary Steffen is in the same position. Geary is a member of an Armored Division and will undoubtedly be training troops as you read this very line.

Married or not, most young men under 30 are almost certain to be drafted, regardless of previous military duty.

Nicky Hilton, 23, Elizabeth Taylor's young husband, may be called up even though he served in the Navy once before.

Montgomery Clift, 29, declared 4F because of a tropical disease he picked up in Mexico, will in all probability be no 4F this time.

John Derek who served with the airborne troops in the Pacific five years ago, is not yet 25, and if the war goes on for any length of time, he, too, is liable to be called even though he's the father of a baby.

Howard Duff is hitting 35 and even though he's single will probably remain at Universal rather than an Army camp for some time to come.

John Agar, legally single in another month and now in his late twenties, is another potential bit of draft bait.

The Selective Service rules change almost every few weeks as the war progresses, and it is virtually impossible to determine exactly who will be taken by the services and when.

Certainly all single Hollywood stars under the age of thirty will be called. (Continued on page 96)

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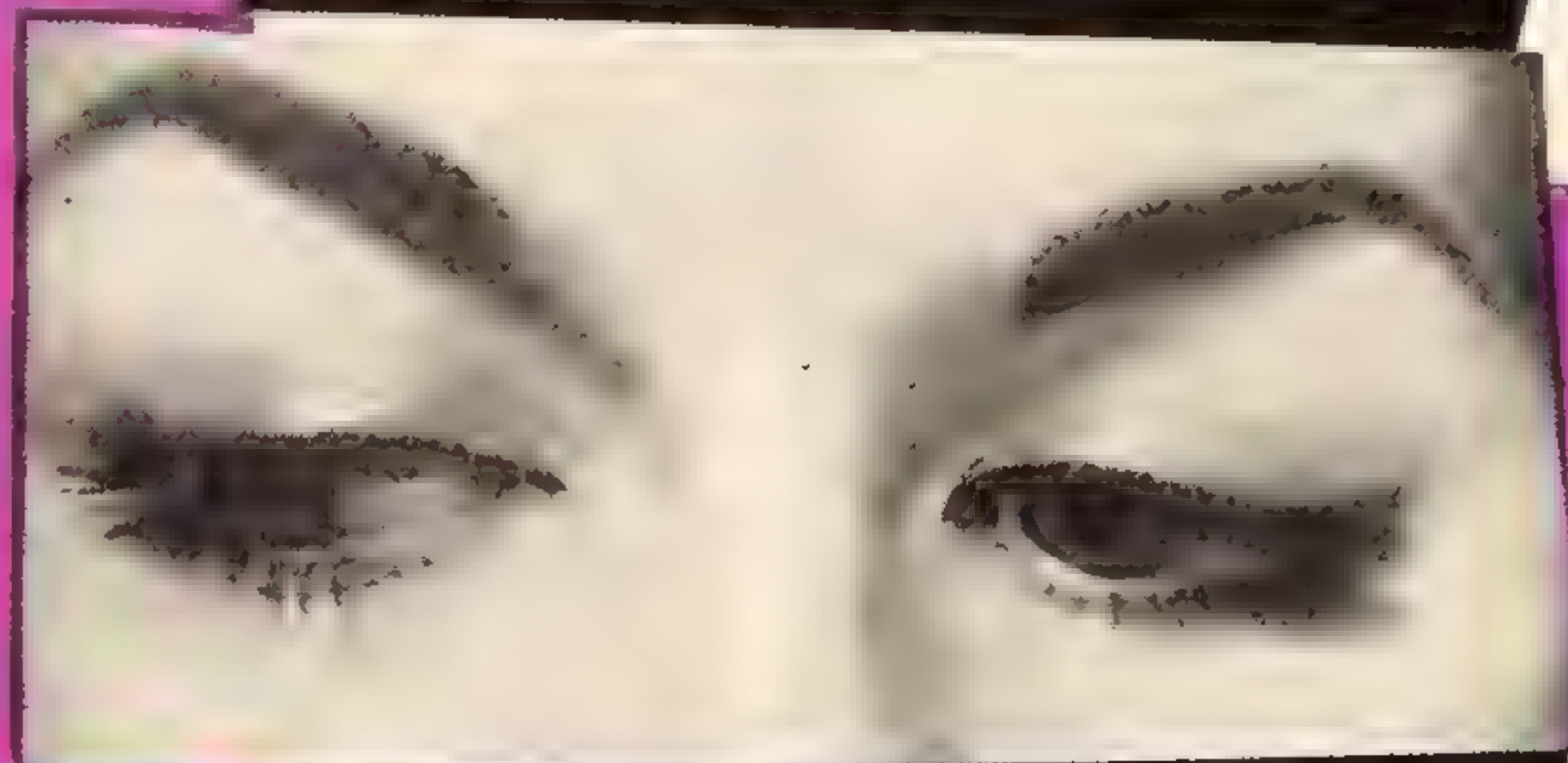
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...with seven new conceptions
of dramatic portrayal that
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no



way

out

Darryl F. Zanuck presents **No Way Out**

starring: **Richard Widmark**

Linda Darnell

Stephen McNally

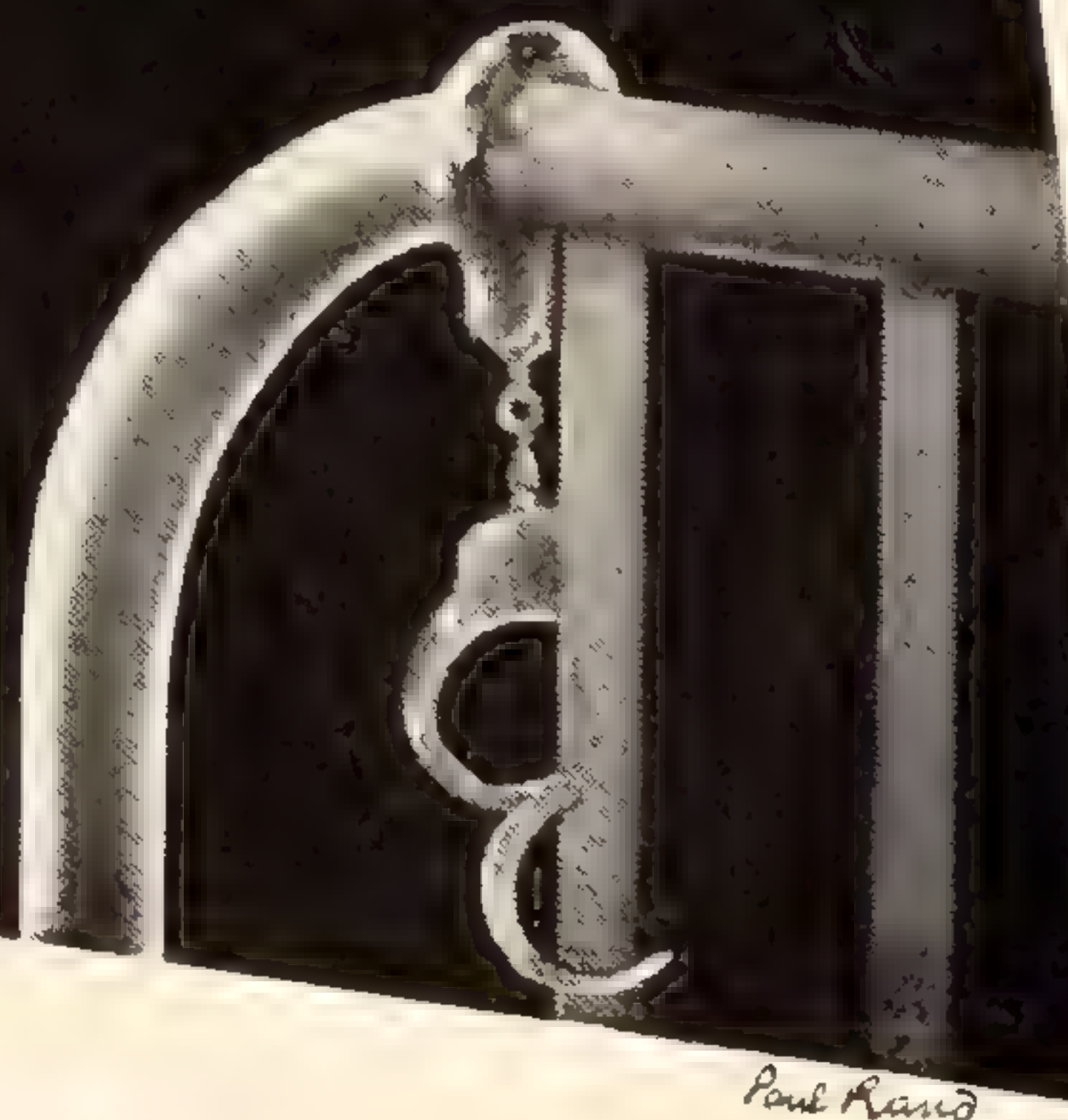
with: Sidney Poitier, Mildred Joanne Smith

Harry Bellaver, Stanley Ridges, Dots Johnson

produced by: **Darryl F. Zanuck**

directed by: **Joseph L. Mankiewicz**

Written by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Lesser Samuels



20th
CENTURY-FOX

Paul Rand



the Champ's in love

■ Sometime early in 1950, Kirk Douglas dropped into a Hollywood florist shop and purchased ninety orchids which, properly carded, he ordered sent to ninety dames—the entire contingent of the Hollywood Women's Press Club. It created quite a sensation, even in this town where extravagant wackiness is as common as blue grass in Kentucky.

And then, a few days later, facing the dolls at a luncheon they gave him, he answered a question they put to him in a truly honest manner. "What about love?" they asked him. "Now that you are practically a single man, what are your plans on marriage and a mate?" Kirk Douglas just hung his head and grinned that shy, meaning grin and the dimples in his cheeks deepened and the cleft in his chin squirmed in a tantalizing manner—and all of the girls understood. Kirk Douglas was having himself a time, and (Continued on page 81)

KIRK DOUGLAS WON'T TALK, BUT OTHER PEOPLE WILL—AND THEY SAY HE'S BEEN HOOKED!

by Steve Cronin

don't call me mister

by Jim Henaghan



Bill Holden chats with co-star Gloria Swanson, Louella Parsons and Billy Wilder at a party given for Gloria in honor of *Sunset Boulevard*.



Rugged Brian Donlevy is one of Bill's best friends. They met when they worked in *Remarkable Andrew*. Rt. The Holdens at home.

Sweet William is turning into
Big Bad Bill—which may be news to you,
but not to Holden who wants to be
a bigger and better heel.

■ William Holden sat across the small dressing room in a newly-upholstered chair, a cigarette burning dangerously close to his pointing finger.

"So this actor," he snorted, "this guy about four years younger than me comes up to me at a guild meeting and says 'how do you do, *Mister* Holden?' That did it! *Mister* Holden! I should have punched him on the nose!"

William Holden ground the butt of his





cigarette in the closest ash tray.

"I was still mad the next morning, so I banged into the studio head's office and told him I was through playing substantial characters. It's ruining me, I told him. I'm too young to be a *Mister*. So the next thing you know, I'm working in *Sunset Boulevard*, playing the biggest heel since the housekeeper in *Rebecca*. It was wonderful." He grinned in happy recollection.

That was the turning of the worm. The

reclamation of a personality that had rusted. The end of a substantial career playing bookkeepers who loved their wives and couldn't quite raise the money for a baby. Probably the introduction to movie fans of a Bill Holden very far removed from the one they know so well in pictures, but truer to life, as his friends know him.

Let's get one thing straight. In person, Bill Holden is no heel. But he is certainly not a namby-pamby character who fre-

quents malt shops or pushes baby buggies or reads "Treasure Island" to the neighborhood kids every night after dinner. He is a young, virile, thoroughly normal married man with three kids. He rides a horse like Hopalong Cassidy, shoots a pistol like Roy Rogers, can hit a deer in the left nostril at any distance the rifle sights will work, can take a hot rod car apart and put it together without any parts left over, and he has the guts to (Continued on page 89)



JEANNE CRAIN'S a mother—and proud of it. "My career improves with each baby I have," she says. Jeanne had a third son in August

Can movie stars be good parents?

Are babies excess baggage for stars who only like to play? For the first time Modern Screen presents a revealing picture of Hollywood's most glamorous men and women in their biggest roles—as parents.



JOAN BENNETT'S a glamorous grandma. Here, with husband Wanger and daughters.

by Lloyd Shearer

SEX OR BABIES:

Which do the stars want?

■ It's an old story about Hollywood stars. No matter how subdued, serious or benevolent they seem, the public won't believe it. To them the stars are sexy; they're gorgeous animals running around in a frenzy because they can't find enough people to love. They may have a whole flock of kids (all their own) in the nursery, and they can stay up half the night fixing formulas, but the public insists it's just a front. The stars don't like babies; the stars are reckless and irresponsible.

Only a few weeks ago, John Wayne was taking a rare vacation in Mexico City. He was sitting out on the hotel patio, sipping a coke, when an attractive local belle minced up to him. "Oh, for the life of a movie star!" she exclaimed.

"What do you mean?" asked dashing Duke Wayne.

"Oh, Duke," the lady sighed. "How I envy you! You can do anything you want, go anywhere you like. No worries; no cares . . ."

"You must be kidding," said Duke. "Or else, you have me mixed up with some other guy."

The girl smiled. "You can't fool me," she said, with a gleam in her eye.

"Honey," Duke laughed, "I wish I could! But I have to disillusion you. I'm the father of four kids."

Maybe this news came as a shock to the senorita. Hollywood children have a way of not being seen—or heard. But they're there, all right, with all the demands that children anywhere make on their hard-working parents.

Take the case of Don Ameche. This past summer, he was substituting for Don MacNeil on *The Breakfast Club*, one of radio's oldest morning programs.

"Why do you want to emcee a radio show like that?" one of his younger fans wrote him. "You're a famous movie star. Wait until Hollywood offers you a big picture."

"I'm very sorry," Don wrote back. "I can wait, but my six children can't."

These are only two examples of fathers who happen to be actors, and who live in a community that is more family-minded than any other community in America. Actually, there are fewer childless couples in Hollywood than in any other comparable town—but the fans don't want to believe it.

It's possible that Hollywood (*Continued on page 99*)



BING CROSBY'S wife, Dixie, retired from the movies when actress-mothers were taboo.



ALIDA VALLI had a husband and son when she came to Hollywood, but publicity men kept it a big secret.



GINGER ROGERS (here with Greg Bautzer) regrets being one of the childless stars.

June Allyson:

**She feels so
good, so happy—so
important! And what
girl doesn't,
when she's having
her first baby?**

■ In years gone by, if you wanted to get June Allyson dewy-eyed, all you had to do was strike up a conversation about babies. Now that she's going to have one of her own, you haven't a chance at *any* conversation, because she does all the talking.

June is consumed by wonder, excitement, and most of all, curiosity. Her friends who have babies are called to the phone daily. "Hello, June," they say, as soon as they lift the receiver.

"How'd you know it was June?" the husbands want to know.

The wives smile. "It's always June. She has a new question every day."

"Why? You're not her doctor."

And the wives smile tolerantly. "I'm something better than that, in a way. I'm a woman who has had a baby, and to another woman, I'm an encyclopedia on the subject."

Small wonder that June is excited. For five years she and Dick have wanted this to happen. Every time a friend had a baby, June spilled over with enthusiasm, solicitude, and eventually envy, for it gave her the feeling of being incomplete. Occasionally she would see a picture in a newspaper of a man and wife and a parcel of children, and she would sigh as she put down the paper and stared off into space. Why couldn't it ever happen to her?

Susan Hayward:

**"Life means
nothing without my
children, for through
them, each day
Jess and I discover
new wonders . . ."**

■ After I had my twins, Gregory and Timothy, friends would ask, "Well, don't you feel different now?" I didn't. I sensed what they meant, that when a girl becomes a mother a whole change is supposed to take place in her. But it hadn't for me. Soon I was back working at the studio, and when I came home each night things were the same except that we had two babies. There was a nurse who would bring them in to me. I would get a full report on their day. I would hold and cuddle them. Then they would be carried back to the nursery and I would sit back knowing that something was wrong.

Something was missing but I didn't know what. I tried my best to figure it out and couldn't. One night I almost got it. I was sitting with Jess after dinner. The babies had been in and were gone again, and that same feeling was on me. Only this time it was worse. Suddenly, without expecting to, I burst into tears.

"I'm not their mother!" I cried. "I'm no good around here!"

It was quite a little demonstration and after it was over we analyzed the outbreak very scientifically, and incorrectly. We concluded it was just a belated emotional effect of a pregnancy that had been rather an easy one. You know, things have to balance up one way or another; I was experiencing some of the

When it did happen, it came as a complete surprise. She had undergone a minor operation, and instead of recuperating as expected, she continued to feel tired and squeamish. Finally, she sat down and phoned her doctor.

"You're sure I'm all right? I mean—don't you think I should be feeling better than this? It's really a very strange feeling."

She flew back to Arkansas with Dick to publicize *The Reformer and The Redhead*, and she was violently ill on the plane.

"I'm sorry," she told Dick. "I thought I was getting over my fear of flying."

Five busy days were spent in Arkansas, and they were pure and simple murder for June, because the feeling she'd had on the plane stayed with her the entire time. When they returned home to Hollywood, she put down her share of luggage, tore to the phone and dialed her doctor's number.

"I'm home," she reported, "and you come right over and do something. I feel awful."

It was then that dawn broke over the doctor's head.

"Come down and see me this afternoon," he said, and nothing more.

The next day he phoned June at home. "My girl," he said, "you are going to become a mother."

June sat down with a (Continued on page 102)



unpleasant mental upsets that should have hit me before the babies were born.

What else could it be? The babies were here. Everything was fine. We were both working. And what was more, the babies were good babies. Such good babies they never even woke us nights. Only, I didn't feel any better after all this rationalizing, and, as I pointed out to Jess, how could the boys wake us? They were in a different part of the house with a nurse right by to attend their wants the moment they piped up.

A few evenings later, still dissatisfied, I got a daring idea, or so it seemed. I told Jess I was going to give the nurse the night off, and I wanted the babies' cribs to be moved into our bedroom for the remainder of the night.

The moment this was done, I felt a touch of something long overdue. I got ready for bed in a sort of glow; there we were, the whole family all together. The old empty feeling was disappearing and was being replaced by something that, well—the "something" I knew my friends meant when they asked me if I didn't feel "different."

There was my answer, of course. Having children does not make you a mother; only *mothering* does. I had been missing the infancy of my boys. I hadn't been *living* with them. (Continued on page 95)



families are in fashion

Hollywood's youngest generation:

they grow up happy



Betty Hutton's recent separation from Ted Briskin was hard to explain to four-year-old Lindsay and two-year-old Candy. But she's managing to fill a big void in their lives with plenty of affection and good times.

The two little girls are just as full of pep and bounce as their famous mommy.

When Nora Eddington divorced Errol Flynn and married Dick Haymes, she received custody of little Deirdre and Rory Flynn. With care and gentleness Nora helped her two daughters to avoid the fear or confusion that might have resulted from her marital mix-up.



Some of them are divorcées, others adopted their babies, but if you think this makes them poor parents, you don't know Hollywood mothers. They weep when their kids have the measles, they save their baby's first tooth—and their children grow up in a secure little world of devotion.



June Allyson and Dick Powell waited almost four years before they adopted Pamela. Now they know she's brought them more happiness than they ever had without her. They planned to adopt another baby but postponed doing so when they discovered that June will soon have one herself.



Maybe it will come in February,
maybe April—maybe not for
years. But the world's expecting a
lovely baby—no matter what Liz says!

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

a



baby for liz?

■ They were standing together in their hotel suite at the Claridge, looking happy and wistful. Every once in a while, Liz would turn to Nicky and smile. He'd wink at her, just a little, so that no one else would notice.

The room was full of reporters, and if this was a bridal suite you couldn't tell it from the noise and the smoke and the casual way these reporters had taken over the place when they walked into it.

They asked the usual things—"How do you like London? Where have you visited? What are your plans for the next eight years?" Then, suddenly, there was a collective pause for breath. A silence. And a question was fired at these two kids which almost knocked them over.

"When are you going to have a baby?"

"Well," spluttered Elizabeth, blushing furiously, "Well . . ." She reached for Nicky's hand, and grabbed it.

Nicky took a deep breath. "Well," he said, and laughed self-consciously. "Well. Naturally we don't want to wait too long. I mean, my younger brother has two children with another on the way. I can't let him get too far ahead of me, you know. I mean— Can I" . . . his voice drifted off . . .

But he'd said enough.

Ever since that afternoon Liz has been denying that she expects a baby in February or even April, but no one listens. It seems so right for a beautiful girl like Liz to have a beautiful baby that the sooner the better, everyone says, and she can't tell them different.

And what a beautiful baby it would be—with dark, curly hair, and tremendous blue eyes and a complexion as white and softly tinged with pink as only an artist like Renoir could paint, and only a daughter of Liz could possess. At least, that's the way I picture her.

I don't know any better than you if Elizabeth is expecting a baby now, but I do know that Liz is unpredictable. She's made definite statements before, and then turned right around and done the opposite. Take the time she was so vehement about never being engaged again.

"Next time I'll just get married," she told me after her romantic friendship with Glenn Davis, and her slightly longer engagement with diamond ring to Bill Pauley, Jr. "And, furthermore," she added, "I'm not going to get married until I'm twenty-one."

So what happened? Six months later, Liz and her very charming mother announce her engagement to hotel heir, Nicky Hilton, and three months after her eighteenth birthday, Liz is saying, "I do," in a very wonderful marriage ceremony to the twenty-three-year-old Nicky.

On Mother's Day, when Liz (Continued on page 104)

families are in fashion



Esther Williams: She learned that a childless marriage can mean an empty life

by Susan Tren



Benjie's expecting a brother or sister.

■ A day hasn't dawned that can knock the energy out of Esther Williams. To her, six hours in the MGM pool is a setting-up exercise. It also sets up MGM. They love her. She's never sending them telegrams from Mexico City saying, "Please, I have a cold. Can I take a two week vacation?" In fact, other career women are amateurs compared to Esther. Not only does she swim underwater, but she thinks there, too. Comes up with all sorts of ideas—like buying a filling station, buying a restaurant, making \$60,000 in a deal with Cole bathing

suits, organizing an investment company.

You'd think that nothing else mattered to her, nothing but swimming and making money and getting to be so big a star they'd name a planet after her. But one thing matters more. That's babies. Maybe it's hard to figure. What good are babies in this cockeyed town? Babies can't talk, they won't even sit still to have their picture taken. All they do is cry every few hours for a bottle of milk, and cry to be taken up in somebody's arms and sung to sleep again. But babies are (Continued on page 75)



Linda Christian: She lost two babies, but prays that the future will be kinder to her.

by Helen Walsh

■ Ask Ty Power about the two babies that Linda has lost in the past two years, and he quickly shifts the conversation or ends it right there and walks away.

More than anything else in life, he has wanted children, at least a son to carry on his name, one of the great names in the American theater. Three times he's been bitterly disappointed.

The first time was with sophisticated Suzanne Georgette Charpentier Sorre Murat, the French actress better known as Annabella. Ty's married life with her was

childless. She had a daughter, now 20, whom he still supports, but she isn't his.

Perhaps the Fates knew that a divorce between them was their destiny.

Perhaps the marriage dissolved because there were no babies to make the marriage worthwhile.

Whatever happened, Ty Power, by the time he was 34 and free in 1948, was a man who desperately wanted a family.

He had been through a war, had seen death, had known the hollowness of fame, and he had come to realize that the only

important thing in life was to produce more life.

When he met a girl, a great and good friend of Mexico's President Miguel Aleman, a girl named Blanca Rosa Welter, he quickly married her. She, too, felt as strongly about this concept as he. Linda Christian was willing to give up her career, small as it was, to become Mrs. Tyrone Power, and the mother of his children.

Perhaps Ty had given up Lana Turner because she would never give up her career, and he knew that (*Continued on page 84*)



This is the Kellys' home, and on these pages are the first pictures ever taken in it. *Below*, Betsy sets a clock in the early American den, which combines with the dining room.

The neutral walls and beige shag sofas in the living room strikingly set off the carnival painting above the mantel, and the vivid Indian figurines. All the furnishings are interchangeable. The coffee table was cut down from a dining room table.





"This is where Gene thinks with his feet," says Betsy, meaning he practices new dance routines on the uncarpeted floor of the bar-room. Playbills and Kerry's art work are framed on the wall.



Interior decorators?

Don't need 'em.

Swimming pools?

No, thanks.

The Gene Kellys

have their own design
for living.

OPEN HOUSE

OPEN HEARTS

by Marwa Peterson

■ The out-of-towners in the sight-seeing bus leaned forward expectantly. "Ladies and gentlemen," their guide was saying, "the next house on the right, the one with the red door and the bank of geraniums, belongs to that famous dancer, Gene Kelly, and his family."

"I don't believe it," whispered the Shriner's wife from Shreveport, La. "Why, it's no bigger than our own place back home."

Her husband grinned. "Half of what this guy says is baloney," he stated flatly.

Act ally, the house *did* belong to Gene Kelly, and the busload of tourists were obviously disappointed at this "excuse" for a movie-star's home.

From the outside, the Kelly's two-story house is like that of many middle-class American families, living in good residential districts. It's within walking distance of the public schools, not too far from the movies, and only three blocks from a marketing center. The nearest swimming pool is a couple of houses away, and the car in the garage is a 1941 Ford.

There are two things, though, which distinguish this house from the others on the block. First, there are usually six to twelve cars parked in front of it. These cars belong to the friends who drop in regularly for talk and movies, and on Saturday nights, for charades. Sundays, the volleyball net strung across the back yard gets good use, and a path is beaten from there to the Kelvinator refrigerator in the den where cold drinks are stored.

No one ever rings the bell or knocks on the Kelly door.

open house—open hearts continued



The Kelly house is near the market center, and Betsy does the shopping in her 1941 Ford. Her movie name is Betsy Blair. She's the dramatic Kelly—leaves all dancing to Gene.



The backyard boasts no formal gardens, not even a tennis court. There's plenty of space for the dog to romp in, and on Sunday afternoons the Kellys play volleyball with true professional zeal.



Kerry and her daddy go to church hand-in-hand every Sunday morning. Unlike many Hollywood children, she attends a public school, plays with the neighborhood kids.

People just walk right in. A butler would either be laughed out of the household or converted into a volleyball star.

A few weeks after she'd supposedly attempted suicide, Judy Garland dropped by and sang for three hours. "She was never prettier, never in better voice," says Betsy. A little while after Judy arrived, Leslie Caron, the French ballet dancer who'll star with Gene in *An American in Paris*, drove up and asked for a coke. She, in turn, was followed by Vera-Ellen, two writers, Vincente Minnelli and Katharine Hepburn.

The second distinguishing factor about the Kelly house is the telephone. It never stops ringing. In one fifteen minute period there are often as many as eight calls. Actors phone Gene for advice about little theater groups. The Veterans' Hospital asks Betsy to work an extra day. Little Kerry's friends invite her over for dinner. Press agents try to convince Gene that he needs a public relations man. The Kellys always answer the phone themselves and they never say, "Wrong number."

Superficially, Gene and Betsy appear to be an average young couple. Actually, they're too talented to be average. Yet they prefer a simple house in an unpretentious street. They have sound reasons for this choice.

While Gene was in the Navy, and stationed at a submarine base in New London, Conn., Betsy was searching California for a place he could come home to. She didn't have anything particular in mind, but she was sure of one (Continued on page 92)



Decorators say blue's too cold for a bedroom, but the Kellys find it restful, a relief from the heat outside.



Gene hired a carpenter to build this tall, shallow magazine stand. Betsy and Lois, Gene's secretary, keep current magazines up-to-date for him. The kitten's Kerry's.



Fondly known as the "Sports Palace," this back hall closet holds equipment for the Kellys' athletic friends, who seem to go for every sport—especially volleyball.

A girl can't be too



JANE WYMAN sacrificed a happy home and her husband Ronald Reagan for an Oscar.



JOAN EVANS became a star overnight when Cathy O'Donnell refused to make *Roseanna McCoy*.



SHIRLEY TEMPLE was the victim of messy gossip when she divorced John Agar last year.



BARBARA HALE is serious about her career—and gets help from husband Bill Williams.



MARIE WILSON has talent to burn, but she waited 18 long years before it was noticed by producers.



RUTH ROMAN, smart and aggressive, holds her own in Hollywood where others fail.

Talent, ambition, good looks to spare—not enough, says Hedda! One thing a girl

careful



ANN BLYTH is lovely and loveless, sweet as sugar candy, and almost unbelievably above reproach by anyone.



SHELLEY WINTERS is on a temperamental, "I don't care", kick again; recently caused designer Orry Kelly to resign.

■ She was a pretty little thing—wide-eyed, innocent, and as steamed up as a plum pudding. She tripped into my office clutching a brand new studio contract and asking advice.

"Before I give you any of that," I told her, "I'd like to know something. What are you planning to do with that contract—use it as a ticket to night clubs, parties, and playboys, or make it a work slip for success and a worthwhile life?"

"Oh," she answered, "I'm not going near night clubs or parties, and playboys don't interest me now. I'm going to make a name for myself. You'll be seeing me in the newspapers soon," she promised. So I sat her down and warned her in no uncertain terms about what she'd be up against hunting real success in this town called Hollywood. I was only wasting my breath.

In three short weeks the studio, disgusted with her escapades, dropped her. A few weeks more and I saw her picture in the papers all right, but not quite as she had dreamed. The police had her. She was in bad company and she was in trouble.

That sad, silly little girl was steeped in all the wrong ideas about Hollywood and tragically unprepared—mentally, emotionally, and morally, for the so-called "lucky break" which dropped her down in the toughest town a girl can tackle.

She was the victim of a most murderous myth—the Hollywood Cinderella fable. She never got to be a star, of course; and she never will. But even if she had, her cockeyed conception of a happy-ever-after life in Hollywood would have put the skids on her fame pronto. Hollywood is no bed of roses for a girl. On the contrary, it's a bed of booby traps. On every side of the red carpet you read about, are wicked rocks, just waiting to smash glass slippers to bits.

"Only one girl in a million makes it," Billy Grady, MGM's casting director, once told me, "and that's usually an accident." Bill was talking about movie success stories. I can say the same thing about life stories even when they're stars' lives.

I've watched more unhappy endings in my Hollywood days than ever a camera dared record. I've seen the pitfalls of Hollywood gather their toll. I've seen careers and happy lives wrecked at all stages of the game by the very things that bring girls here in the first place—ambition, and by the things they find when they get here—pressure, flattery, bad company, bad advice, false values, falser vows. I've watched girls make more mistakes than a raw rookie in the Hollywood circus parade.

I've seen them start the ticklish tightrope walk, ignorant and unprepared, with freak starts, and I've seen them step on the Hollywood highwire, trained and ready, only to stumble and fall. The late Lupe Velez got her start because a horse in a Doug Fairbanks picture stepped on her foot, and in a Latin rage she turned and bit that horse on the leg. Doug recognized the fire when he first saw it and made this "extra" his leading lady. She became a star, but she wound up a suicide.

It isn't only the shocking cases, like (*Continued on page 72*)

needs more in Hollywood—and that's just plain old horse sense. *by heddla hopper*



Hugh O'Brian, Scott Brady, John Bromfield, Rock Hudson and Tony Curtis sit on hot shelves of various temperatures at the Finlandia Baths.



Rock takes a close shave as Tony and John relax.

stag night at the steam room

THE HEAT'S ON AT FINLANDIA, THE ONLY PLACE WHERE A MAN'S PUT ON THE SHELF—AND LIKES IT!

by *Jim Burton*

■ Women have the monopoly on beauty treatments. Men generally take the faces that God gave them and do the best they can. Mud packs, permanent waves, facials—they're for the girls. Probably the biggest disadvantage of all this is that there are no beauty parlors where men can get together and gossip.

Imagine the male delight when 13 years ago a fellow name of Sam Amundsen opened a Finnish bathhouse—for men only. Here at last was a place where the boys could let off steam, and improve their physiques at the same time. It was a natural. Before long every Hollywood he-man worth his weight had made a habit of Finlandia, which is located in the basement of the Bing Crosby building. The Crosby brothers, Kirk Douglas, Humphrey Bogart, Cornel Wilde, Zachary Scott, Paul Douglas—they all drop in for the treatment, and the talk.

On this particular afternoon, MODERN SCREEN got a call from Scott Brady.

"How about joining us for a quick bake?" he said. Since it was only 90 degrees in the shade, photographers Bert Parry, Bob Beer-man, and I were only too happy to go somewhere nice and warm. We hustled over to Finlandia and there found Scott, John Bromfield, Rock Hudson, Tony Curtis and Hugh O'Brian in various stages of undress.

The body-building equipment at Finlandia consists first of a hot room (temperature between 120 and 170 degrees). You go into the room, climb on a shelf, and let your pores relax. The higher the shelf, the higher the temperature, and the more relaxed you become. Sit there twenty minutes and you're so relaxed you can pass out. Finnish bathing, though, is not without a purpose. It's supposed to rid the body of poisons through perspiration. We all grabbed towels and took the bodies into the steam room.

"Well," said Scott, "I've had enough."

"You've only been here two minutes," said John Bromfield.

"Clock-watcher," sneered Scott, and sank back.

Bromfield looked very happy up there on the shelf. Every once in a while he'd yank a cord which dropped water on some steaming rocks in the corner. Every yank raised the heat 20 degrees. (Continued on next page)



"You should be in the gambling racket, son," Scott tells Tony, who is beating him soundly at gin rummy. Hugh kibitzes while Rock gets a salt rubdown in the next room, so he can go back to the steam room and sweat some more.



Chowtime at Finlandia is a special privilege. Sam Amundsen, owner of the Finnish baths, provides such a spread only for men who make a party of coming down to his establishment. The hungry mob wastes no time digging in.



"Ah, this is wonderful!" sighs Hugh, as masseur Kaarlo gives him a vigorous alcohol rub, to close up his pores. John and Scott watch skeptically.



Scott shivers as Richard Wolfs, head masseur at Finlandia, dries him off after his alcohol rub by fanning him with a sheet. This helps the pore-closing process, but it's a shock right after a 170-degree bath.



Tony's getting an icy shower, whether he likes it or not. "Good for you," says Scott, holding him there—Brady's way of making up for the gin game.



Weighing-in time proves interesting—and slightly disconcerting. The boys are supposed to have lost weight after their steam baths, but Hugh claims he's gained! He doesn't see Scott's hand on the scales.

stag night at the steam room

cont'd.

"Hey, cut that out!" said Tony Curtis, after the second yank.

"Can't take it, uh?" said John.

"Me? I love it," said Tony. "But the other guys—they're evaporating."

"It's not the heat," groaned Rock Hudson. "It's the humidity."

"I think I got rid of enough poison," said Scott, getting up. "The Red Cross could use me now—as a bandage."

Everyone followed Scott out of the room—except John. "He-men!" he laughed, and energetically yanked the cord.

"Listen, character," said Scott. "I hope you melt."

As he left the room, Tony jammed the door with a wet towel, and blithely stepped into a cold shower. Two minutes later, Bromfield was banging on the door. "Let me out of here!" he yelled. "For Pete's sake, boys, let me out!"

(Continued on page 83)

the faith my mother taught me

sixth in a series

What
the
stars
believe

Because of her, I fought pain, and found new strength in prayer . . .

by Ann Blythe

■ Dusk had descended suddenly as it so often does in southern California. One moment the room in which I had been resting was filled with light; the next moment the shadows of twilight had fallen.

My mother, who had been working in the kitchen preparing dinner for us, came into the room, and turned on the lights. As she did so, my spirits soared. It was not merely because there was light in a room where before there had been darkness. It was mostly because

there was something about my mother's very presence that always cheered me up.

I often think of that room, and of how it seemed to change when she walked into it. I think of how impatient I was when I was younger, and of how stunned I was at first, when my back was seriously injured in a tobogganing accident. We didn't realize at first how seriously I had been injured. The thought did come to me, as the doctors went about (Continued on page 71)

Hunting's fun on the isle of Catalina—ask Guy and me, who made like Frank Buck without

A black and white photograph of a man with curly hair, wearing a dark short-sleeved shirt and light-colored trousers, kneeling in a grassy field. He is holding a bow in his left hand and the head of a dead goat in his right. A quiver of arrows is strapped to his back. The background shows a dry, hilly landscape with sparse vegetation.

safari to catalina

by gail russell

gun—and also came back alive!

■ "Let's go hunting," Guy suggested one night at dinner.

"Rabbit?" (We'd been eating rabbit for a week as the result of another expedition.)

"Nope," my husband said mysteriously. The grin on his face could have stretched clear across the room if his ears hadn't been in the way.

I put my feet down. Firmly. The ducks we keep in the backyard were going to find the hole in the fence any day. "Guy, we can't go tomorrow. We have to mend the fence," I told him. And I meant it.

So we went hunting. We went to Catalina—a trip Guy has been planning since the last time he was there shortly before our marriage. "Catalina," he'd say periodically. "That's the place. Why there are hunting spots on that island that a lot of people don't even know exist!"

I held my breath as we walked into the elegance of the Catalina Guest Ranch. "Just what are we going to shoot?" I wanted to know. "Mink?"

"None of that," grinned our host, Julian King. "Your permit includes only goat and boar, and only bows and arrows."

The Ranch is the former and fabulous Toyon Bay resort, which was known for its grandeur. But there've been some changes made since Julian and Lucille King took over. Now, if you don't own a pair of levis and can't stow away a Texas-size chuck wagon lunch, you might as well stay home. Informality's the keynote. And before we'd been there five minutes we were sure that the Kings must have invented the word hospitality.

We'd barely unpacked our suitcase when Mr. King called. "Let's start at dusk," he suggested. "I'll have the truck waiting."

That gave us the rest of the afternoon to lounge around. We lounged by the pool for about five minutes before Guy spotted the paddleboards. Then we headed for the surf. Next came a game of volleyball. And after that, baseball with some of the other guests. "Ever been on such a hunting trip?" my husband asked happily.

When we'd finished dinner, we climbed into the truck and went in search of wild boar. Our bows and arrows were ready—but that night the boar seemed to be avoiding us. We were avoided until 2 a.m. when we decided to return to the ranch.

We were ready to go again at 5 a.m. This time we were going after wild goat. Tec, our guide, had our horses ready, and



"You always been a cowpoke?" Guy asks Tec at the Ranch. Tec says he's a movie stunt man!



That's my husband in the saddle. We hunted with bows and arrows only.



We went after wild goat each morning at five and stayed up till two a.m. tracking down boar.



My horse reared right after this picture was taken—and I went flying.



Guy wanted me to change horses after my fall, but I wouldn't leave this scared fellow.



Ready, aim—fire! This not only looks good on Guy—but it got fine results.



We left Catalina before we could really enjoy Guy's haul. There was a barbecue that night.



This baby goat walked into my arms. Too bad I couldn't take him home.



Waiting on a Catalina Island pier for the boat that will take us on a lobster "hunt," Guy and I chuckle over plans for his afternoon diving.

he led us up a steep mountain trail. "Guess you must have been a cowboy all your life," Guy told him admiringly.

Tec smiled at that. "I'm a Hollywood stunt man!" he said.

A few hours later, I was wishing I could make the same claim. We were reaching the summit and one of our party handed me a quiver. My horse shied. Then he reared. Arrows went flying. So did I. Next thing I knew I was on the ground. I glanced over a few feet at the canyon below. Fortunately I'd gone the other way. "I'm glad he knows not to throw people into canyons," I shuddered.

"You'd better change horses—in case he doesn't," Guy insisted.

I refused. The poor horse was standing there, looking as though he'd lost his last friend. And I think my pride hurt most. So I patted his nozzle and climbed back into the saddle.

WE claimed one other casualty that day. An hour or two later, Guy saw a goat and went after it on foot. The chase led all the way down the mountainside. We waited. Pretty soon Guy reappeared. He had the goat. "I should have tamed him instead of shooting him," he said wearily. "Then we could've taken turns carrying each other back up."

However, my husband wasn't too tired to go diving for lobster in the afternoon. I haven't mastered the sport yet, so I looked on from the deck of the boat. He'd bring one up—introduce us—then return it to the bottom. Guy was thoughtful as we left the lobster and headed for shore. "Wish I'd had my spear fishing equipment," he said.

"Why?" I asked. "The lobster kept you busy."

"Hmmm—ran into a small shark, (Continued on page 92)

MY GUY GOES OVERBOARD FOR LOBSTERS! HE FINDS PLENTY DOWN THERE—KEEPING FAST COMPANY WITH SHARKS.



Guy's in a glass mask—so he can see under water.



Up for a mouthful of air—then below for lobsters.



He told me later that there was a shark down there!



I just sit and watch—lobsters sort of scare me.



Off with his glass mask, and the lobster diving's over. I can't say I'm sorry!

peck's 10-year



Greta, his wife since 1942, watched Peck grow to stardom.

plan



He's no
Cinderella-boy, no
overnight sensation.
Greg's a man who
starved to be an actor,
who built
his own future.

BY KATHY O'SHEA

a little over ten years ago, when Warners bought the screen rights to *Captain Horatio Hornblower*, Gregory Peck was reading the book in a rooming house, wondering whom they'd pick to play that part. Not him. He had less than a nickel to his name, and his name wasn't worth much more—at least, not to the casting offices, not to the sharp-eyed talent scouts who don't pick a winner until the race is over.

The year was 1939, and on that particular night Gregory Peck was sharing his dinner with a couple of runaway schoolgirls who lived upstairs, and didn't even have enough money to walk home.

Pretty soon, Warners shelved *Horatio* for want of a star to play him, and Gregory found himself a job at the New York World's Fair. He was a barker, or a talker, or whatever you call a guy who stands up in front of the auto-ride and pulls the people in with his magnetic charm. A few weeks of barking and he sounded like Gravel Gertie on a foggy day, so he quit. He went over to Radio City, where the guides don't speak much above a whisper. In and out of the Music Hall lobby he marched, up and down the elevators, round and about that miniature city, a flock of tourists trailing him with their heads up, looking for a movie star they could write home about.

Ten years ago, it could have been a hundred. . . .

He went down to the Neighborhood Playhouse and won a scholarship—tuition and two five-dollar bills a week thrown in. He gave Radio City back to the tourists, gave six dollars to the landlady every Monday night, had four dollars left to starve on, to become an actor on.

He got around; he saw the Broadway plays—easy if you know how to do it. You polish your shoes, press the pleat in your trousers

peck's 10-year plan continued



Greg's memories of lean days in New York induced him to establish La Jolla Playhouse with Mel Ferrer, where veteran stars work with young actors.



The Pecks talk backstage with Dorothy McGuire after her performance in *Summer and Smoke*. She's helping raise funds for a Beverly Hills theater.



Greg and Groucho Marx exchange quips in La Jolla Playhouse lobby, where all Hollywood turns out for the plays which give new talent a break.

with your thumb and forefinger, saunter down to Shubert's Alley and wait for the audience to come out at intermission. Then you mingle with them, smile vacantly at someone's back, follow that back into the theater and ignore the ushers. Find an empty seat, relax, enjoy yourself.

He saw a movie that way, too. *Gone With The Wind*. Ten years later, David Selznick gave a party in his honor, screened *Gone With The Wind*, and it was the first time Greg saw the whole thing from start to finish.

Laugh? He thought he'd die. . . . What's it like being an actor without an Equity card? Walking the streets of New York, Times Square, the Bowery, the crowds not making room for him. . . .

One day he saw a man sprawled on a subway landing, looking dead. People stepped over him, rushing home with the bacon. "Looks dead," Greg said to a police officer. "Him?" said the officer. "Probably drunk. Let's see." They went over to see. "Yeah," said the policeman. "He's dead all right."

All right . . . there's more to the city. Children grow up in it, play hopscotch on the pavement, go to college, build a dream. There was work you could do, important work. And down at the Neighborhood Playhouse there were Irene Lewisohn, Martha Graham, Rita Morgenthau, Sanford Meisner to teach him, to cheer him, to have faith in him. For two years he lived on tuition and ten dollars a week, and then he won another scholarship to the Barter Theater in Virginia. People use vegetables for tickets at the Barter Theater, and there, Greg lived on spinach.

IN Hollywood, they'd taken *Horatio* off the shelf, and dusted him. They let Aeneas MacKenzie put him into script form, and then they shelved him again, because there was a shortage of materials, and they couldn't build the set or the costumes that *Horatio* required.

Greg was on a road tour with Katharine Cornell. Greta Rice, a member of Miss Cornell's company was along, too. He married Greta, took her to Broadway. New York seemed different with her beside him. Failure was for bachelors. Even so, all the plays he acted in flopped. Critics singled Greg out, though. "Watch him," they said.

Ten years to watch the making of a star . . .

Toumanova was to work with him in *Days of Glory*. Every morning he'd leave the Hollywood auto court that was his home, and go over to the studio. Someone would put a lawn mower in his hands; someone would toss him an egg and tell him to make an omelette; someone would give him a dustcloth and lead him to a car. Publicity pictures. How do you become famous without publicity pictures?

"How phony can we get?" he'd say.

They'd laugh. "Okay. Hold it! Hold that smile."

After the movie was finished they didn't have to tell him to smile. He bought a house on a hill. The mountains spread out for fifty miles around him, and swimming pools caught the sun in the valleys.

They put him in *Keys of the Kingdom*, and then sent him to New York for the premiere. He got off the train at 125th Street and wandered around Columbia University. He'd had a room near there once, wanting to be close to the college where he could make some friends. He walked down along the Hudson River, and he could have been anywhere the way his thoughts were, he could have been in Heaven. . . .

UP at the Waldorf Towers everyone was waiting—the newspapermen, the photographers, the studio people. They'd been waiting at Grand Central where he hadn't got off the train and when he came in they didn't ask him where he'd been, but he told them. And then, after they'd all gone, he and Greta stood at (Continued on page 86)

Lucky Dahl

What she has
you couldn't wish for
on a rainbow—
face of an angel,
soft glow of a dreamer
whose dreams came
true . . .

BY KAAREN PIECK



Arlene's rumored engaged
to Lex Barker. She won't admit it,
dates other men, too.

■ You couldn't ask for much more—the face of a fair-haired goddess; and your name on the dotted line, sweet, happy dreams of being an actress, and yourself up there on the screen more beautiful than any dream. . . .

A home in Minneapolis with organdy curtains on your bedroom window, 97 dolls sitting in a row, and the sun always shining for you, even if it rained outside. An only child, pampered by a mother and a father who had the time and the money and the heart . . . but inside of you, a little hurt growing because your father loved to hunt and fish and didn't have a son to take with him. "Wouldn't you rather have a son, Father?" And his looking down at you with a gentle smile on his face, "I wouldn't trade you for three of them!" Lucky Dahl. . . .

"You could take her home in a shoe box," the nurse laughed, as Idelle E. Dahl reached out for her daughter, almost hidden in the pink fluff of her finery.

"She'll grow," said Mrs. Dahl fondly. "Her grandfather's six-feet-four."

She grew, and her mother tied her red-gold curls in velvet ribbons, bought her a deep blue coat trimmed with ermine, and a pair of snow-white leggings.

"Sing us a song, Arlene," she'd say, and she'd sing "Alice Blue Gown," her clear voice trembling on the high notes.

She sang for the family, for 1,500 Dahls gathered in Minnehaha Park on a family outing. She sang at church, at the ladies clubs. (*Continued on page 87*)





Cynthia Miller

It comes

■ They took their vacations at the same time, and strangely enough, in the same place. It was Honolulu. They sat under the beach umbrella with mutual friends, and they made eyes at each other. The friends weren't surprised. They'd drawn their conclusions several months before. "If this isn't love," these friends had concluded, "then tell us a better word."

Funny thing about gossips. They knock themselves out trying to manufacture a romance, but you hand a real one to them and they turn up their noses. "Oh, that," they say, disdainfully. "That won't take."

Anyway, they had Howard figured out. "Listen," they said. "The torch he's carrying for Ava is so big they don't need lights on Sunset Boulevard. Invite that guy to a party and the only woman he can get himself to bring is his mother."

And Ida? They had her pegged. Ida was too busy being a business tycoon—producing movies with one hand, discovering new talent with the other—to get dewey-eyed over *him*. Besides, her first marriage to Louis Hayward had blown up in her face, and her second marriage to Collier Young was more like the merger of 20th Century and Fox. She'd watch her step the next time—if there'd be a next time.

Ida was brought up in show business, she's been in the movies since she was 15, and now it's a part of her. Whenever she walks into a room you think it's the first act. Howard's like the calm after a storm. He'll sit down without pushing a lamp off the table and he'll try to engage you in quiet conversation.

The gossips
crossed them off
their lists and said
it wouldn't take.
They turned to
other matters—while
Duff and Lupino
turned to each other.

up love

"So that's what we mean," the gossips say. "The only thing these two have in common is Hollywood. Go build a marriage on that." Actually, Lupino and Duff can start with a better foundation.

When Howard was in the Navy, the closest friend he had was a movie producer.

"Why don't you come out to Hollywood when his is over?" the producer asked him.

"What for?" said Howard.

"I'll get you a part in a movie," the producer said. "And if that's not enough, I'll get you a date with the prettiest star I know."

That did it. First move Howard made after he checked his bags in Union Station was to call up his friend.

"Okay," he said. "Get out the script, and put that lady on the phone."

"Well, catch your breath, chum," the producer said. "I'll have to do a little thinking. About what date . . ."

"Yeah, the date," said Howard. "You know, all the way in from San Francisco, I've been dreaming about Ida Lupino. Crazy, isn't it? How about Ida Lupino?"

"That's too bad," said the producer. "I don't know Ida Lupino. How about Ava Gardner?"

"Ava Gardner?" Howard thought it over for all of one second. "Tell her I'll be around at eight."

Ava Gardner sailed in on Howard Duff the way the moon sails over Miami. It was inevitable—and Miami would be lost without that moon. For three years, Ida Lupino was forgotten, and Shelley (Continued on page 94)





Marta has the chiseled features of a Swedish beauty . . . she found the U.S.A. friendly from the start . . . American slang really puzzled her . . .

you don't have to know the language

by Jane Wilkie

■ The first fan letter Marta Toren ever got read like this:

"Dear Marta, Your sex appeal drives men mad. You hit the jackpot, baby."

"Baby?" she puzzled. "I am not a baby. And what, please, is a jackpot? What is this I have hit?"

It was the first of thousands of fan letters, all of them pretty much the same. Sweden seems to have an uncanny ability to turn out ravishing beauties, and is kind enough to donate them to the United States. Garbo was the first, then came Ingrid. There have been others—Viveca Lindfors, Signe Hasso—knockouts, each one.

Marta Toren is the latest, and perhaps the fairest, with her wide, lovely eyes; her tall yet curvesome figure, her high cheek bones and chiseled features. But Marta has something that even Garbo never had; a delicious sense of humor and a zest for living that will never let her become a haloed recluse.

It's often difficult for foreigners to understand the informality and brashness of Americans, but when Marta arrived three years ago, a shy and homesick girl, she summed up the whole continent as friendly, and she wanted to become American in every way.

It hasn't been easy. Two months after her arrival she was starred in *Casbah*, with Tony Martin. The extent of her English was confined to what she had been taught

in Swedish schools, by Swedish teachers, so her lines for the film were learned by memorizing the sounds. One day, the whole set was quivering with high-strung people, notably the director and producer who had disagreed on a point of production. Tony Martin wandered over to Marta's dressing room.

"It would be nice," he said, "if you went to the director and said something to ease the situation. You know—something to let him know you are sorry that things are not going well."

"Ya," said Marta. "What is it I am to say?"

Martin wrote a few words on a scrap of paper and handed it to her. Marta read the message and looked up with a puzzled expression.

"I am not stupid," she said. "These words—they do not sound quite right."

"Don't worry," Martin told her. "It's American slang—means you're sorry. Go ahead. It'll be all right." And as Marta walked toward the director, Martin winked at him behind her back.

Once more she consulted the note in her hand, then looked at the director sympathetically. "Drop dead, you dumb jerk," she said, sweetly.

"Thank you, Marta," said the director. "That's very kind of you."

It was the joke of the afternoon and accomplished its purpose of breaking tension

EXPERTS TOOK HER BY THE HAND, THEY EVEN TOLD HER WHAT TO SAY—BUT WHEN THEY LET MARTA TOREN WALK



for three years, she feels it's her home.

the set, but Marta never knew it. That evening she stopped at a music store and asked for a certain record, and when the proprietor told her that he didn't have it in stock, she remembered her new phrase.

"Drop dead, you dumb jerk," said his amorous customer, and the man almost died.

This is the roughest kind of American living, but Marta was a good sport about it when she learned the truth. Now she loves to tell it as a joke on herself. Now, too, she can laugh about her first days in the States which were filled with uncertainty. When she landed at LaGuardia field, she was met by a woman who was to keep her in town for a couple of weeks, and make sure that the city of New York saw her.

That day Marta was dressed in what the fashion world would consider the height of fashion, but the minute she stepped off the plane she knew there was something wrong. Her family and friends had sent her off laden with flowers, and inasmuch as flowers were not allowed entry into the United States unless worn on one's person, Marta had pinned as many of the blooms as possible to her dress and hat.

It was raining buckets that day, and she not only looked like a walking florist shop, but she kept clutching at her skirt which was way too short for the "new look" that had taken America by storm. Her chaplain eyed her (Continued on page 97)

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Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>		REDHEAD
Deep Olive <input type="checkbox"/>		Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
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**penetrates deeper
because it contains
PENATEN**

nice to get back to fall clothes

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ We think that of all the changing seasons the switch from summer to fall is the most fun. It's always a kick to wear new clothes, of course, but after a long summer of barelegs and sunbacks, there's a special lift to your first fall costume. It feels so good to wear real clothes again—suits and dresses, complete with hats and bags and stuff.

To get you ready for the first cool snap, in this issue we have assembled a wardrobe which makes the most of the something's-going-to-happen feeling of the most exciting season of them all.

Opposite, Ruth Roman wears a suit—with mink tails yet!—and how could you possibly have a dull autumn wearing a suit like that?

On pages 66 and 67, cute Joan Evans shows off a date dress at an unbelievable price—and a convertible four-piece suit that has us dizzy trying to count the ways it can be mixed or matched. On pages 68 and 69 we come up with two of those must-have dresses—both with brand new 1950 touches. And, on page 70, we wind up with a good-good girdle and some magic-making bras—because of course what's under your new fall fashions does a lot for them and for you.

Smell those burning leaves?

Ruth Roman wears a suit with a mink tail bib

■ Ruth Roman, currently starring in Warner Brothers' *Three Secrets*, wears a super swank suit with honest-to-goodness mink tails. It's long-lined, triangle-pocketed, and crowned with a detachable capelet. Mink comes off separately to leave capelet; or take off capelet—and behold!—you have a smartly simple *tailleur*.

It's rayon gabardine in green, grey, brown or wine. Sizes 9-15. By Debby Drake—\$24.75.

Bag by Mutterperl. Gloves by Wear-Right

This suit and all the other MODERN SCREEN fashions shown in this issue can be bought in person or ordered by mail from Strawbridge & Clothier's Budget Store, Market & 8th Sts. Philadelphia 5, Pa.

**modern
screen
fashions**



Nice to get back



—especially a new checked taffeta date dress

Joan Evans is doing fine at the ripe old age of sixteen. She's currently appearing in two big Broadway movies at the same time: Goldwyn-RKO's *Our Very Own* and *Edge of Doom*. On these pages Joan shows how a teen-ager can dress her age, and still look very smooth, and very smart about fashion.

Joan is all ready for a date in a gleaming checked taffeta with a rustle all its own, belted and pocket-cuffed in velvet. Short sleeves (very important this fall), softly draped bodice, nice full dancey skirt. Rayon taffeta in gold, red, green with black. Sizes 19-15.

By Pepy Frocks.....\$7.98.

Shoes by Honeydebs

to fall clothes



1 & 2

—especially a convertible suit in four mixable parts

Here Joan wears the most mixable, matchable, wonderful suit of all. It comes in four parts: (1) a very sophisticated one-button jacket with smart long lapels and pockets set at an angle, plus (2) matching checked slim skirt. *Then* (3) there's a terse little solid color weskit with sparkle buttons plus (4) a matching solid skirt. And (5) the weskit is reversible—turn it over, it's checked. Which gives you a complete checked costume, a complete solid-color costume, and endless combinations of check-plus-solid. In Dan River rayon check. It comes in black or brown checks with white; and green or wine checks with black. The skirts and weskits match the checks. Sizes 10-18. By Lady Renlyn. Four-piece suit complete.....\$24.75. Joan's handbag is reversible. With the suit (left) it's calf. Turned inside out it's velvet* (opposite page.) By Alan Miller



3 & 4



5



Nice to get

**—especially a new
shoulder-buttoned
jersey**

Nothing like 100% wool jersey to make you enjoy the snap in the air and the lift in your spirits. This one's two-piece with three sophisticated buttons on one shoulder, and a smart little off-side collar. Navy skirt, with grey blouse striped in either green or red. Sizes 10-18.

By Laury Rich.....\$10.95.

*Salfair Hats, Mutterperl bag,
Coro jewelry, Wear-Right gloves*

back to fall clothes

**—especially a new
tab-belted tweedy
gabardine**

The can't-go-wrong classic
you always congratulate yourself on
buying—new in a wonderful
tweedy-looking rayon. Nice easy neckline,
rounded short sleeves, free-
swinging skirt—perked with a leather
striped belt and button-down tabs.
Grey or tan in Burlington's Checker-
berry with belt contrast.
Sizes 12-20. By Judy Gail.....\$7.98.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS ON BOTH PAGES CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON
OR BY MAIL FROM STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

...nice to get back to fall clothes

...nicer with the right underpinnings



1. Rayon satin plunge bra with stitched under-cups for lovely lift, elastic bands for fit. White only, \$1. Satin and cotton, \$1. Nylon taffeta, \$1.50.

Tummy tucker girdle with patented inner boned belt to flatten your middle. In two-way stretch woven rayon and cotton. Sizes S-M-L. White or nude, \$2.



2. Nylon taffeta bra with criss-cross stitching on lower cups for uplift, a center elastic gore for separation. White or pink, \$1.



3. Cotton batiste bra with up-curved center insert for lift, elastic side gores for fit. White only, \$1.

4. Rayon satin front-hook bra, wonderfully easy to get into. Cut and stitched to mould and lift, side-gored with elastic to fit. White only, \$1.

Girdle and all bras by Lewella.

the faith my mother taught me

Continued from page 51) their work of setting my legs to see if I still had the use of them, that I might be paralyzed for life, that it came fleetingly. I tried to think that I would do if I could never walk again, but I just couldn't think.

Then I prayed. I prayed that I wouldn't be paralyzed. I prayed for strength to understand why I had been hurt. And if I were to be kept in bed or out of pictures for a long time, I prayed for strength to bear that.

After four days of tests, the doctors told me that some day I could walk again. Meanwhile, there were weeks and months of pain. I was in a cast for three months, with a steel brace for ten months. I kept on praying. My mother prayed with me and for me.

After I had been in the steel brace for six months, the doctors advised me to try to swim again, and I did. How wonderful that first swim was, and how terribly difficult! Never before had I appreciated the wonderful gift God had given me in giving me the power to walk, to swim! Knowing how easily that gift might have been taken away from me by that accident made me all the more grateful to be able to walk across a room again. When I had to put on my steel brace again, I didn't mind the prison of that brace nearly as much.

When suddenly, while I was still weak and incapacitated, my mother fell seriously ill and had to be taken away to a hospital. If it had not been for the faith she taught me, I do not know how I would have been able to bear the blow. All her life she had worked hard so that I might attain a certain position that I wanted. Just at the time when she could have enjoyed seeing the fruits of her labors, she became ill. At first I was bewildered and confused. I asked, as so many people throughout the world have asked when those close to them were hit by tragedy, "Why does this have to be? Why does a woman who has been so wonderful all her life have to suffer pain?"

Her faith in God never lessened. She told, as she had always said, "Whatever happens is for the best."

I found the answer to my own questions and fears through faith and prayer. I prayed to be able to understand why this had to be.

I know that she's far happier now. She's happy in heaven, and maybe—who knows?—she's seeing me do my work. I try my best to live and work in a way that would make her proud of me.

Ever since I was a little girl I have been brought up in the Roman Catholic religion. It was my mother who first taught me about the faith that meant so much to her. She was a tiny woman with auburn hair and dancing hazel eyes. She taught me to believe in God.

My conception of heaven is as St. Paul described it, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." So heaven must be pretty wonderful. I suppose everyone has his own picture of heaven. I think of hearing only the most beautiful music, maybe because I love music so much.

I believe that if something is good for you and to your advantage, it will happen. Sometimes when illness or tragedy strikes, it's hard to understand how that can possibly turn out for the best. That is where faith in prayer will help to see you through.

been so badly injured in the tobogganning accident, just after I had achieved some measure of success in my first real dramatic role in *Mildred Pierce*.

BUT God has His own plan for things. Perhaps I was too impatient. At 15 or 16, I sometimes grew impatient over trifles. When I tried to get a job in radio or modeling and found I had missed it by just half an hour, I would be downright impatient and fret over it. My mother used to tell me that when the things you have set your heart on don't happen, it is usually for the best, but at first that was hard to believe.

Perhaps my year of being forced to remain away from pictures was a test. I know that as a result of it, I learned to be more patient, more understanding of people in every respect. I gained a great appreciation of many things.

If everything ran along smoothly for us, if there weren't a few bumps along the way, we wouldn't grow.

That year was not lost. I know it was marked on God's calendar. I made up my mind that even though I had to remain at home, I would continue with my

starry-eyed
elizabeth taylor
on the
november
cover of
modern screen
on sale
october 10

high school studies, and I did. Of course it was more difficult to study at home with only the aid of my teacher, Mrs. Hoene, and my mother than it might have been in a classroom full of happy schoolmates, but the trials and tribulations of that year did help me mature. I was lucky enough to be able to join my classmates at their graduation exercises. Because I had been confined to my apartment for so long, that event meant far more to me than it would have otherwise.

Before I injured my back, the chance to go out for an afternoon and play golf would have been something I would have taken for granted. But when the doctor first told me, months after my accident, that I would eventually be able to play golf, my heart sang with happiness.

THROUGHOUT the world, there are people who wonder, as I did, when I was injured and when my mother became ill, "Why do these things have to be?" When tragedy strikes—whether in the form of illness or the loss of a loved one or in the form of a disaster of some kind—you ask, "Why should a merciful God permit this?"

I believe God created the world to be a happy place. He didn't want it to be filled with destruction and war. He gave us everything to work with, beautiful fields

the limitless mountains, the fruits of the earth. He made man a little lower than the angels.

There is a line which Ethel Barrymore speaks in the picture, *The Red Danube*. She says, "God has not failed man. Man has failed God." When people are so adverse to God and everything He taught us, as patient and understanding as He is, He has to show us by some sign of His displeasure. It may be by an earthquake, the eruption of a volcano, a devastating flood, a great plague. These things are in His power.

Essentially, though, human beings are responsible for war. It is we who destroy each other and ourselves by turning away from His teachings. The only way the world can ever be at complete peace is if that world is at peace with God.

However, I believe that one great thing in the world is our progress toward good. Even out of evil, some good comes. There hasn't been a war out of which something good has not come. Out of the last war came great advances in medicine. The terrible sufferings of men wounded on battlefields forced humanity to take protective steps, and brought such wonder drugs as penicillin, streptomycin and others into the world. We were pushed into finding these protective drugs by the so-called evil that prevails.

IT is my belief that in the long run good is more powerful than evil. Sometimes it takes a long time for good to triumph, and sometimes it triumphs in strange ways, but I think it eventually does triumph.

Remember how there were times during the last war when people felt that the armies of Hitler and his allies were unconquerable? And remember how in the end S. S. troopers were surrendering by the thousands, and the armies that had once been so proud were defeated and humiliated? Those who had dared to abandon God and worship Hitler as a god learned their mistake.

On a smaller scale, in everyday life, we see good prevailing over evil many, many times. I remember a story that Father Keller told me. He knew of a young woman who, when she first began teaching school, was an inspired teacher. As time went on, she began to grow dissatisfied with her position. She came to believe that her job, which was so poorly paid, was also unimportant, and she decided to resign.

Before resigning, she talked to Father Keller. He reminded her that for a long time subversive elements have been trying to work their way into jobs where they can influence public opinion, particularly that of young people. Naturally, when they can get them, they welcome jobs in the teaching profession. If she left her job, Father Keller pointed out, someone might be appointed who might tear down everything she had been building up, spiritually and in other ways.

After she had listened to him for some time, she said, her face radiant, "I can see now that my job is not unimportant after all." Thus reassured, she went back to inspired teaching.

In this case the conflict between good and evil is not melodramatic, yet it exists. In various parts of our country there are some who are filled with hatred for our institutions. They are adverse to God and therefore ruthless and cunning.

But dangerous though they are, I am sure they will never triumph. For in the long run, good will always overcome evil.

As Tennyson once wrote:

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill."

THE END

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a girl can't be too careful!

(Continued from page 47) Lila Leeds who sought success in Hollywood but found marijuana and jail instead, or the Peg Entwistles diving to their deaths off 50-foot HOLLYWOODLAND signs who find the going too tough to take. It isn't only the hundreds of sordid items which crowd the news columns with a Hollywood date-line that I'm telling about. They don't tell the whole story.

There are trip-ups just as tragic in proportion, and maybe more so, when you consider the living hearts they bruise and the happiness they frustrate. Sometimes it's nobody's fault but a girl's own. Sometimes it's not. Sometimes the fog she gets lost in is just a poisonous by-product of the frantic factory of Hollywood fame, and practically impossible to escape.

SEVERAL years ago, a beautiful girl from Oklahoma drove out to Hollywood with her young husband hunting work. She had no money or fame, but she had something far more precious—love. When she got a job in westerns, he sat outside her sound stage, adoringly, all day while she worked. "I didn't ever go inside—that might disturb Phil," he once told me. "I just wanted her to know I was there always with her." Next time they came out, they had a family—two darling boys—also, success on Broadway back of them. Both hit the Hollywood big time, but the girl won an Academy Award in her first picture. She changed—from Phyllis Walker to Jennifer Jones. She changed in other ways, too. She sacrificed the rare adoration she possessed and her perfect family picture. Now she's married to the man who renamed her, her producer. That's a top set-up in Hollywood, to be Mrs. David O. Selznick. But, considering the trail of woe that followed—Robert Walker's break-up, her puzzled children growing up with split parents—is it success?

When Jane Wyman was pouring every shred of herself into making her determined bid for an Academy Award, she sacrificed—to Hollywood's amazement—one of its happiest homes, an ideal husband. At that time when I called Ronnie Reagan, he told me bitterly, "If there is a divorce, I'll name Johnny Belinda as co-respondent." Jane got her Oscar for *Johnny Belinda*—but lost something a thousand times more dear, which she'll probably never find again.

A GIRL can't be too careful. Even if she walks the chalk and minds her P's and Q's, she's in constant danger in this lions' cage called Hollywood.

First off, there's the showcase life she'll live as long as she's a star. It takes lots of girls a long, long time to realize that, and some of them never do. Only the other day, Joan Crawford, who certainly should know better after 20-odd years, motored through the Northwest, supposedly with her poodle. But also along was her director, Vincent Sherman, a married man. Although everything was, I'm sure, very proper and all, newspaper accounts had her eloping with her next husband, and it was embarrassing when those reports came back home to Hollywood. Nor did it do Joan's reputation any good.

From the minute she is worth noticing, a girl will be noticed. Everything will be magnified mercilessly. Her daily routine, her boy friends, her home life, her deportment—everything. If she slips to the right or to the left or sags in the middle she'll be mauled—often with good cause, but often unfairly, too.

In any normal town, Elizabeth Taylor's teen-age heart strivings with their con-

sequent rifts would have been smiled on sympathetically and recognized as pure "puppy love." But Elizabeth drew indignant blasts and the ridiculous tag, "The Jilt," before she married Nicky Hilton. You should have seen some of the withering mail she received, calling her every fickle, cruel-hearted name in the book—and as I did—the tears it drew from Elizabeth's violet eyes.

Elizabeth's good name didn't deserve such a lacing. Ava Gardner's did. Little Jane Nigh currently is getting just as much criticism for having a different date each night and collecting a string of sighing swains, which is perfectly normal (and nice work if you can get it) as is Ava for carrying on a flagrant affair with a married man. The vicious, unfounded gossip that was whispered about Shirley Temple and John Agar's boy friends was enough to twist your hair into a permanent wave. There's no rhyme nor reason half the time, to the shellackings a girl's reputation can take, but unless she's loveless, like Ann Blyth, sweet as sugar candy, above reproach, no girl is safe. And even saints slip—look at Ingrid Bergman!

But some silly little fools come to Hollywood actually seeking sensational publicity in the belief that it will make them stars. So off the track is their misguided thinking about what a movie career takes, that one headline-hunting girl actually pulled a strip-tease in front of Paramount studios a while back, "protesting" some snipped-out scenes of a picture she'd lucked into for a bit. The cops stopped her, and I suppose that's just what she wanted. But nobody's heard of her

Everything But Aspirin

Schwabs' is not the biggest drug-store in existence. It is not even the biggest in Hollywood, but it comes very close to being the most unusual drugstore in the world. Schwabs' is owned and operated by four brothers—Jack, Leon, Bernard and Martin Schwab—who regard their success with a kind of harassed delight. "The place is jumping with customers every evening, especially after ten-thirty, but we don't know what causes it," says Jack Schwab.

The telephone booths in the Schwabadero (Schwabs' drugstore) are always full of characters calling up Central Casting, or an agent, or a friend who might know about a job in pictures for them if they hurry. The traffic lanes in and out of the booths are so congested that the Schwabs persuaded the phone company to set up three extra booths in the vacant lot next door.

Around ten-thirty at Schwabs' the "floor show" begins. There are no entertainers and no music, and the "show" consists merely of a lot of people standing around talking to each other. Ten-thirty is apparently the hour when the faithful feel a compulsion to drop whatever they're doing and visit Schwabs' to mingle with the gang. By eleven, standees are three and four deep in front of the counter and are spilling out into every nook and cranny of the place.

PETE MARTIN—"HOLLYWOOD WITHOUT MAKEUP"

nce. Somebody gave that girl some very bad advice.

Every year talent scouts comb the country and flood Hollywood with girls utterly unequipped and hopelessly misinformed about what they'll be up against when they land here. Mostly, they're exploited and then most of them expelled. That eventually happens to a lot of them, and rather not say. But when the bubble pops, they can't believe it, and that's when the "leave-it-to-me" boys step in—wildcat agents and press-agents, promoters, exploiters. Girls draw bad company, bad advice—and bad ends. It's a name and nine times out of ten it should never have happened in the first place.

TALKED to a pretty girl named Norma Eberhardt, not long ago. She had a studio contract and Life magazine had printed her picture. She thought that qualified her to act like a star. She raised so much trouble with her demands that in barely more than a month they dropped her. She was nowhere near being a star, but she wanted to live like one, right now. Didn't everyone in Hollywood? She found that the answer was "No." It took a terrifically talented girl, Marie Wilson, eighteen years to get her star break, and she's still just acting, not acting up.

Howard Hughes' next big star is a girl who's been learning her business for nine long years. But today, Faith Domergue is ready and she's getting the biggest build-up of any girl in Hollywood.

If you're seasoned with serious strivings like Barbara Hale or blessed with galvanized guts like Ruth Roman, there's little danger of tumbling for the siren

... Bob Roark tells about the unpopular actor who received a wire from an ill-wisher saying: "Drop dead. Nasty letter follows." ...

ong of your own publicity, which is the easiest mistake to make of all. And some veteran stars are still making it. Hedy Lamarr has had a dozen years in Hollywood to size herself up for the skimpily-talented, decorative doll that she is. But Hedy, from the *Ecstasy* nudist start she had and fashion model posings in *Algiers*, got the firm conviction she was a great artist, like Garbo and Dietrich. She has been rude and demanding—tossing temperament right and left—and once a publicity man on her own lot presented her with a book, "How To Act in Public," as a not-so-subtle hint. Hedy's career was very dim before *Samson and Delilah*—another strictly face-and-body role. But she's still believing the publicity blurbs that alone make her a great actress. The other day she demanded \$5,000 to appear at a press party—aimed at promoting the very legend which she still believes right down to the last adjective!

Shelley Winters is running the same high-riding risk right today. Shelley is already telling the studio that made her that she will and won't do, and demanding everything her own way. Shelley's publicity has gone to her curly head, and that's dangerous. She's been told for months she's just about the cutest thing on wheels. Now she's acting cute—too cute. The other day Shelley was responsible for a very talented designer, Orry Kelly, quitting his job. It's a funny sort of story in one way, but it points an ominous trail which too many flattery-buddled girls choose to take.

Orry was responsible for making Shelley look well in her clothes. He designed her a dress and sewed in a "falsy" or two to bolster the budding Shelley Winters

legend. But on the set, Shelley slipped in three extra aids to busty glamor. It ruined the dress and her looks, and got Orry Kelly in hot water. But when he protested, Shelley said, "I'll do what I like. I know what's best for me!"

"Put in fifteen on one side and ten on the other for all I care," sighed Kelly, and shortly after he left, and with him the guidance to smartness Shelley badly needs.

A girl has to be on her guard constantly, not to get too big for her britches or bras.

Cathy O'Donnell had one of the rosier futures in Hollywood until she turned temperamental and refused to make *Roseanna McCoy* for Sam Goldwyn. *Roseanna* made Joan Evans, who stepped right in, a star—and where is Cathy now? It takes a level head for a girl to keep an even keel to her career. She has to keep a level heart, too, in chasing what's ten times more important and ten times as tough to find in Hollywood—a happy, contented private life.

EVERY girl wants and needs a man in her life. And girls in Hollywood, even if they're stars, are like girls everywhere. But almost everything stacks up against them. The setting for romance in Hollywood is as artificial as the sets that frame its fictional love stories. A girl must be seen to get her name in the glamor columns. So a studio arranges dates and a tour of the glamor night-club show-boxes, gigolo style. Or, if the girl happens to be a real beauty and surely star-bound, a hundred hopeful, publicity-seeking young actors and ageing playboys latch on to her for reflected glory. Lois Andrews, Lana Turner, Gene Tierney sampled that. In each case every date is a "romance," and more than two add up to an engagement. Pretty soon the giddy girl reads about how in love she is and begins to believe it. Or, she's prodded and trapped until she says "Yes"—almost always to the wrong man. Even experienced people act like characters out of scripts when they get that funny feeling too fast. Evelyn Keyes and John Huston flew away to get married five hours after their first date at Romanoff's. They barely knew each other, and they were mismatched. Next stop was divorce.

John Huston, of course, is a brilliant, fine man. But what about some of the prizes a girl is likely to draw in a Hollywood romance?

HOLLYWOOD has a fatal attraction and always had for fortune hunters and phonies. It used to be said that even a bogus title was worth a year's free living in Hollywood. A real one could be a pension for life. The Marrying Mdivanis proved that, running through movie fortunes on their peanut prince ratings. The Marquis de la Falaise cost Gloria Swanson and Constance Bennett a pretty penny. But those boys were catches compared to some who show up on the movie marriage mart—and make profitable "I do" deals—profitable for themselves, ruinous to the stars they hypnotize.

The passport to Hollywood eligibility, too often, is merely a flashy wardrobe and a smooth tongue. Nobody investigates, nobody asks questions, until too late. A few years ago, "The Moonlight Burglar," a charming crook, cut a swath in some of our best Hollywood star homes by day; by night he climbed in their windows and ransacked their jewel safes. And Bugsy Siegel, the notorious mobster, can show up in the Pickfair receiving line, as he did, with a countess on his arm.

When Steve Crane was courting Lana Turner, he was hailed as a "wealthy



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scion," "young tycoon," and "prominent bachelor." He wasn't any of those—not even a bachelor. In fact, not until Lana was married to him and expecting her baby, Cheryl, did she discover that Stevie wasn't even free to be her husband—he had another wife somewhere else! Tragically hoodwinked and unhappy, Lana still had to go through remarriage steps to protect her baby's name. And why did Steve Crane woo Lana in the first place? Because she was a beautiful, sweet kid he wanted to love and cherish—or because she was Lana Turner, the glamorous Hollywood star? One guess. Anyone who calls her Hollywood path rosy is color blind. She has been betrayed, fleeced, chastened, pilloried, used and abused. No girl ever had such a rough going over. Steve Crane and Artie Shaw, too, married her and left her in tears. If Lana has a happy ending with Bob Topping, she has paid for it—and paid for every movie-town trap, being the girl she is, she had no chance to dodge.

Steve Crane is an example of another thing a girl is up against in Hollywood. How can she ever know—if she's a famous star—that the man who whispers love vows in her ear wants her, herself, or a piece of her fame and of her fortune?

Bette Davis has just paid off in terrible publicity, emotional damage and cold cash, too, for a mistake she should have known better than to make in the first place. She knew from her first marriage, to childhood sweetheart Ham Nelson, that she couldn't keep a husband hanging idle around the house and keep her marriage, too. But Bette desperately wanted a husband and children before it was too late. William Grant Sherry was a fine figure of a man, in trunks, but he never stood a chance of making Betty happy, even if he'd wanted to. He didn't match Bette's background, standing, or ambitions. And so, the ex-houseboy became just that again, as Mister Bette Davis, and now he's teamed up with his daughter's nursemaid and they'll probably live happily ever after—on Bette's money. Does this sound like Bill Sherry was ever in love with Bette Davis—or in love with what he could get out of her?

THERE are plenty of right men for the right girls in Hollywood—and yet, only the most canny and wise wives, once they get their husbands, seem to reach the solid, satisfying goal of a normal, happy home life. Why? Because there are disturbing, destroying factors working night and day in this unreal movie world, built on ambition, success, high pressure, and distorted values. Often even the cagiest girl loses her home base bearings in that unreal atmosphere if she doesn't watch out, especially when her husband becomes her rival, or vice versa.

Greer Garson told me the main thing that led to her divorce from Richard Ney was finding him rested from a day by the swimming pool and eager to go out, when she returned frayed and tired from a hard studio day, with another staring her in the face the next morning. That's exactly what made Ginger Rogers decide to divorce Jack Briggs.

Husbands, too often, are excess baggage in Hollywood.

And no girl, star or not, can keep her love and respect for a man who doesn't carry his own weight. There are too many delightful opportunities for idle husbands, and wives, to dally in greener fields around Hollywood, too many beautiful ladies on the make, too many handsome men with understanding ways—on sets and off. Too much opportunity too, on vacations between pictures and long location trips.

Last summer in Paris I ran smack into

a certain star's loving husband. He was doing the sights of Montmartre with a *cocotte*, and when he spied me, he turned a pale green and ducked into a café quick. I didn't tell, but I had a mind to. Recently in New York I stepped into the elevator at my hotel, to confront a very great Hollywood star riding up with another star's spouse. She cut me cold and hasn't spoken to me since, horrified that I'd print what I saw. I haven't until right now, but I won't tell her name, so she can relax.

I've known Hollywood wives who played it safe at home—but only by sacrifices. Eleanor Powell did, to be Glenn Ford's constant companion, wife and the mother of Peter Newton. She's not sorry. Glenn's the big star now, but Eleanor, who deliberately committed career suicide for a greater goal, is the winner, from a woman's standpoint, and she doesn't need me to tell her. So is Brenda Marshall, who was as big a star as Bill Holden when she married him, but who dabbles in a part now and then, only to keep her hand in—definitely no rival to Bill, and by her own choice. But that choice is a tough one to make for a girl whose acting ambitions brought her to Hollywood in the first place. Often it's an impossible one. Often the ambition is so powerful that it blots out the real goals of a girl's life.

Do you suppose Judy Garland had a thought for her daughter, Liza, or her husband, Vincente Minelli, when she locked herself in her bathroom and smashed a glass to stab at her throat? The only thought that filled Judy's head

Talking about a well-known starlet, one Hollywood wit said: "She means only half of what she says, but she says twice as much as she should."—Milton Epstein in *The Film Daily*

then was, "I'm through—I'm through in pictures!" Did Ingrid Bergman think of her daughter, Pia, when she wrote Roberto Rossellini she was his whenever he beckoned? Only the hope of a great picture for the great Ingrid Bergman mattered at that moment. Wanda Hendrix knew all the time she was married to Audie Murphy that she couldn't keep him and her career, too. The twenty-four-hour demands of her picture life infuriated that touchy Texan and often he grumbled, "What's the good of a wife who's never home?" Still Wanda couldn't bring herself to sacrifice her ambition to her love.

Ambition is a wonderful thing, but it's also the hidden root of most of the evils which face a girl in Hollywood. It's why they do the things they do and land in trouble of one kind or another.

I see girls start and I see them falter, and the more I look around me, the more I want to say "Careful—watch your step" to every new one who walks through the mirror into a far more frightening world than met Alice's eye in Wonderland.

A few weeks ago, MGM offered a contract to Michelle Farmer, Gloria Swanson's daughter, and Gloria was all set to let her sign. But after making her own comeback in *Sunset Boulevard*, Gloria thought it over again, and wrote in protective clauses for Michelle too stiff for the studio to swallow. They canceled the offer, and I'm sure Michelle was heartbroken. Maybe someday Michelle will thank Gloria and consider herself a lucky girl, and maybe she won't. But if you ask me, Mama, who's certainly been through the movie mill herself, knows best. She knows the lopsided odds. She knows that unless you're that one girl in a million, you can't win.

THE END

esther williams

(Continued from page 40) what Esther wants, because she needs them more than she needs anything else that the world can give her, because, for one thing, babies keep marriages together where seven-year contracts don't.

Anyone who laughs off child-bearing in Hollywood as a sort of hobby, like gardening or making furniture, is dumber than he thinks. More than one star's marriage has broken up because there wasn't a baby to creep into the room as Mama lifted the lamp to toss at Daddy's head. If there had been a baby in the house there wouldn't have been any lamp-lifting in the first place, because both parents would have known it isn't good for children.

But to get back to Esther. A lot of people say that the reason her first marriage failed is that she had a one-track mind. She couldn't see her husband for the chlorine in her eyes. And she didn't have a child to recall to her all the wonderful traits her husband had when he wasn't angry. And without a baby, a married couple is responsible only to each other. That kind of responsibility you can write off in Reno.

With her marriage to Ben Gage, Esther got smart. She liked this man well enough to keep him even after he stopped sending roses. So she planned a little marriage insurance, and a couple of ways to get dividends for herself, lifelong dividends.

Sometimes, though, Fate throws a whammy into the plans. A little over two years ago, Esther lost her first baby. It was a girl.

At that time, Esther and Ben were on their way to a football game in San Francisco. Lou Busch and Esther's best friend Janet Blair were along with them, and they spent the night in a Monterey Hotel.

Two hours after they checked in Esther began to feel terrible. Pains raced all over her, but she didn't say a word. Finally, though, she turned to Ben and said, "I don't feel so good."

The baby was three months off, but Ben wasn't taking any chances. One look at Esther and he called the doctor. The doctor came on the double. He took one look at Esther and said, "We've got to get her to the hospital right away."

They rushed her to the hospital, where the baby died as it was being delivered.

ESTHER was grief-stricken for a while, but as the weeks flew by, her strength and her good humor came back, and she went to work with a zest. Only, by that time, they were beginning to talk at Romanoff's, and The Brown Derby, and Lucey's. "Too bad Esther lost her baby," they said. "I guess she lost her marriage with it."

"I don't give that Gage-Williams combo much more time," one gossip would say to another. "You know how they met, don't you? Ben was dating Ginny Simms. He took her to this charity affair at Earl Carroll's, and Esther was a cigarette girl that night, just for charity, you understand, and the next thing anyone knew, somebody came over and said that a big studio executive was taking Ginny home, and Ben wound up with Esther instead. That's how it started. I mean it was all a mistake to begin with. If they don't have any children I give them three years together, maybe four. . . ."

While all this was going on, Esther became pregnant again. She was making *Neptune's Daughter*, and every day she felt more and more like a mother. She started being ill mornings, and came down late to the studio, which for her was very



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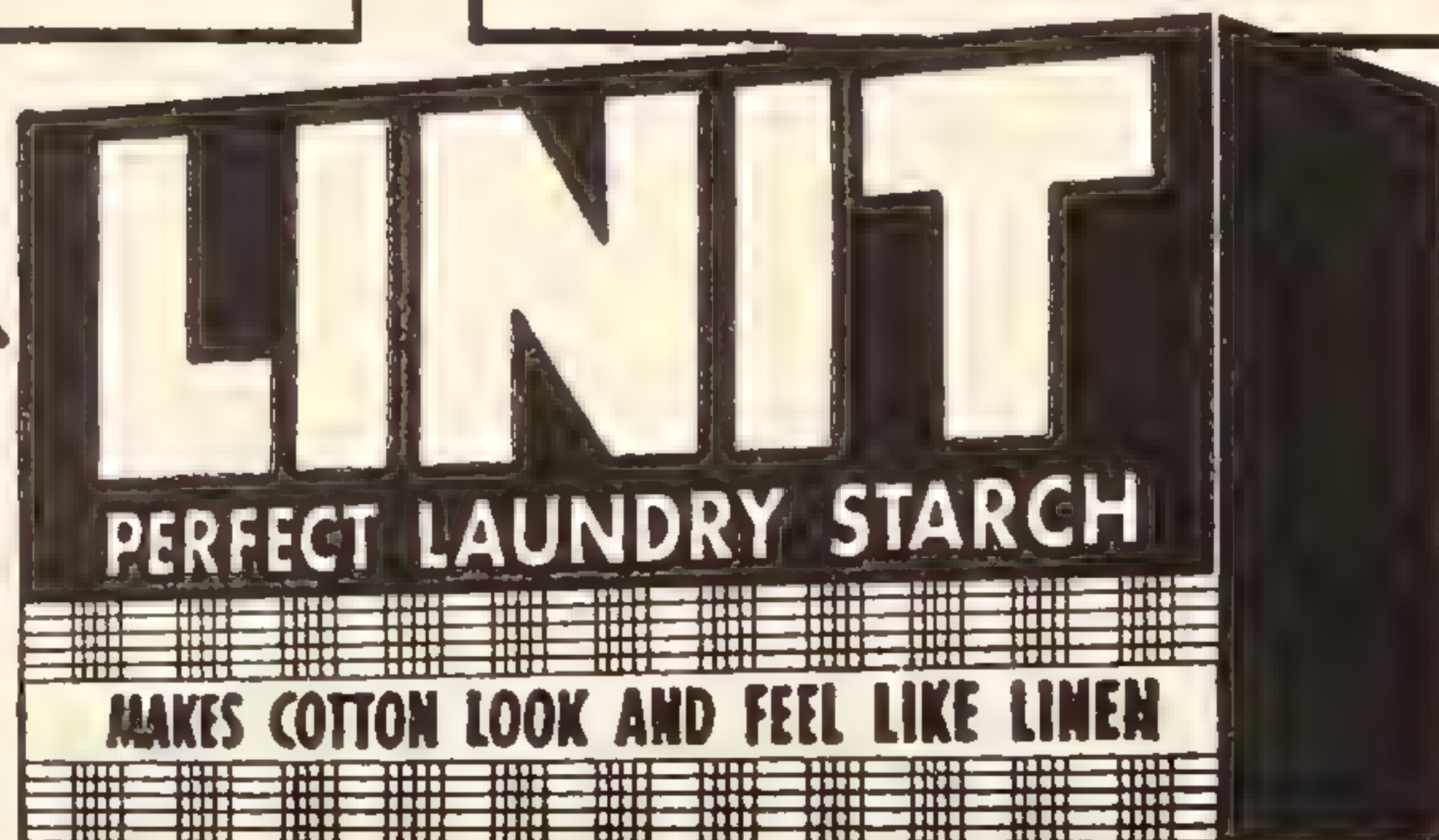
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unusual, and co-workers worried about it. Charley O'Malley, the assistant director, couldn't understand it. "For a while," he said, "I thought she had a cold. I kept her dressing room heated. I saw that she had a towel around her as soon as she got out of the pool."

"She, herself, told me she had a cold, but she said it with a smile and that should've tipped me off. But then again she's always smiling and kidding around. When you make a picture with Williams you never know when she's going to drag you into the pool right after her."

"Anyway, I kept giving her this heat treatment, and she kept coming in late. Finally, one morning when she was two hours late, I said, 'Still got the sniffles, uh, Esther?' She grinned and said, 'What I've got aren't sniffles, Charley. I'm pregnant.' Well, she could've shoved me into the pool with a feather."

"In Hollywood, when an actress is expecting, the first thing the studio does is check with the doctor. If the doctor says to take her out of the picture, out she comes. If you ask the actress herself, she tells you she feels great and doesn't want to hold up the works. So you start rolling, and six weeks before the picture is scheduled to fold, the girl gets sick and you've lost a million bucks."

ESTHER's doctor said it was perfectly okay for Esther to keep swimming, only she wasn't allowed to do anything strenuous. All the girls she was working with knew she was pregnant and they began talking about it. Here was a lady who wouldn't let motherhood stop her career, and wouldn't let her career stand in the way of motherhood. It was a good trick—and she did it.

"I think Esther is one of the bravest kids I've ever met," one of her co-workers says now. "I used to get sick swimming around that hot, chlorinated pool. You know those swim pictures are hard to make. They have to move the camera in and out for every set-up, and you're supposed to stay in focus all the time. Of course, Esther was in practically every shot, and I know a whole lot nicer places to spend time waiting for your baby than in the MGM swimming pool."

Esther's second pregnancy was rather tough. She and Ben wanted a child. They knew what had happened to the previous one. You can imagine their apprehension and finally their relief when Esther gave birth last August to a seven-pound eight-and-a-half-ounce boy. He was named Benjamin Stanton Williams. The Ben for his dad, and the Stanton in honor of Esther's dead brother.

Oddly enough, Esther's second pregnancy, once it became known, served to kill off the rumors, unfounded as they were, that she and Ben would eventually go their separate ways.

PEOPLE had said that Esther didn't need Ben, that she was a shrewd business woman in her own right. Some had even claimed that Esther didn't like the way Ben was managing her business interests, that these outside activities were the basis of disputes between them.

How these items originated no one knew. "Hollywood just can't imagine that any couple can stay happy very long," one of Esther's friends explains. "Ben is no world-beater as a television performer, but he's done an excellent job of supervising the restaurant they own. It was a failure when they took it over. It's making lots of money now. Anyway, I can tell you that couples who are unhappy together don't build families together."

After little Benjie was born, the rumors came to life again. As a matter of fact, this spring when Esther and Ben went to

Hawaii, and Ben came home alone—the story spread that this was it. The love birds had quarreled in the Islands. A divorce was in the offing.

Actually, Esther was pregnant again.

And yet, was she pregnant? On the island of Kauai, she herself couldn't be sure. She wouldn't go to the island doctor for a check-up, and the possibility existed that it might be a false alarm.

In any event, Esther, good sport that she is, kept swimming in front of the cameras for *The Pagan Love Song*. Most of the picture was shot on Kauai, and when Esther left the island, it was late in May, and she had a pretty good idea that her little Benjie would shortly be visited by a young brother or sister.

WHEN Esther got back to the States, she went to see Dr. William Bradbury. A few days later, she had her answer: Mr. and Mrs. Ben Gage were expecting a second child early in December, 1950.

This time, the studio had Esther complete a few finishing touches and check off the lot. No more shooting until the very last minute as in *Neptune's Daughter*. This time, Esther would spend five months of her pregnancy resting at home.

Of course, she hasn't. She's much too restless and energetic for that. Two nights a week, you can find her down at her restaurant, The Trails, singing with the band, greeting customers, and signing autographs. During the day, she takes care of little Benjie, swims in the pool,

Nunnally Johnson (speaking of a movie magnate's son-in-law): He's done very well, indeed, for a young man who's had only his talents to depend on.

helps Cole design suits, and checks her brother on how things are progressing in her investment company.

A fan who dropped in for a salad at The Trails and asked Esther whether she wanted a boy or a girl for a second child was told, "We'll take anything we can get. We were so thrilled about having a boy that anything now will be a bonus."

Esther will have her next baby just as she had Benjie. She will check into the Santa Monica Hospital early in December where she will be given an analgesic. She will be asleep when the child is delivered. When she awakes, her child will be in the same room with her or in an adjoining partition. This is known as the rooming-in system of confinement.

It's been used in Holland for decades and several years ago, the Massachusetts General Hospital introduced it here.

Supposedly, it has an excellent psychological effect upon the mother, since for the length of the confinement it never severs the mother-child relationship.

Shirley Temple, who was also confined by Dr. Bradbury, had little Linda with her almost from the time she was wheeled out of the delivery room until she arrived home.

Esther will also have a television set in her hospital room. During her confinement with Benjie, she tuned the set in one night and got husband Ben. In honor of his first son, he was singing "Sweetest Little Fellow, Mighty Lak a Rose."

"I couldn't help it," Esther says. "I cried. It just broke me up."

This time, the arrival of Esther's second child may break up once and for all those irresponsible rumors about her and Ben. If ever two people were perfectly mated—those two are Ben and Esther Gage. They know it, and they know what it takes to make a marriage work.

THE END



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You a teen-ager? Then read this—
a monthly feature especially for you.

I'm just plain mad. And I hope I stay mad until I get what I have to say off my chest. There are thousands of teenage boys in this country I'd like to shake.

It's the necking situation or, as most of you kids call it, parking. I've had hundreds of letters about it from nice, sensible, intelligent girls and I've been wondering how to get the message across. Then I decided that I'd devote this month's column to speaking directly to you boys.

Here's how one girl wrote, "I'll go out with a very nice boy. We'll have a good time at the movies or skating or something. Then the boy will park the car and try to kiss me. This embarrasses me and I don't like it. But I don't want to be a prude. I wish you'd tell me if parking is necessary to a nice evening."

Well, the answer is no, it is not necessary. And you know what I think? I think you boys try it just to be smart, so you can boast about what great big men you are to the other boys. Or maybe you think the girl expects it. Well, take my word for it, she doesn't. She would be a lot happier and like you a lot more if you would take her home after a date, walk with her to the door and say good-night.

And while I'm on "walking to the door" subject I'd like to say that I had ten letters this month from girls who asked, "Shouldn't a boy walk you to your door after a date?"

Well, of course he should! It's just plain rude for him to let you scramble out of the car by yourself, find your key, maybe on a dark front porch and let yourself into the house.

I had that happen to me—but just once. We live on top of a hill. The garage is below the house and there are thirty steps leading down to it. Well, the boy I was with just pulled into the garage, said, "Good-night, Joanie" and let me get into

the house as best I could. Know what happened? I've not been out with that boy again.

But back to the parking situation. Look at it this way, boys. Sometime you'll get married. Will you want a wife who has been kissed by every kid she ever went out with?

A lot of girls have written to say, "If I don't let the boy park I'm afraid he won't take me out again." And one girl wrote, "I had a first date with a boy who seemed very nice. We went skating and had a lot of fun. At least, I had fun and I thought he did, too. Then he wanted to drive out on a lonely road and when I told him to take me right home he never asked me for another date."

All I've got to say to that boy is, "Shame on you." A girl puts herself out to be charming and gay and just because she doesn't like to drive out on the lonely road you don't see her again. You know how that makes her feel? It makes her think, "Why he doesn't like me at all. He doesn't find me attractive. He wants just any girl he can neck with. So what's the use of trying to look nice and be attractive if I sit at home while the girls who will park get all the dates."

Just for one minute put yourself in the girl's place. When you stop seeing her because she won't park you have given a cruel blow to her ego. Or—and this is worse—you have made her say, "All right. I'll play it their way. I'll make a trade. I'll string along." And that makes for bitterness and toughness.

The word "nice" doesn't mean "stuffy." Nice means "kind, friendly, considerate." So the nice girls stay at home knitting while the tough, wild girls get all the dates. This just isn't fair.

Take my word for it, boys, you're not

being smart at all. As a matter of fact, you're just being extremely silly and juvenile. For let me say again, girls actually do not like the parking routine. And if you're doing it for the girl's benefit to show her what a big sophisticated man you are you're making a mistake. For she just isn't impressed. Or she's impressed the wrong way.

There, I've said it and I'm glad and I'm not quite so mad as I was. What cheered me up was opening a few more letters to find that not all boys are like this. For example, one boy wrote, "How should a boy act when he is out with his date? Should he try to out-do himself, take her to the best place in town or let her decide where you should go?" Now there's a kid who is really considerate.

You know how much money you have to spend so you should make the decision. It's embarrassing for a girl when a boy says, "Where shall we go? You decide." Because the girl doesn't know whether he has just enough money for the movies or enough to go dancing at some swank place. So he should give her a choice in his price range. For example, he could say, "Would you like to go to the movies or go bowling or skating?" All these cost about the same.

If it's a real big, heavy date—like a dancing date—he should tell her this in advance so she'll be properly dressed.

HERE'S another little item I'd like to take up with the boys. I had a letter from a girl who said, "Do you think it right when you go on a double date for one boy to talk just to one girl? The other evening I double-dated and I honestly don't know why because the other boy didn't speak to me even once all evening."

In the first place the boy was rude and in the second place he doesn't understand the idea of the double date. The talk and fun should be general and after all, four of you have agreed about where you're going then all should enter into the activity. But, boys, don't carry this too far by playing up to the other girl just to make your date jealous. It embarrasses not only your girl but the other one as well, since she can't give you the lecture you obviously need when there are these other people around.

In fact, I don't see any reason for that silly business that both boys and girls try. I mean the jealousy routine. What does jealousy or the pretense of jealousy prove?

A boy I know is always trying to make me jealous by talking about another girl. He tells me how pretty she is and what a big career she is going to have. Know what I do? I agree with him. And you know what happens? There just isn't any argument. When the boys try to get a rise out of us by flattering other girls the smartest thing to do is to say, "Yes, yes, isn't she wonderful?" That will surprise him so much he'll change the subject fast!

Honestly, it's too much trouble to be in a big turmoil all the time. Why can't everybody relax and be simple and natural? Why can't people just have a good time on dates without being rude or trying to assert their own individuality? Why not stop thinking

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about yourself for awhile and think about the girl you're with and what makes her happy? You'd enjoy yourself a lot more if you would.

HERE are some questions on different subjects, but before I go on I want to thank you for being so nice and friendly to me and for believing that maybe I can help. I'd give anything if I could answer every letter personally. I read every letter but if I answered them all I'd be doing nothing else but, and it seems I'm under contract to Mr. Samuel Goldwyn who keeps me pretty busy.

"Dear Joan: What did you do to lose baby fat?"—R. H., Bronx, N. Y.

For five days this was my diet: An egg and one piece of thin-sliced, slightly buttered toast for breakfast. For lunch a fruit salad or cottage cheese and pineapple. For dinner either a small steak or lamb chops, celery, sliced tomatoes and one green vegetable. I lost five pounds that way. Now I am just careful—no sweets, no potatoes, no bread and butter. Then I did stretching exercises—not exercises to make you muscular but to make you lithe. Good posture makes you seem slim. When I see someone I haven't seen in quite a little while I'll hear, "Why Joan, you've grown taller." I haven't grown so much as half an inch in over a year. It's just that I carry myself better than I did. Try my method, it works.

"Dear Joan: Due to illness I was kept back a year in school. Now I'm in high school—first year. I'm a year older than everybody else and I feel strange. Boys a year younger than I am seem like babies."—J. L., Butte, Montana.

Isn't it funny about problems? Yours is just the reverse of mine. I skipped eighth grade so in my first year in high school I was a year younger than everybody else. What I did was to find my social contacts outside the school. Can't you do the same? Discover your own age group through church activities or, perhaps, you could join some young persons' club. Or—and maybe this is the best suggestion of all—could you get a teacher to work with you after school and evenings and make up the year you lost so you can catch up and join your own age group?

"Dear Joan: Every time I take a girl out she starts talking about going steady. I don't want to go steady. What should I do?"—C. R., Birmingham, Ala.

I have just been giving the boys a lecture so now I guess it's time to give one to the girls. As I've said many times I think going steady for teen-agers is wrong. I can't imagine a girl bold enough to suggest to a boy that you go steady. That's the boy's place. If I were you, C. R., I'd just explain to the girls that you're not old enough to go steady and that getting serious at our age is foolish.

"Dear Joan: How do you tell a boy you can't go to a certain place without seeming a

prude? After the show the boy wants to take you to a place to eat. But the place is your parents out-of-bounds region. How can you convince him not to go there without scaring him away?"—P. T., Winnipeg, Canada

So many problems would be solved if we would all just tell the truth. All you have to do, honestly, is to tell the boy that your parents do not want you to go to this particular place and you're sure they have good and valid reasons. There must be other places to eat, places your parents would okay. Then if he insists on going to the out-of-bounds place you can be sure that your parents are quite right and it's not a good place. I believe that if two people can talk out a problem, in both sides can be heard that there is always a solution.

"Dear Joan: I will go out with a boy and like him a lot. Then he will start to like me and I find I don't like him. What should I do?"—L. M., Tampa, Florida.

The trouble with you is you're fickle. You must have a straight talk with yourself. I can't answer your problem. Only you can answer that. You must ask yourself some questions. You must find out why you got cold on a boy the minute he begins to like you. That's a fault in your nature. I always advise talking a situation out. This time you have to talk the problem out with yourself. Thanks again, for listening.

Editor's note: Do you have a teen-ager problem? If so, tell it to Joan. Write to Joan Evans, Box 93, Beverly Hills, California.

HOLLYWOOD, HERE I COME



While working as a salesman for a Philadelphia advertising firm, Dan Duryea spent a weekend with friends in Syracuse. He took part in making a backyard amateur movie there. Turning on all the charm he had, Duryea flung himself whole-heartedly into the enterprise. The next time he visited Syracuse, the picture was projected for him. Looking at it he brooded about the same things any other man worries about at such a time—whether he seemed gawkish and amateurish; whether or not his hairline was receding. Suddenly with a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach, he found himself worrying about something else. Despite the charm he slathered on, the pictured Duryea he saw was a punk he wouldn't have staked to a cup of coffee if he'd found him starving on the street. Through some freak of physiognomy, plus his ability—so hair-triggered that he cannot always control it—to let his projected personality change him into an ugly duckling, he had arrived on that screen looking unlovely and unlovable.—(Pete Martin, from Hollywood Without Makeup)

the champ's in love

(Continued from page 27) he wasn't planning on marrying anybody. He'd take a brass band to a wedding band any time.

But that was almost a year ago. Now, late in 1950, Kirk Douglas, playboy, hit and run artist in romance, the lad as fast with a rhumba as Cugat and as anxious to learn as a young Casanova, looks as if he's in love.

TO KIRK DOUGLAS' friends and advisers this is a situation that wasn't anticipated and which, if the tenor of their conversations is legitimate, has all the earmarks of a catastrophe similar to the fall of the Roman Empire, or the occasion upon which Lana Turner *did not* marry Victor Mature, thereby throwing the entire machinery of Hollywood romance out of kilter for a month.

For Kirk Douglas to marry now, his associates feel, would throw a kink in his career that would slow it down to an amble. For him to take a vow to love one woman and one alone at a time when literally millions of lasses from fifteen to eighty-five want him, and are willing to spend fortunes to sit in dark theaters and pant in anticipation of the day he comes walking down their street and into their lives, would be disaster number one to dreams of the golden years ahead.

But there is nothing they can do about it. According to those in the know, the tiny arrow of Cupid has penetrated his heart and Irene Wrightsman McEvoy, the lady involved, has a ball and chain resting in a dark closet waiting for the day she can weld it onto his manly ankle. The only question is, will Kirk hold still while the job is done, or will he suddenly fly away, abandon the love that burns within him and dash back to the cache where his little black book has been buried?

His press agent would have you believe the latter.

"We've spent too much time and effort in building Kirk up as a big romantic interest," says he, "to have it all torn down by a thing like marriage."

BUT Irene McEvoy has just signed a two-year lease on an English-style rambling home in Brentwood. The house is nice enough to be a honeymoon cottage.

Kirk Douglas has lived for several years in a home in Laurel Canyon, just a dozen blocks up in the hills from Hollywood Boulevard. If you've ever seen pictures of the place, you know what it is like. A bachelor's dream. Small, not too accessible, not safe for babies and much too ruggedly furnished for a bride. The Brentwood house is, on the other hand, too large for a single woman, ideal for entertaining—and has a built-in nursery. It is quiet and private. Just the place for a man to start a family. It adds up.

Also, there's a situation. A situation in which a fellow who hits the high spots nightly with a different girl, suddenly puts on the brakes, and a head-waiter never sees him—and in which a girl, reported engaged to a fellow named Robert Stack, suddenly loses his address and begins spending all her waking hours with another fellow named Kirk Douglas.

Actually, this is nothing new for either of the people involved. Kirk sometimes courts girls for, well, almost a month. Evelyn Keyes is probably the record-holder. Irene went steady with Bob Stack for more than a year. Both, to a degree, are capable of staunch loyalties to the opposite sex. The degrees, however, are quite individual. Irene, since her divorce from Mr. McEvoy, has been the soul of

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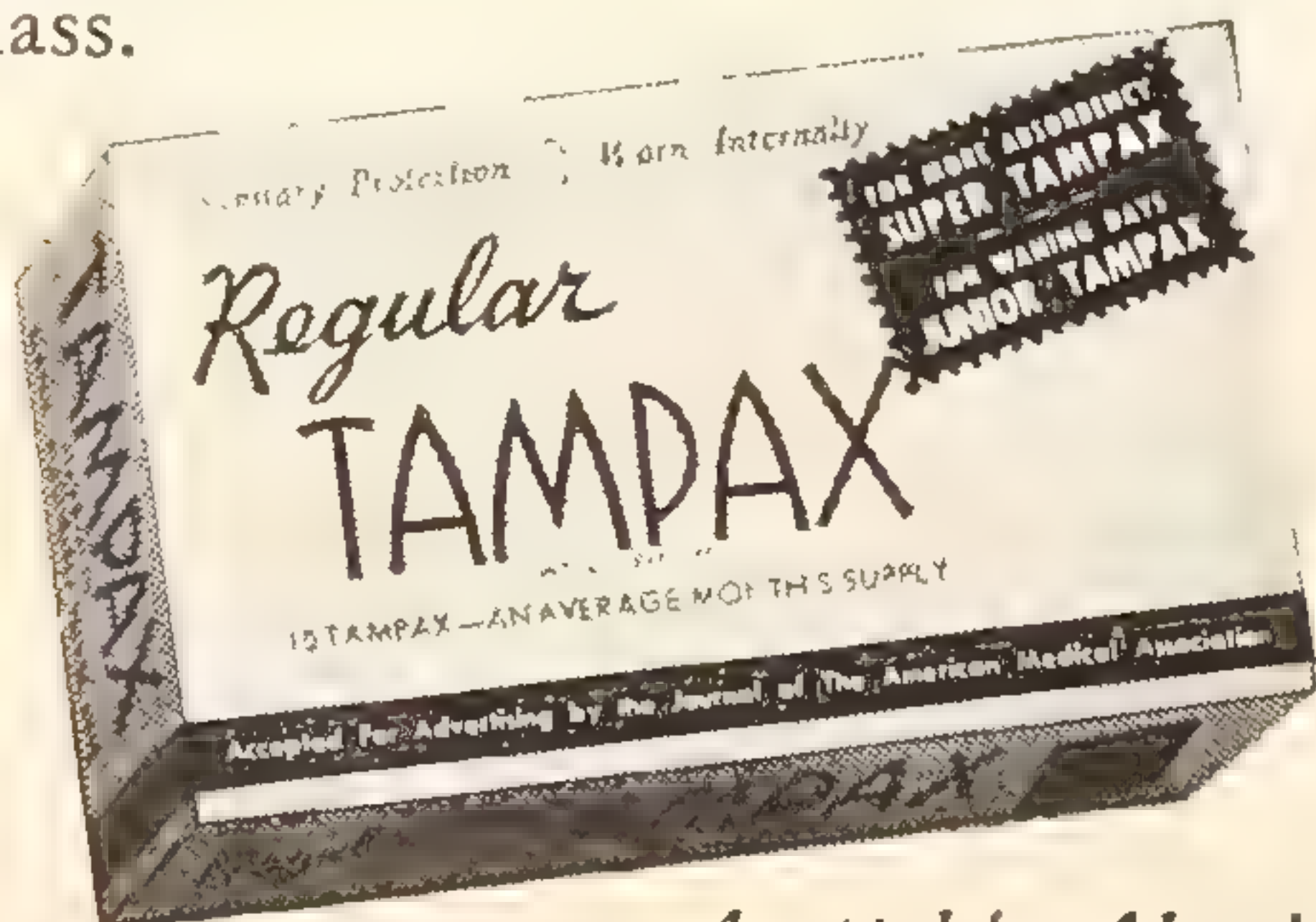
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more than one or two other fellows. Kirk, on the other hand, has proven by his actions and firm statements on the subject since his divorce that he is as active in the love department as a buck goat alone in a herd of anxious nannies.

And when Kirk Douglas leaps the fence and begins bleating in one pasture, it would seem almost too apparent that he is in love.

At the time of this writing, Kirk Douglas is working on location some twenty miles outside Gallup, New Mexico, making the picture *Ace in the Hole*. And also, at this moment, Irene Wrightsman McEvoy is sitting a short distance away from where Kirk is acting, underneath a big sun umbrella which is set up for her every day so she can be with Kirk every possible moment. This gesture of permitting a woman to sit on a set and watch a star act is, in the profession, about as rare as an Iowa farmer bringing his lady a string of priceless pearls every time he comes a'calling. There just ain't no greater compliment—nor is there a greater evidence of devotion possible in Hollywood. Kirk Douglas has never allowed it before, and it is a cinch that Irene McEvoy never cared enough for a guy to swelter in a desert for thirty solid days.

Irene's day begins at breakfast with Douglas, and no other member of the company is encouraged to join them. They ride, hand in hand, to the day's location. Irene takes her seat under the umbrella and watches, seldom taking her eyes from Kirk. At every break in the action, Kirk comes over and joins her—and they hold hands. They lunch alone, then back to the umbrella for the afternoon session of mutual admiration and acting. They dine alone, and afterward, they slip off to watch the moon do tricks with the cactus.

Yes, this is the kind of devotion that, it appears, will either wind up in marriage or at least one broken heart.

And Kirk Douglas has changed. He is a newly-inhibited man. To realize this you need only go back to a few months ago when Kirk bumped into a magazine photographer in front of a popular night club. The photog asked if he would pose for an exclusive picture.

"Sure," said Kirk, "anything you want."

"How about swinging around that pole?" said the photog jokingly, pointing to a bus stop sign.

Kirk asked his date, Evelyn Keyes, to stand out of harm's way for a moment, and obliged. The cameraman showed his astonished editor the picture the next morning and was almost accused of using a gun to get the shot.

A solid dozen photogs got another beauty one night at *Ciro's* when Kirk obligingly joined a tumbling act on the stage and held still while the boys popped their bulbs. When he had a date with a girl and a writer came to his table in a club for an interview or a quick question, Kirk obliged with a smile. When the cameramen came over, he would kid his date into smiling pretty for the boys and he himself never lost his grin or good humor.

But that's past.

Today, when Kirk Douglas takes his girl on a date, he takes her some place where there will be no cameraman. If he does take her to one of the strip hot spots to see a show, he's as wary of what he does and says as a jewel thief in a pawn shop. Pictures, if they can't be avoided, are taken, but if there's a way out, Kirk wants it. He wants privacy in the little world he has with Irene.

Let's take a look at the romantic records of these two and their backgrounds. Kirk, as is widely known, came from a

family in very modest circumstances. He worked his way through college, slung hash, wrestled in carnivals, did almost every menial thing a man can do to earn a living and remain self-respecting. How many times he has been in love is anybody's guess. However, when it came time to marry, he was not only very particular in the choice of a bride in the normal sense, it seems that he wanted a woman who could bring into his life some of the background and culture that had been missing. It may have been an accident that his wife was society and of good family, but that may have been one of the things that made him fall in love with her enough to marry her.

This marriage did good things for him. He became used to the niceties of well-bred living and, in his private life, it shows. Although his wife was an actress, she was also welcome in the homes of the social registries and actually she was a far cry from the garden variety actress. It is to be expected that when Kirk Douglas marries again he will look for someone with the same brand.

Irene McEvoy is that type. An heiress to a fortune, she is beautifully educated and a lady to her fingertips. If she shares that honeymoon cottage with Kirk, she will be able to offer him graceful living. While her former husband has been called an international playboy, it is evident from the company he keeps abroad these days that he plays in the most select circles. In her only other well-known romance—with Bob Stack—she was not stepping out of character or consorting with the kitchen help. Stack is a wealthy lad, and a member of one of the coast's bluest-blooded families.

There is one thing, though, that must be reckoned with—that sly old devil Time. Unless Kirk chooses to dash across the Mexican border and take a chance, as others have done, on a shaky Mexican marriage, he is not going to marry anyone for several months, until the divorce decree from his former wife becomes final. Time has been known to thwart the best-laid plans. Quarrels that after marriage become something trivial to be dissipated with a kiss, sometimes take on a guise of major importance when the bonds between two people are not cemented by marriage—and pouf goes a good love.

None of this may happen to Kirk Douglas and Irene McEvoy. But, of course, there's no way to be certain. Kirk is notoriously close-mouthed about his love life.

He was interviewed by MODERN SCREEN shortly after he was separated from his ex-wife. He was asked, naturally, if there was to be a divorce. His answer was short and to the point. "I won't talk about it," he said. "I just won't talk about it." Some months later, when it seemed everyone was certain that there was to be a divorce, although even then some columnists were not too sure, for they predicted a reconciliation, Kirk was asked the same question. His answer was, "I won't talk about it."

The point is that upon both occasions Kirk Douglas knew his marriage was ended. At the last interview it is a fact that a property settlement had been made, grounds charged, and all the details of a dissolution of a union involving children done away with. It could have done no harm to admit it, but Kirk Douglas wouldn't talk. And won't now.

So there you have it. The case of the suspicious romance. The case of the honeymoon cottage. The case of the rare devotion. The case of the newly-inhibited man. If you think it adds up to the case of the bride and groom—you'll have to wait a while to prove it. THE END

stag night in the steam room

(Continued from page 50) "Temper, John," said Scott sweetly. "Temper."

"Aw, let him out," said Tony. "Maybe he can play gin-rummy."

"With you?" said Scott. "He's better off where he is."

"Hey, fellas!" screamed John, and they let him out.

Draped in sheets, the boys sat around and played cards. Scott lost a quick round of gin rummy to Tony, and gave up his hand to Hugh O'Brian.

"I've had enough of this guy," said Scott. "Played with him for 16 weeks while we were making *Shoplifter*, and didn't win a hand."

"One thing's sure," said Hugh. "In this joint, at least, he won't have any cards up his sleeves."

"Gin," said Tony.

"Why don't you go back to Brooklyn?" Scott asked Tony. "With your brains you could make a million running a card parlor."

"Naw," said Tony. "I'll stick with you. Couple more pictures together and I'll be wearing mink."

"Okay, sweetheart," said John Bromfield. "Deal me in."

WHILE John was being shellacked by Tony, everyone else was getting alcohol rubdowns. (Alcohol closes the bather's pores and prevents him from catching cold when he goes out into the normal temperature of the street.) Finlandia's two masseurs, Kaarlo and Richard, who've been there so long they're practically water-proof, worked over us.

"I believe I'd rather catch my death," said Scott, as Richard wrapped him up

in a sheet and started to fan him dry. "You don't have the right attitude," Rock Hudson yelled from the next rubbing room, where Kaarlo was massaging Hugh O'Brian's back. "Take a look at this boy."

Scott peered over the partition, and said, "He looks like he's dead."

"Superior ability to relax," Hugh mumbled, as the masseur pushed his nose into the pillow. "Mind over matter."

"Like I said," Scott replied, "you look dead."

"Treat him with respect," said Tony coming in on the tail-end of Scott's remark. "Know what this guy does for a hobby?"

"Yeah," said Scott. "He makes pictures. *Rocketship X-M*, starring Hugh O'Brian. I can get you tickets."

"Listen, dope. He's the athletic instructor for 17 of the most beautiful dolls in Hollywood. Works out with them three times a week."

"My old pal, Hugh," said Scott. "Why didn't you tell me, Hugh?"

Hugh shrugged his free shoulder, and smiled.

"Up at the 'House of the Seven Garbos,'" said Tony. "You know, the boarding house for models. The girls wanted to exercise. So Hugh was kind enough to donate his time and effort. Would you be kind enough?"

"Smart enough, you mean," said Scott. "I get my exercise boxing with my brother."

Just then Sam Amundsen came in to announce that lunch was ready. One of the reasons Finlandia is so popular is proprietor Sam. He likes to please his customers. He'll not only have them steamed, rubbed down, and wrapped up,

but if they come in parties, he'll order a snack from the Scandia restaurant across the street. The snack for us turned out to be huge cuts of roast beef, turkey, ham, Scandinavian cheese and plenty of potato salad. Along with this went fruit juice, soda and beer.

For a little while everyone was silent. Then, after the last few slices of meat were polished off we went back to the dressingroom for a nap.

"The steam will get rid of the poisons in your body," Sam tells his guests. "And a rub down will loosen up your muscles. But there's nothing more refreshing on earth than a half-hour's sound sleep. At least, it never hurt anyone."

Everybody dropped off except John Bromfield and Tony Curtis.

"Going on a fishing trip," said John. "Me and Corinne. You know Corinne."

"I'm crazy for Corinne," said Tony.

"My wife!"

"Calm down," pleaded Tony. "It's hopeless."

"Better be," said John threateningly. "Anyway, we'll both be free from work for the first time in six months. When I finished *The Furies*, Corinne started *Irma Goes West*. Now we're keeping our fingers crossed about sudden assignments. Going up to Lake Mead. You know, the bass up there are more than a foot long—practically jump into your boat."

"I'll believe that when I see the pictures," laughed Tony.

"Wise guy," John said grimly.

"Okay," Scott called, "Pipe down."

"Get that guy," said John, crawling onto a cot. "Fifteen minutes in a steam room and he can't keep his head above the water. Fifteen measly minutes. . . ." And the sandman swooped down over Finlandia.

THE END

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The deodorant without a doubt



**GUARANTEED
FULL 24-HOUR
PROTECTION!**

More cream for your money.
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linda christian

(Continued from page 41) he had no right to ask her to make such a sacrifice. He knew, too, from acute personal experience what two acting careers will do to a married couple.

In Linda Christian, he had a girl who wanted, and still wants, five children. She was the only girl Ty loved who was honestly enthusiastic about renouncing her other life simply to share his.

"June, '49," Linda wistfully recalls, "when I came home from the doctor's office in London and told Tyrone that I was pregnant, you should have seen him. He was so happy he almost jumped through the ceiling. He started to devise a detailed savings plan so that enough money would be set aside for the child's education. . . . He wouldn't let me lift anything heavier than a water glass. . . . He decided with my approval that the baby was going to be a boy and we'd call it Tyrone Power, Jr. . . . He did all the things new fathers are supposed to do.

"He was so happy I can't tell you. And because he was, I naturally was happy, too. That's all I want, all I ever want, to make Tyrone happy.

"But then, after four months of pregnancy, they took me to the American Hospital in Paris, and I lost the baby, and I cried and cried. I knew what it meant to Tyrone, and thinking of him and what happened, it made me feel worse. But the doctor said I was all right and that I could have other babies and that gave us hope."

AFTER Linda lost her baby, the Powers came home to California.

Deeply hurt, trying to forget, hoping for the future, Ty threw himself into his work. He needed a rest—he had made *The Black*

Rose in Morocco, and *Prince of Foxes* in Italy, but he wanted no time to think, no time to brood over his great disappointment. He was cast opposite Susan Hayward in *Rawhide*, his first non-location picture in almost two years.

When he finished that one, and Darryl Zanuck asked him if he'd like to go to the Philippines to star in *American Guerrilla*, he said, "Sure, I'd love to go."

People began asking, "Why all this travel? What is Ty trying to run away from, himself?"

But Ty wasn't running away from anything. In fact, he was the happiest man on earth. Life was running to meet him. Linda was pregnant again. At last, he'd have that baby. Boy or girl? He didn't care which.

It took thirty hours, this past spring, to fly from California to Manila, but Ty didn't even seem tired after his long air journey. One of the advance men who met him at the airport says, "He seemed buoyed up by some inner secret. The very evening he landed, he appeared at a benefit for the Philippine Community Chest. The next day he flew by chartered plane to the summer capital at Baguio to pay his respects to President Quirino. Then he flew back to Manila, and served as host at a reception we gave for the various politicians and business men. Linda joined him, and we didn't know she was pregnant at the time, but we should have suspected something, because he took such wonderful care of her.

"For example, we shot the picture at Subic Bay, at the U.S. Naval Station there. It's about seventy miles north of Manila. The station consists of a lot of quonset huts.

"Ty and Linda had a whole quonset hut for themselves. Ordinarily, twenty-two men sleep in one quonset hut, but Ty was taking no chances with Linda. He wanted her to be happy and careful, but



**break
the
bank**
by bert parks

a modern screen quiz

Bert Parks, sparkling m.c. of radio's *Break the Bank* quiz show (NBC—Wednesdays at 9 p.m.—EST), suggested this puzzler for Modern Screen readers. See how well acquainted you are with some of Hollywood's best-known names. The answers are on page 90.

1. Four stars have the same last name, beginning with letter P; three female stars have the same last name, starting with letter R. Name them:

..... P....., P.....,
..... P....., P.....;
R....., R....., R.....

2. Some names have been repeated through Hollywood history, although the bearers may not be related to each other. Name the bearers, past and present, of each of these names: Dana, Mason, Lamarr, Young, Haver.

3. Five male stars have the same name, beginning with letter D. Who are they?

..... D....., D.....,
D....., D....., D.....

4. Louise Hovick is the real name of: Lois Albright, Wanda Hendrix, Gypsy Rose Lee

5. His parents named him Guenther Schneider, but Hollywood dubbed him: E..... A.....

Linda is an adventurous girl, you know."

While *American Guerrilla in the Philippines* was being shot around Subic Bay, Linda grew bored. There was little to do around the Naval Station. She didn't want to interfere with the making of the picture, to be one of those Hollywood "set" wives who spend all their spare time watching their husbands perform.

With Bill Gallagher, a distant cousin of Ty's who acts as his business manager, she began making various side trips by plane around the south Pacific. On one such flight, she and Bill flew to Bali. On another, they winged to Hong Kong.

Here, in this British crown colony jammed with rich Chinese refugees, Linda learned that she had lost her second child.

"I WENT to a doctor in Hong Kong for a checkup," she says. "You know how it is when you're pregnant—you see a doctor every few weeks.

"I wanted to make sure that everything was in good order. We wanted this baby so badly. So I went to this doctor, and he examined me, and then he told me the terrible news. 'Mrs. Power, your child can never be born. It's dead.'

"I was stunned. I couldn't believe it. I couldn't believe it was true. No! Not another miscarriage. What should I do? How would I tell Tyrone?

"I realized that I needed excellent medical care and needed it quickly. I flew back to Subic Bay and told Tyrone, and he put me in the U.S. Naval Station Hospital at once, and they removed the dead child, and I was in the hospital three days. Then the company moved back to Manila, and by that time I was recovered, and I went with them."

Micheline Puelle, the French actress who stars opposite Ty in *American Guerrilla*, says that Ty tried not to let this latest misfortune affect his work and that by sheer force of will-power he succeeded.

Other members of the company say, "It was a tough break and everyone knew it. We all sympathized with the guy, but what good is sympathy at a time like that? We were darn glad we had finished up and were going home."

Now, oddly enough, when Ty returned to Los Angeles after the picture was completed, Linda didn't come with him. Instead of flying back with him, she took off in a plane that was going in the opposite direction, Bangkok, India, Cairo, Rome, the Netherlands, and London. She wanted to see her father in Holland, and she wanted to meet Ty in London where she knew he was scheduled to open on July 18th in the stage play, *Mr. Roberts*.

WHEN TY hit Hollywood and his friends sympathized with him about Linda's second miscarriage, he accepted their condolences politely and quickly.

Once again, he sought escape from tragedy in work. He flew to New York and rehearsed *Mr. Roberts*. Then he flew to London where he proved to be more popular than ever before in his career.

Ty is scheduled to stay in London until December. After that, he will probably make a picture somewhere else in Europe.

As for Linda, she hopes to stay by his side. She knows what people who were jealous of her marriage to Ty are saying back in Hollywood. They're saying that without children she hasn't a chance in a million of holding her handsome hero, that without children her marriage is headed for the rocks.

She accepts such gossip stoically. She got married to have a family and raise it, and she's determined to do both.

"I've lost two children," she says, "but I'm still young, Tyrone is still young, and there is still time."

THE END

That Other You Could End Your Marriage!



**Let your husband keep the real, the beloved you!
Be confident of your intimate feminine hygiene—not
troubled with uncertainty . . . another you!**

YOU make sure of your feminine daintiness when you douche regularly with "Lysol"!

"Lysol" cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. No makeshift like soap, salt or soda can possibly act the same way!

"Lysol" is the famous disinfectant with amazing, proved power to kill germ-life quickly on contact!

Yet, gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" will not harm delicate tissue. Correct douching

solution in the simple directions on every bottle. Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol," just to insure daintiness alone, and to use it as often as needed. No greasy aftereffect.

Don't just chance it! Don't ever let neglect create a "dual personality" . . . another you, full of doubts, misgivings and inhibitions! Don't let that *other* you destroy your love!

Get "Lysol" brand disinfectant today, and use it regularly.

Preferred 3 to 1 over any other liquid preparation for Feminine Hygiene!

"Lysol"

**A Concentrated
Germ-Killer**



Product of Lehn & Fink

FREE! EXPERT MODERN ADVICE ON FEMININE HYGIENE!

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Box D.M.-5010, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me, in plain envelope, a FREE copy of booklet, prepared in collaboration with a leading gynecologist, entitled, "Don't Depend on Hearsay."

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EXOTIC EYE MAKE-UP

WITH *Maybelline*

PREFERRED BY REALLY SMART
WOMEN THE WORLD OVER —

EYE SHADOW • EYEBROW PENCIL • MASCARA

After two years, LANA TURNER returns to the screen

in **"A LIFE OF HER OWN"**

read this exciting love story in October

SCREEN STORIES

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*Make This "Creamy"
Shampoo at Home*

Washes Hair Lighter...
Gives it "Week Long"
SHINE

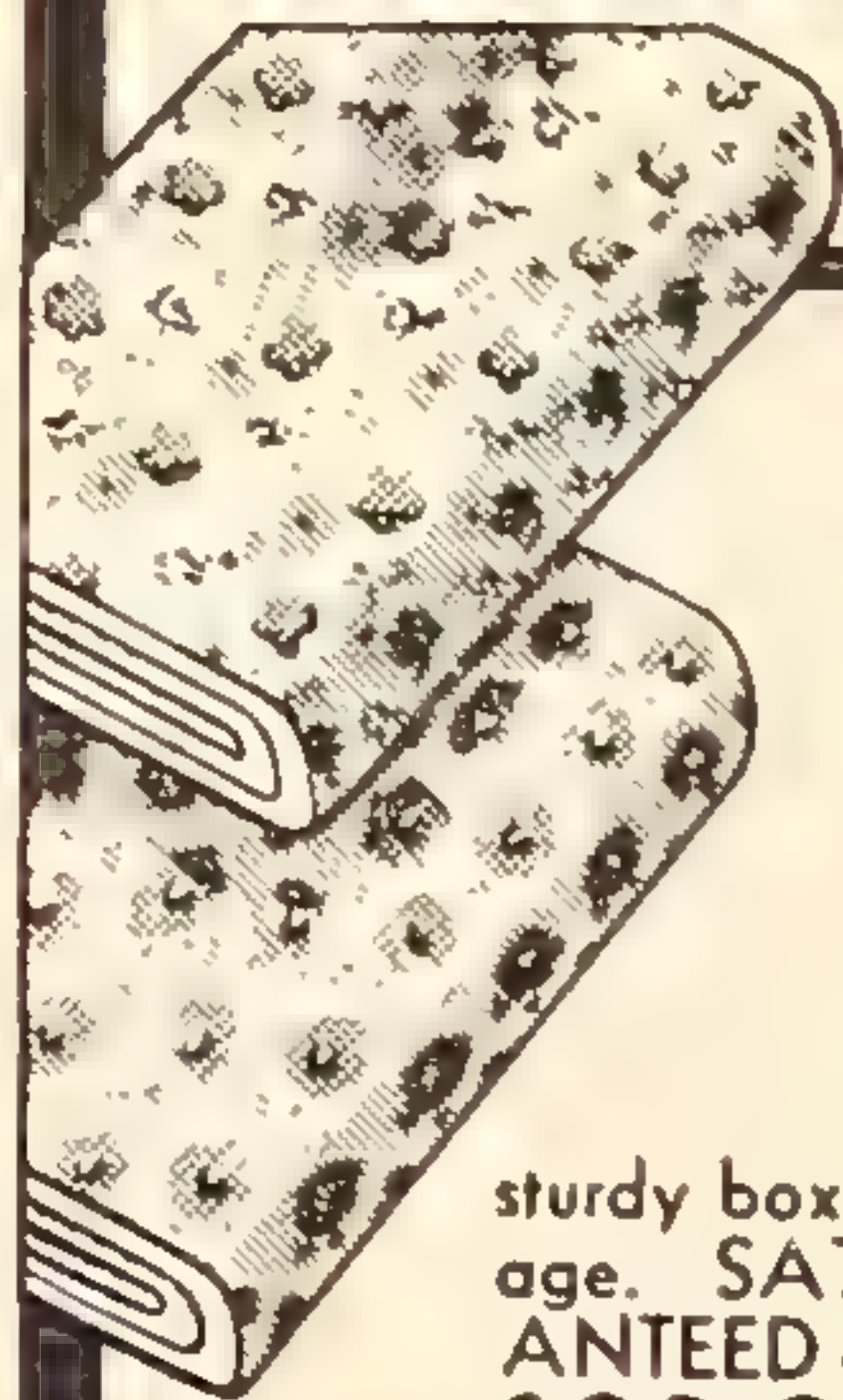
Makes rich, cleansing
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shiner... all week long.
Helps brighten faded or
darkened hair. Safe for
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BLONDEX Shampoo
MADE SPECIALLY FOR BLONDES

NOW! NINETEEN YARDS!
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LARGE pieces! Full
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material included.
Broadcloth and per-
cale in pastel shades.
ALL SIZES USABLE!
Make aprons, skirts,
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clothes, rompers, etc.
FREE patterns. 4 lbs. in

sturdy box. Only \$1.95 plus post-
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ANTEED** or money refunded. Sent
C.O.D. Order by mail today!

QUALITY PATCH CO.

Box 747 Dept. C Fall River, Mass.

peck's 10-year plan

(Continued from page 58) the window in the dusk, and the lights of Park Avenue were strung out below them like a necklace of pearls . . . in this same city where he'd tripped over bums sleeping in doorways . . .

He met author A. J. Cronin at "21," and Mr. Cronin discussed the leading character of his book. "I visualized the priest as a short, plump, snub-nosed fellow with a Scottish burr. Never a lean, long, dark fellow with a La Jolla accent. Impressed me, though, the way you managed to retain that hungry look throughout the whole picture."

Hungry? That didn't take much acting. Just a little memory . . .

Ten years and the menu has changed. Steak and apple pie. Cold cuts and Danish pastry. Eggs and bacon—any time, anywhere. Ten years, and he doesn't even need a name, his face is so familiar. There it was in *Spellbound*, *The Yearling*, *Duel In The Sun*, in *Gentleman's Agreement*, *Twelve O'Clock High*, in the lobby of Radio City's Music Hall . . .

BUT the ten-year marker, *Captain Horatio Hornblower*, was gathering dust on the shelf. Where was the man who was man enough to play the Captain?

He was thinking of going to Europe to make a movie. Now he had a family to join him there—Greta and the two boys, and Greta was expecting. "Go ahead," she told him, "I'll meet you there." Greg decided to call off the trip because he didn't want to leave a brand new baby alone at home.

Warners searched around for a role. They called a writers' conference and sat up all night, and worried all day, but it didn't do any good. Then someone remembered *Horatio* and the rush was on. Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts went to work to get the script ready for shooting in London. Top brass came over and hovered about them. The wives of the top brass made sandwiches, and Steve Trilling brought them coffee and baked beans. Greg sat around reading the pages as they fell out of the typewriter. Reading them and getting the plot confused with the picture of a character sitting in a rooming house wondering whom they'd pick to play the part . . .

And here was the answer, ten years in coming—he and Greta were on their way to England to bring *Horatio* to life. *Horatio Hornblower*? *Horatio Alger* on the glory road . . .

THE Pecks returned to Hollywood this summer, to their ranch house, to the life a star and his family lead.

But he hasn't forgotten the beginning. The La Jolla Playhouse is a witness, his brainchild, and Mel Ferrer's. At La Jolla experienced actors work with stagestruck kids, guiding them, helping them learn, keeping their flame alive.

He and Mel are planning a Beverly Hills Theater group, together with Charles Boyer, John Garfield, Dorothy McGuire, Rosalind Russell, Jerry Wald. They're trying to raise \$3,000,000 to build a theater, the start of a small Radio City. They want to establish a dramatic school and provide scholarships so that young actors can jingle some change in their pockets and buy a hamburger whenever they want one, so that they can walk into a theater without first stabbing the usher.

This is it, the plan that took root ten years ago. The plan that won't be forgotten because a long, lean guy is full of memories about all the yesterdays.

THE END

lucky dahl

(Continued from page 59)

"Not thinking of becoming an actress, are you, Arlene?" a Lutheran minister, her cousin, asked a little sternly.

"An actress? No, sir. Not an actress . . ."

But there it was. The word. Spoken. It sent the blood to her cheeks and burned her eyes. An actress . . . yes. . . .

Her mother and father knew. They watched her as she read plays to herself, mouthing each word. They left her in that world of her own. When she was a high school freshman she got an A plus on a paper she'd written about Katharine Cornell. For her teacher, reading between the lines, could see the adoration there. . . .

WHEN the Better Drama League of Minneapolis held tryouts for *Tom Sawyer*, Arlene was on hand, reading for the role of Becky Thatcher, getting the role.

At eleven, she'd fallen in love. No one could tell her, "You're too young." No one could laugh it off, because there she was—in love! And the boy said he loved her. They were chaperoned on their dates until she was sixteen, and then her mother told her to wait a while before she got married. Wait until the boy was twenty-one, and she eighteen. So they waited.

Arlene continued through high school as an honor student, winning her classmates' votes as the "Most Likely To Succeed," winning a trophy from the Bearcat Legion Post Band as the outstanding Drum Majorette, winning an art contest and a scholarship to a noted New York School of costume design. . . .

Arlene didn't accept the scholarship. Her mother had suffered a stroke a few years back and had become a semi-invalid. Arlene didn't want to leave her. She took some courses at the University, worked in a department store near home as a model, as a display assistant. And then her world began to crash. The boy she loved, didn't love her anymore. She was heartbroken, the pain lingered on for five years. . . .

Then her mother died. Shocked, bewildered, Arlene plunged into her studies and her work, clinging to the future.

A few more years went by and Arlene's father met a widow, the mother of three daughters. Laughter seemed to come easy to him again. Arlene met the daughters, and liked them. Once when all of them were having lunch together, Arlene suddenly turned to her father and said, "Why don't you two get married?"

(Continued on page 88)



Irritated skin. "I have skin allergy problems," says Mrs. V. M. Brattbauer of Miami Shores. "Noxzema helps relieve the itching of the resultant skin irritation. It's my stand-by as an aid to softer, smoother looking skin."

NEW HOME FACIAL

**Look lovelier in 10 days with
this Quick Beauty Routine
—or your money back!**

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With one cream you can cleanse . . . help protect . . . and help heal! The secret is a marvelous new Home Facial, using only greaseless Noxzema. And it can help bring you lovelier-looking skin in 10 days—or your money back!

Here's all you do:

1. Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" just as you would with soap and water. Rinse. "Creamwashing" cleanses so thoroughly.

After drying, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. It not only holds make-up beautifully, but it also helps protect your skin—all day!

2. Evening—At bedtime, "creamwash" with Noxzema again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, the day's dirt and grime—without rubbing!

Now, lightly massage Noxzema into face and neck. Pat a little extra over blemishes.* While you sleep, Noxzema helps heal them—helps your skin look softer, smoother. It's greaseless! No "smeary" face or pillow!

A skin doctor developed this new Noxzema Home Facial. In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women to lovelier-look-

ing skin. And you'll be thrilled to see how it can help your skin look lovelier, too! Noxzema is a medicated formula—a unique oil-and-moisture emulsion—helps normalize both dry and oily skin.

Money-back Offer! Try the new Noxzema Home Facial for 10 days. If your skin doesn't show real improvement, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. But you will be delighted! Get Noxzema today—while you can get the 85¢ jar for only 59¢—almost half again as much for your money as in the Small size! Limited time only—at any drug or cosmetic counter.

No complexion troubles for Betty Jane Hokenstrom of Minneapolis who says, "I use Noxzema every night and morning to help my skin look soft and smooth. I keep a jar handy in my desk at work."

*externally-caused.



MONEY SAVING OFFER

BIG 85¢ JAR

now
only **59¢** plus tax

Limited offer—stock up now!



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Judy Garland's recent graduation from high school also marked her graduation from the ranks of kid stuff. Gone are her dates with youngsters like Mickey Rooney and Bob Stack. In their place a new romance has burgeoned—a romance with an "older" man. He's Dave Rose, Martha Raye's blondish, attractive ex-husband. —October, 1940, *Modern Screen*.

Is Your Daughter a STAY-AT-HOME Because of Periodic Pain?



(Have you told her
about Midol?)

No modern girl need "stay at home", miss parties and break dates because of the time of month. Midol has changed all that by bringing quick comfort from menstrual suffering.

MIDOL RELIEVES HEADACHE

Midol brings amazingly fast relief from menstrual headache because it contains two highly effective, proven medical ingredients that are often prescribed by many doctors.



MIDOL EASES CRAMPS...

Midol contains an exclusive anti-spasmodic ingredient which quickly eases cramps. Even women who have suffered severely report that Midol brings quick comfort. And Midol does not interfere in any way with the natural menstrual process.



MIDOL CHASES "BLUES"

The mild stimulant in Midol helps lift her out of the depression and "blues" which often attend the menstrual process. So see that your daughter takes Midol and takes it *in time*. She'll be her charming self even on days she used to suffer most.



MIDOL
is the Thing to Take for
FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN



FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. C-100, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

Fair-skinned Mr. Dahl turned a little pink then stuttered, "Well, I've sort of been thinking along those lines."

On April 15, 1943, Arlene acquired a stepmother and three sisters.

When the International Sportsman's Show reached Minneapolis, Arlene became a bathing suit and sports togs model for it. Then she was invited to go along with the show to Chicago.

In Chicago, she was only 17 but the Charles A. Stevens store wanted her as fashion consultant and model. She telephoned her father. "Take the job," he said, "and do your best. I know you'll always make me proud of you." From Stevens she went to Marshall Fields as an assistant to an assistant buyer. Just after she started the job, the top buyer quit and she became an assistant buyer. She lived in an apartment with three other girls from Minneapolis—childhood friends, Grace Blackwell, Eve Bogard, Toby Thovsen.

ONE day the Patricia Stevens Modeling Agency called her. "How'd you like to go to Florida for a three months' free vacation? You can model enough to pay expenses." Arlene didn't know, but her roommates did. "You're going!" they said. Ethel Capp, titled Miss Photoflash, got the same offer and they went together.

In Florida they met George Abbott and J. J. and Lee Shubert, noted Broadway producers. Ethel told them of their ambitions and the men said, "When you come to New York, look us up."

Look them up! Broadway. Stardom.

They hurried back to Chicago, worked until they'd saved train fare and some over. Ethel had \$75 over and Arlene \$100. In New York, they registered at the St. Moritz Hotel in a \$15.00 a day room and set out to see the promising producers. They couldn't get in to see George Abbott. The Shuberts were polite but they were going out of town. Milton Berle was sorry but his show was already cast. Everyone was sorry. Then Arlene was invited to a cocktail party where Felix Brentano was a guest. Arlene sang and Mr. Brentano invited her to his office.

He was casting for *Mr. Strauss Goes to Boston*. And there she was—in it, singing, dancing. The musical was a hit in Boston. New Yorkers didn't care. It lasted only 12 performances on Broadway and Arlene was out of a job and nearly broke again. On the strength of the job, she'd supported Ethel (who hadn't managed to find one yet) and herself in an apartment on London Terrace.

She went to Walter Thornton to get more introductions to theater people. "I'll make you a top-flight model," he said, "but I can't introduce you to theater people." He gave her \$300 and sent her to Vogue Magazine where she started posing at \$15.00 an hour. Within three months she was making \$30.00 an hour. She appeared in Revlon ads and was the Edelbrew Beer Girl of 1946—but not an actress.

THEN one day she read in Cue that there would be tryouts for 10 feminine roles for *Questionable Lady*. She raced over to the office but was one girl too late. The director liked her, though. He handed her a script, explained the character of the girl and her part in the story. Arlene read herself into the ingenue role and spent six weeks on the road working toward Broadway, but the company never made it.

If Broadway wouldn't take her, Hollywood did. She played opposite Dennis Morgan in *My Wild Irish Rose*. Immediately afterward she was offered an M-G-M contract and a role in *The Bride Goes Wild*. Then she became Red Skelton's

leading lady, displaying a nice sense of comedy. Following this came a dramatic role in *Reign of Terror*. And she was a star—in *The Outriders*, *Three Little Words*, *Watch the Birdie*. An actress.

An unmarried actress, but not for long, they say, pointing to Lex Barker. "Lex?" she says, her eyes shining, "He's in Africa now and has been for six weeks."

In the meantime, there's Lew Ayres, Philip Reed, Col. Jo Perron, Turhan Bey.

Arlene lives in an attractive apartment near Roxbury Park with her cousin, Elena Dahl Syness, and her maid, Elizabeth Townsend.

Once a year she gives a big party.

"Christmas was the most wonderful, wonderful time of the year when I was growing up. We Norwegians celebrate for six weeks. We have a smorgasbord for a week before Christmas and we don't take down our Christmas tree until the end of January. So now I have open house about the 20th of December. I can't prepare all the wonderful Norwegian delicacies (although her friends rave about the way she cooks Norwegian meat-balls), but I've found that Scandia (A Sunset Strip restaurant) is really wonderful when it comes to catering for my smorgasbord, complete to boar's head with the red apple in his mouth for the centerpiece."

Suddenly she'll stop in her remembering. "I've been lucky," she'll say, and laugh it off. "Lucky enough to be in the right place at the right time. I had to worry about finances only once—when *Mr. Strauss Goes to Boston* folded. I was down to my last nickel when I appealed to Walter Thornton to help me get a job. I used to walk from 23rd Street to Central Park at 57th and back again because I didn't have even bus fare. My shoes wore out, too. Plenty of matchbook covers have been scotch-taped into my inner soles.

"BUT I'd never write home for help—not after all my father had done for me. Some youngsters have the challenge of poverty. I had the challenge of making my father proud of me for some achievement of my own. After all he'd provided the money for any kind of lessons I wanted to take, anything I needed to achieve my goal. I had to prove he was right when he said, 'I know you'll always make me proud of you.'"

And Minneapolis knew it, too. Arlene treasures a copy of "The Prophet" given her by her English teacher Mrs. Keyes. Inscribed in it is, "Please accept this with my admiration for what you were here at Washburn High, for what you are now and with best wishes for what you are going to be." A while back, the Misses Ward, three sisters who ran the Minneapolis dancing studio where Arlene studied for ten years, wrote to Arlene for advice about moving to Hollywood to open a studio. "Why don't you try it?" Arlene wrote back. "You're sure of at least one student!" So they moved to Hollywood and once a week Arlene goes over to their studio on Melrose Avenue for a ballet lesson, merely one of the many students the three teachers instruct. They're proud of her—the Misses Ward.

And her father, who lives in Santa Monica now, doesn't have to tell her how he feels. She knows—that lovely, lucky Dahl.

THE END

Paid Notice

**DO MEN EVER
AVOID YOU!**

SEE PAGE 16

don't call me mister

(Continued from page 31) try to fill an inside straight in a poker hand and bet his last chip on it.

You've just never been introduced properly, that's all. You've been confused by the roles he's played. At the end of a day's work you expect him to carefully park his car in the family garage and, brief case in hand, stalk formally through the front door to bestow kisses on Mrs. Holden and the kids before strolling to his comfortable chair for a quiet reading of a conservative newspaper. Not Holden.

It's an even bet that after a day's work he'll call home an hour after the scheduled dinner hour and tell his wife he'll be tied up in a conference, while a bunch of studio laborers are ordering for him at the bar. And when he gets home, he will probably block the driveway with his car, rescue one kid from a tree, pile another on his shoulders and storm into his house howling, "Where the devil's my dinner?" And when he makes that phone call, he is scared to death of his wife, and for no other reason than he knows she is not going to believe him and might hit him with something when he finally does show up at home.

The assassination of Bill Holden's true personality was a great loss to the screen. It was a dastardly deed, in any event, part accident and part intent, forced on him by necessity—the need to earn money for his home and a few of the simple pleasures of life. This in combination with an odd contractual set-up, has kept his nose to the grindstone and that haunted, harassed expression on his face for so many movies he can't remember them all.

H E GOT INTO pictures on a pass. Being tall, rugged, handsome and living in Pasadena, it was only natural that William Beedle (his real name) should give some portion of his thoughts to acting. He did. Not too much, but enough to make him spend a little time hanging around the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Movies were a world away—away over in Hollywood the other side of the mountains. Bill Beedle might never have taken the trouble to make the trip if somebody hadn't come and got him.

Columbia Pictures was going to make a film called *Golden Boy*. They needed a lad with a husky physique but with a face you could believe belonged to a violin player, and they wanted someone who had never been seen on the screen before. This was quite an order and, partly to keep the publicity boiling and partly to make sure they got a guy they could use again, the search sifted maybe five hundred potentials. Then an agent trotted Bill Holden into the casting office, and, like a follies girl pulling up her skirts for a chorus captain, Bill took off his shirt to show his muscles. The muscles were great, but what sold the man on Bill that day was the expression on his face.

The eyes were narrowed and inquisitive, the brow was furrowed in concentration, the mouth was full and looked as though it could tremble when a fiddle bow pulled a melancholy chord from a Stradivarius. This, thought the casting man, is the face of an artist and the body of a brute. A few more talks with other executives, a few more strip acts and Bill Beedle became Bill Holden, *Golden Boy*.

The picture was both an artistic and financial success. Holden, the critics said, is *Golden Boy*, but what does he play next? The studio couldn't drop the lad, he might go out and make a fortune on his own. It didn't want to keep him around eating his head off without work-

A HUSBAND WILL HESITATE TO MENTION This Grave Womanly Offense...

I WONDER WHY BILL
IS SO COOL
TOWARD ME LATELY

IF ONLY HER MOTHER OR
DOCTOR WOULD TELL HER



No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for
the douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues as ZONITE!

Failure to successfully practice complete hygiene (including *internal* cleanliness) all too often accounts for an increasing coolness on a husband's part. And the pathetic young wife is often left in the dark as to the *real reason*.

If only a woman would realize the necessity of putting ZONITE in her fountain syringe for womanly charm, married happiness, after her periods, and to combat a womanly offense even graver than body odor or bad breath—an odor which she may not detect herself.

And what a comfort for women to know: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues as ZONITE.*

Developed By A Famous Surgeon and Scientist
What greater assurance could you want

of ZONITE's effectiveness and safety than to know the ZONITE principle was developed by a world-renowned surgeon and scientist. ZONITE is positively *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning*—yet *SAFE*—to tissues. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without injury.

Zonite's Amazing Action

ZONITE actually dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you *can be sure* ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ and keeps germs from multiplying. Instructions in detail with every bottle. Available at any drug counter.

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products Corp., Dept. MR-100, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

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*Offer good only in the U.S.

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene



Jean gets scolded...

You can't cut paper dolls without making snips on the rug. But if mother has to get out the vacuum again, she's apt to get pretty snippy herself. And innocent Jean has her fun spoiled.



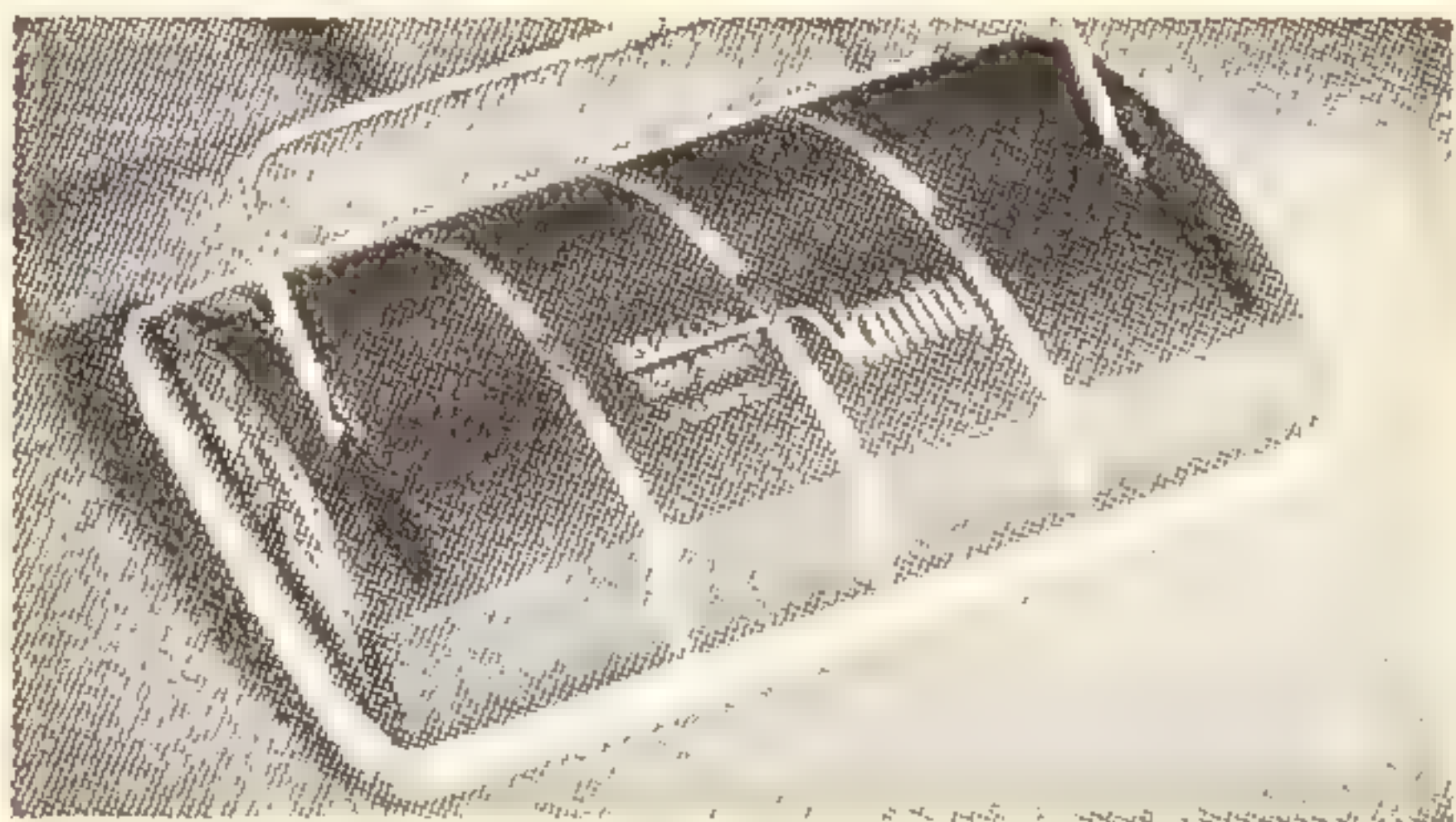
Janie doesn't...

Her mother admires the dolls, and then whisks out her handy Bissell Sweeper for a quick clean-up. No need to plug in the vacuum except for heavy over-all cleaning. "Saves a lot of time to have both!" this smiling mother says.

Only BISSELL has "BISCO-MATIC"* brush action

You don't bear down at *all*! This miracle-action brush adjusts itself to any rug, thick or thin, with no handle pressure. Sweeps clean even under low furniture and hard-to-get places!

New Bissell Sweepers with "Bisco-matic" Brush Action as low as \$6.95. Illustrated: the "Vanity" at \$8.95. Prices a little more in the West.



BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet
Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.

ing, so Columbia made a deal splitting half his contract with Paramount. Finally, one day, one of the studios needed a nice kid to marry a sweet girl in a picture and they handed the part to Bill. He did it so well, that he got another one, and another, and another until pretty soon it seemed he was playing all the nice young guys in the movies.

A MAN'S CLOSE friends are pretty good yardsticks to gauge the real character of the man himself. The first, and probably closest friend that Bill Holden made in Hollywood was Brian Donlevy. Bill's dressing room at Paramount was two doors away from Donlevy's and Brian was the biggest star on the lot. As he was walking past the great man's door one night, Donlevy called him in.

"Hey, kid," he called. "Come here."

Bill walked into the dressing room.

"Sit down," said Donlevy.

Holden dropped into a chair and Donlevy picked up a glass and poured him a drink, then he sank to a sitting position and looked intently at Holden.

"I understand we're going to work together in *The Remarkable Andrew*," said Donlevy. "Glad to have you on the show."

Donlevy studied him a while longer.

"You look okay," he said finally, "but I'll tell you one thing, kid, don't let these monkeys push you around. I'll help you all I can."

A friendship begun that day has done a great deal to develop the off-screen personality of William Holden. Most of the activities of his private life are as rugged as those of his friend. They're both fighters and as salty as brine in their talk when the occasion demands it.

When the war struck, the army took one look at that physique with the shirt off, peered into an ear and didn't see daylight on the other side and dubbed Bill Holden Private. He had made several pictures and it began to look as though the fans would buy the nice guy for a long time. On the strength of this, Bill had married Brenda Marshall, a girl to whom he wanted to give nice, expensive things. Induction to him was no worse than it was to anyone else, but, too, it was no better.

Bill Holden could have carried all the money he owned in his pocket the day he marched off. He had obligations which, on his army salary, were staggering. As in the case of other draftees, death was the only solution that made any sense. He was as patriotic as they came, but terrified at the situation he found himself in. If he had had it to do over again, he would have liked to have stayed in Pasadena and become a broken man because he couldn't have afforded to marry Brenda Marshall.

But, having played a fascinating army boy in *I Wanted Wings*, Bill Holden was

not permitted to go through the run of the mill training given the average soldier, the army wanted him for morale and recruiting purposes—and Bill, the financial load piling higher and higher on his shoulders, sweated out the entire war working eighteen hours a day for Uncle Sam in the Good Will Department. And when they turned him loose there was a silver bar on his shoulder and fear of the future in his heart.

BILL sat in his agent's office and looked bleakly across the man's desk into the future.

"How are things in the picture business?" he asked.

"Lousy," said the agent. "Horrible. Industry's in a turmoil. Things look awful. Think I'll get into war surplus, myself."

"But I've got to work," said Holden.

"Hmmm," said the agent. "Maybe we can get Paramount and Columbia to extend the contracts. . . ."

At that particular point Bill Holden would have sold his body to a medical school if it would have brought the right price.

"Anything," he said. "Anything so I can give my creditors something on account."

Under the hard, cruel pressure of immediate necessity the true personality of William Holden, and five years of his professional life, went down the drain.

It wouldn't be fair to the movie industry, Bill Holden, himself, or his advisers to say that there has been a deliberate plot to exploit him commercially to his own disadvantage. That is not quite true. He has been used, however, in a manner and in parts that have definitely tended to lower his artistic standing. He is regarded by directors as one of the finest actors in Hollywood. He has just been wasted on parts that would have suited a less competent performer. His salary, which is huge but by no means comparable to the take home pay of lesser performers and drawing cards, is low enough that he can be fitted into the cost of a minor production without straining the budget. And Hollywood, like most businesses, runs on a budget.

In every other activity in Hollywood but acting Bill Holden is a big man. As vice-president of the Screen Actors Guild he is a relentless agent for the rights of his fellow thespians, big and small. In negotiations with the heads of studios, he is a man to be feared for his daring and cleavage to the principles of his guild. In patriotic affairs he is a violent advocate of democratic Americanism and a stern foe of factions which tend to lean in any other direction. He is respected for his unswerving integrity in business dealing.

HE has a sense of humor that has never been photographed, and that is truly a pity. He has been so busy fretting in pictures that his laugh has seldom been heard. It is true to his character to put a bucket of water over a door he expects some elegant gentleman to open. If he has invited some important people to dinner, he is as likely as not to have his maid inform them at the front door that they have the wrong house, or the wrong date, and then drive off down the street to bring them back and explain the joke.

The next time one of his contemporaries feels moved to call him Mister Holden it might do well for them to remember that on a Sunday afternoon recently he drove an automobile, souped to the gills, a hundred and forty miles an hour on the flat bed of a dry lake near Hollywood. Nobody else in the movies has ever moved that fast on the ground. The next time you picture William Holden as a sterling young

answers to bert parks quiz on page 84

1. Jane Powell, Dick Powell, Eleanor Powell, William Powell; Rosalind Russell, Jane Russell, Gail Russell.
2. Dana Andrews, Viola Dana; James Mason, Shirley Mason; Hedy Lamarr, Barbara La Marr; Loretta Young, Clara Kimball Young; June Haver, Phyllis Haver.
3. Kirk Douglas, Paul Douglas, Douglas Dick, Melvyn Douglas, Douglas Fairbanks.
4. Gypsy Rose Lee
5. Edward Arnold

man walking into the boss's office to ask for a raise so he can buy a new suit, picture him, also, as he really is, storming up the side of a steep hill on a roaring motorcycle, gambling blood and bone for a thrill.

In most other matters, too, Bill Holden is more on the mad side than sober. A couple of years ago he needed a larger house. He and Brenda went shopping and she, being sensible about the matter, looked at places in their practical price brackets. One day Bill took her by the hand, led her to the car and drove to a swanky street in the most exclusive section of the San Fernando Valley. He stopped in front of a huge house, a mansion style home, and helped Brenda out of the car.

"Nice, isn't it?" he said.
"It's gorgeous," said Mrs. Holden, "but let's not look at it too long. Let's go look for a house to buy."

"We're through looking, honey," Bill said. "I just bought this palace."

They say he had to run into a neighbor's house for a glass of water to revive her on the curb. It may not have been that bad, but it was a shock she didn't get over for a long time. Now the place is loaded with antique early American furniture and is a show place. It was a crazy thing to do, but it was typical Holden.

TAKE, for instance, the Bill Holden poker parties. After sitting in a couple of games with neighbors, Bill decided he was ready to organize a game in his own home—and maybe pick up a buck or two on the side. He bought a fancy table, some fine chips, a set of comfortable chairs and, to his wife's protestations that the thing was becoming as expensive as a Las Vegas gambling joint, he offered the comforting explanation that with his talent with cards he'd have the money back in no time. Well, the crowd met six times. Bill lost an average of a hundred and fifty a night. His food bill that period ran into something representing the cost of opening a small restaurant—and in a howling rage at four o'clock one morning Bill dragged all the equipment out to the garage where it has been gathering cobwebs ever since.

The morning that Bill shoved into the head man's suite at Paramount and said that the fellow at the guild meeting calling him *Mister* was the last straw seems to have been a turning point in his career. People on the lots who have known him for years are looking at him now in obvious awe.

"Hey, the guy can act," they say in great surprise.

Holden likes that. He likes the whole idea.

"Wait till you see *Sunset Boulevard*," he said happily, on this particular day in his dressingroom. "I play a real rat. A monster. Man, I loved it. In *Union Station*, I'm a good guy—but strong."

He reached for the phone and took the instrument off the hook, holding it in mid-air while he spoke.

"And you know what I do in *Born Yesterday*?" He chortled. "I steal this guy's girl right from under his nose—and I louse him up for keeps. That's for me from now on. Let some of the new boys play the clerks."

Dizzy with the new experience, he dialed the number of his home slowly. When the phone rang through, he answered it, and a rather bold expression, blended neatly with just a decent trace of fear shifted across his face.

"Hello, honey," he said to his wife. "I'm at a meeting in the studio. Ought to be home in half an hour or so." He winked, and hung up. "Let's have a little refreshment," he said. "We've got lots of time."

THE END

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safari to catalina

(Continued from page 54) too," he said nonchalantly.

When we returned to the ranch to pack, there was a small silence. "Nice here," Guy remarked.

"Awfully."

"Maybe the ducks will stay in the backyard if we don't fix the fence tomorrow."

I laughed. "They'll have to." I could afford to laugh. I'd already talked to Mr. King about extending our reservations.

We are now two authorities on how overnight hunting trips can last a week. And we clung to our bows and quivers. One night Guy spotted a boar, took aim and shot. But all we found was the arrow. It had gone straight through the animal. We searched the woods, but the boar had disappeared.

A GOAT had the most cause for concern. Guy shot two. I got two. One dead. The other, very much alive, walked straight into my arms. It couldn't have been more than a few hours old when it wandered out of a thicket. "My wife brings 'em back alive," Guy told the Kings when we brought in our captive. I was ready to take it home to our backyard. However, no game is permitted to be taken off the island.

The evening before we left, we saw some familiar faces from Hollywood. C. B. Hilton (Nicky's brother) was hosting the Marshall Thompsons and Jane and Geary

Steffen aboard his yacht, anchored in the harbor. They'd had a day of surfing and volley-ball.

"Come hunt," we invited.

"Not on your life," they laughed. "There's a square dance tonight." And they left for the Ranch's favorite weekly event.

Determined to have a last try for a boar, we were out practically all night. Luck wasn't with us. Dragging our feet to the door, Guy and I said goodnight to our hunting party.

The following morning we noted that they seemed terribly cheerful—or perhaps our faces were long by comparison.

"What a shame we didn't get anything," I consoled us.

"We did," came the reply.

"You went back out?"

"Not exactly." The answer was sheepish. "We went on up to the barn when we left you. There were two pigs. Practically on the front porch."

Things like this can drive hunters to fishing at the Sportsman's Lodge. But on the other hand, places like the Guest Ranch can keep guests on Catalina for months at a time. Guy had an appointment scheduled with his agent. And that's what brought us back to Hollywood. So we missed the barbecue that night, although our goats were guests of honor.

Now our friends say we sound like broken records because we go around declaring there's nothing like hunting on Catalina. And if our ducks will pardon the expression, it certainly beats fixing fences!

THE END

open house, open hearts!

(Continued from page 44) thing; they would own the house outright, without a mortgage.

"Both of us came from mortgaged homes," Betsy says. "And we weren't going to go through life the way our parents had, trying to meet the payments on the house. I didn't want to start our post-married life saddled by debt. I limited myself to the only three houses in Beverly Hills that we could afford to buy with our savings."

Betsy's selection narrowed down to two when she decided that a hillside wouldn't be a safe place to raise Kerry. Her ultimate purchase was based on the fact that she was buying from a doctor—Betsy feels doctors can be trusted—plus the fact that she was double-checking everything with Gene on the long-distance phone.

"Is the place termite-proof?" Gene would yell across the continent.

"I had the FHA assessor check everything."

"How about the taxes?"

"Not bad," Betsy would answer.

"What about storage space? Are there lots of closets and book shelves?" (Gene was dreaming of the day when he could spread out his belongings in something larger than a foot locker.)

"Lots of closets," Betsy shouted back, "also a basement, three old-fashioned bathrooms and four bedrooms."

"Sounds fine to me," Lieut. Kelly said. "Tell the man to wrap it up. We'll take it."

BETSY did. "Without Gene there, though," she says, "I had plenty of doubts."

One of her main misgivings was the drab appearance of the three downstairs rooms. They were painted a depressing green. Then, there were some French doors that made the living room look dated. Before she flew east to meet Gene

painters to scrape the dull green off the woodwork and restore its natural color. She told them to paint the ceilings and walls a light beige with some good Dutch Boy paint, and then she ordered a clear red cotton bouclé carpet for the living room floor. "The problem of the French doors," she says, "I left for Gene."

Many movie stars hire a very chi-chi decorator to furnish their homes. As a result, the finished interior reflects only the personality of the decorator.

This isn't true of the Kellys. All the color schemes, every piece of furniture, every single accessory they own was selected by both of them.

The result today is a comfortable, informal house with emphasis on books, art objects, records, and flexible seating arrangements. "We moved into the house with nothing but books," Betsy recalls, "books, a trunk full of Gene's dancing shoes, and a mattress. We spent six months deciding how to furnish downstairs. We spent another six months trying out ideas."

The idea they experimented with in the living room was to keep the walls, ceiling and upholstery a neutral shade and to let accessories provide the splash of lively color. It turned out to be an excellent idea.

THE painting above the fireplace, for instance, is a carnival scene jammed with action and vivid colors. It's one of six paintings that Gene gave Betsy the first Christmas they moved into the house. Another item is the terra cotta Indian water jug they picked up on a motor trip one summer. Spotted at random throughout the house are framed playbills, family photographs, and the art work little Kelly executes in school. These accessories make the room interesting and warm.

The furniture in the house follows the same motif. With the exception of one chintz-covered chair, all the living-room pieces are covered in the same beige cot-

conversational group around the fireplace or set along opposite walls for charade teams. Some of Betsy's furnishings come right out of Sears Roebuck & Company, and she doesn't care who knows it. The rugs, which Betsy vacuums with her Hoover once a week, are a product of that world famous mail-order house.

On a level slightly lower than their living room, the Kellys have a combination bar and barbecue. Originally, this recreation room was separated from the living room by the French doors mentioned earlier. These doors did nothing but cut off the view of the backyard and shorten the living room. However, there they stood.

One evening Betsy, Gene, Lois, his secretary, and Stanley Donen, the Metro director, were sprawled on the red rug. They were wondering how to curtain the glass doors, when Gene suddenly jumped up and said, "Heck, I've never liked French doors, anyway."

In no time at all, he had taken out his tool box, unscrewed the door hinges and removed the doors, to everyone's immense delight.

LATER, a carpenter installed waist-high bookcases between the bar and the living room. Betsy bought some low, deep-cushioned couches, had them covered in navy plaid, and backed them against one of the bookcases. Gene built a rough-hewn lamp table out of an old board he found behind the garage. And because the floor covering in the bar is Armstrong linoleum tile and the only uncarpeted floor surface in the house, it's Gene's favorite spot for breaking in new dance routines—"thinking with his feet," Betsy calls it.

The Kelly dining room-den is another combine of two rooms merged into one. Both are furnished with early American reproductions. The same blue plaid wallpaper put out by Thibault covers both rooms. Unbleached muslin curtains are Dutch-hung over the window. Richard Whorf, the talented director-actor-painter, executed a primitive landscape which hangs on the dining-room wall. He signed it Grandma Whorf, 1871, because the Kellys have always yearned for but never owned a painting by Grandma Moses.

Of all the rooms in his house, Gene loves the big, uncluttered bedroom best. Professional decorators will tell you that blue is too cold a color for a bedroom, but the Kellys don't care. When the California sun seems unbearably strong and heat waves bounce off the rest of the house, the bedroom of soft gray-blue is always cool and restful. For Gene, who loves to sleep late, it's ideal.

One bedroom wall is covered with Colonial-type drawers and cupboards. More cupboards line another wall, and along the third side is an early American school bench. The single headboard behind their twin beds is made of antiques wood and actually is a series of book shelves.

Over the years Gene has had lots of ideas for improving the family's living standards. When news of his Sunday afternoon volley-ball games spread, and he needed more athletic equipment for his guests, Gene converted the back hall closet into a series of sporting goods shelves. Now he has enough equipment stored away to supply a small YMCA, and he calls the closet the "Sports Palace."

He converted his den closet into a housing for his phonograph and record albums, and had a carpenter build a tall, shallow magazine rack for all the periodicals he never has time enough to read.

Betsy, too, is always on the lookout for decorating tricks that will fit in with the Kelly style of living. The style is contemporary, the mood is American. And the living is easy. THE END



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Joan Lansing

it comes up love

(Continued from page 61) Winters, Marta Toren and Yvonne DeCarlo were forgotten, because during this time Howard had decided that he didn't own his heart any more. Ava owned it.

MEANWHILE Ida, the gayest Lupino, had not locked herself in her room. Romances lit up her life like Roman candles, and faded out the same way. One admirer went so far as to steal her automobile. He thought this would keep her nicely for himself. But there were other automobiles—and other men.

Finally, Ida met Collier Young, story editor, literary agent. And Howard was thinking of getting married to Ava, and Universal-International was thinking of co-starring Lupino and Duff in *Woman In Hiding*.

Turned out Universal had the best idea. A few days after the picture started, Howard attended the opening of a new restaurant and met one of his writer friends.

"How's it going?" the writer asked.

"I haven't decided yet," said Howard.

"Well, you've been working on it for three days . . ."

"Oh, you mean the picture. The picture's fine."

"Sure I meant the picture. What else?"

"Nothing else," said Howard. "Nothing. Say—I've just met the most fascinating woman I've ever known in my entire life. Ida. Ida Lupino . . ."

Howard talked about her the rest of the night. Even so, a romance seemed a little silly. Ida was married to Collier (although there'd been separation rumors), and even in his wildest fantasies, Howard Duff had never wrecked a home. Besides there was Ava. Ava is not the kind of girl you throw away.

But she can be taken away . . . Frank Sinatra came along, and Ava sighed, "Goodbye, Howard . . ." The rumors about the Young-Lupino marriage stepped out of the rumor class and went to Reno. Then, only the two of them were left.

The two of them went everywhere. "There's Howard and Ida," friends would say. "They've just made a movie together." Romance? Ha. Howard was pining for a lost love, and Ida was shaken with the failure of her second marriage. To say nothing of the fact that these two didn't seem a match, on general principles.

OF course they were both unhappy. Why shouldn't they have been? The shattering of his one big romance left the introspective Howard moody and cynical. Ida had been through heartbreak before, and now again, she was getting the business. As for Howard and Ida going together like ham and eggs—did they have to, like ham and eggs? There are other combinations. Opposites do attract, and the attraction lasts when the differences between two people can be made to work for them both. Then, too, there are a couple of sentiments that Howard and Ida share—their attachments to their families, for one thing, their love of homelife.

Ida's an executive when she has to be, hard-boiled as they come. But when she doesn't have to be, she likes to relax. Howard's tired of the bright spots. When he walks into a nightclub, the music hits him, the hatcheck girl goes coy, and the smoke gets in his eyes. He'd rather be home. Often now, on Sunday evenings, Ida, Howard and both their mothers gather in a living room to watch television or to talk.

This would probably surprise a few people. "How do they get Ida to sit still?"

they might wonder. They might be even more flabbergasted by this story:

One night Howard went over to Ida's house to pick her up, and Ida's mother answered the door. He followed her into the living room where several of Mrs. Lupino's friends were sitting around, talking. Howard joined them for a while, but he kept looking toward the door.

"Do you think Ida's ready yet?" he finally asked her mother.

"Oh, Ida's in the kitchen, Howard."

"Cook's night out?" he laughed.

"Well, yes. That's it exactly . . . go in, and see for yourself."

He went in, and saw for himself. There was his "date" up to her knees in pie crust, her face smeared with flour.

"That you, Ida?" he said, amazed, and for once, almost lost his balance on the kitchen stool.

"I'll be with you in a second," she grinned, filling the pie crust with beefsteak and kidneys. "The cook walked out," she

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One day when I still was a WASP pilot, I was checking the weather for a proposed flight from Dallas to El Paso. The weather officer was briefing me with all known information on clouds, winds, and



icing to be expected along the route. I'd been paying no attention to the Navy officer standing beside me, when suddenly he asked, "Think you can make it?" Suspecting the usual ribbing Army pilots get from the Navy, I was about to make a snappy remark when I looked up and recognized Lt. Robert Taylor. He'd simply been asking because he expected to fly the same route.

Virginia L. Sweet
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said briskly, as if every time a cook walked out, Ida walked in.

"Guess you'll do," said Howard.

"Do for what?"

"Do for me . . ."

ANOTHER thing. Every Sunday night at five, Ida, who likes mysteries the way kids take to spinach, turns on the radio, and listens to detective "Sam Spade," alias Howard Duff. No one can speak to her; no one can touch the dial, until "Sam" signs off with the words "Goodnight, sweetheart."

What are the gossips waiting for? Here's a natural. It's simple, really. They're a pair who like being together. They always have a hundred things to talk about; they respect each other. He makes her calm, she teaches him how to lose his temper. He's becoming an extrovert, she's becoming intense. Does that sound like an impossible affair?

"My Ida seems very taken with Howard," her mother will tell you if you ask her. "We're all crazy about him."

That about sums it up. The clues are all here, maybe "Sam Spade" could tell you the end. Maybe it'll be a happy ending. Anyway, after Ida finishes *Mother Of A Champion*, she's going to England to visit some relatives. If Howard follows her there, the romance would seem too obvious to deny. It's too obvious even now, because no matter how you look at it, the picture comes out love. THE END

(Continued from page 35) experiencing their lives through constant association. I had mainly just been hearing about them, and my motherhood had been so distant as to be a guardianship, perhaps, but certainly not the warm, intimate relationship it should be.

Because of our studio commitments, Jess and I had to keep on working, so we couldn't change our mode of life too drastically. But I know now that with the next baby I'm going to take a year off and live my motherhood completely. My mistake was trying to do it second-hand. It just can't be done that way. Even then, though we still kept a nurse, we would bring the babies in with us more and more and try to live our lives all together. It gave me a chance to do something for them, but, more than this, it gave them a chance to do something for me. I don't know how they did it, these two, tiny beings who just looked up and smiled at me, but the wonder is they did.

THEY taught me to look at the world with more faith. If I came home discouraged, disappointed with humanity in general, perhaps, as can happen these days, I needed only one glance from their unworried, confident little eyes to wash out my doubts. They gave me courage. At first I was afraid to touch them, to bathe them, for instance, for fear I would do something wrong. They weren't fearful. They accepted my awkwardness, any sort of slip-up, with complete relaxation and indifference, seeming to say that they knew I would learn and come through, and I did.

They gave me a sense of responsibility I never had before. With every little gurgle or coo they seemed to tell me that they were very well pleased with their mother, very sure that she knew what she was doing, and what else was there left for me but to live up to their expectations?

The twins did more than this. Even before they could talk they enriched my life with little compliments. At first, when friends visited us and the babies were brought in, I was sometimes hurt because both Greg and Timothy would turn away from me when I held them and want to go back to their nurse. But afterward, when the new family deal started working, it was different. The moment they were carried into the room there would be a reaching out of hands and an eager feet-kicking in their frantic efforts to get to me. They made me feel as if I was really something!

Today, as five year olds, they run to me. And that isn't all. They can talk and they make comments. Need I explain the kick I get when Gregory burst out, "Gee, mother, you look nice in that dress!" or to overhear Timothy bragging to his friends that his mom is the most beautiful "lady-mother" in the whole world? (He may be wrong, but if that's the way I look to him I feel like the most beautiful lady-mother in the world and that's all that counts.)

YET the story of what our children have done for Jess and me doesn't stop there. Jess and I were both actors when we married and we were actors after we were married. There is always a sense of professional rivalry between actors, and I might as well say right now that there was such a rivalry between Jess and me. We didn't actually vie with each other, but it was there, and it caused trouble.

With the coming of the boys, however, that rivalry began to lose its importance. We were also parents and there was something else to think about. If Gregory wasn't eating well (as he didn't for the first month of his life) that took precedence

over our individual careers. If Timothy seemed to be acting listless, as if an illness was coming on, we found it difficult to get het up about this or that movie role. And more important than that, when we quarreled, as all young couples must, the character of our arguments changed after the boys were with us. We had to consider them, and they didn't have to be present to make themselves felt. To be frank—Jess and I have gotten over many a difficulty we might not have gotten over if it hadn't been for the children. And we're both thankful to them.

I remember the time before the boys came, that I lost out on a good starring role. The studio concerned had actually okayed the loan-out deal necessary (it was an independent picture) and all the papers were signed, when the producer made a last minute switch and asked to be let out of his agreement. The studio agreed, and my chance was gone. I was so sunk that there just seemed nothing left for me anymore.

That couldn't happen today. I don't mean that I won't again miss out on some picture I want, but it won't be such a knockout blow.

Today my happiness evolves from the family. If all are well there is little chance of any outside influence affecting me very deeply. I get my biggest kicks and sometimes my heartbreaks strictly at home. For instance, nothing can compare to the emotional runaround Gregory gave me when he was only four weeks old.

HE hadn't been eating well and one afternoon, while taking his bottle, suddenly lost his milk all over the place. It wasn't just the ordinary throwing up babies will do, it was an eruption so violent that I phoned the doctor immediately. When I described what had happened he came right over and in a few moments had diagnosed Gregory's condition as a muscular disarrangement at the entrance to the stomach. It had become acute and would make it practically impossible for him to eat anything more until it was surgically corrected.

Jess was on location. I reached him by telephone and told him what had happened. An hour later, we were at the Children's Hospital and the doctor was operating. Late that night I left Gregory at the hospital, and, although they said he was coming along fine, I was shot through with a thousand fears. The first thing I did when I got home was to go to the nursery to see Timothy. Imagine my shock when I saw only one crib, his crib, in the room. The nurse had put Gregory's crib out of the way in a closet. It was a shock I'll never get over, and I am sure the nurse won't forget what I said about it in a long, long time.

There have been times in my life when I waited anxiously for some turn of fortune to happen, a call from the studio, a chance at some picture, and I thought then that no strain could compare with this. But it was as nothing to the nine days that passed before we got Gregory back from the hospital, smiling and gurgling up at us as if nothing at all had happened, and as if he didn't have a scar on his tummy looking almost as long as he was. I learned something about joy and sorrow in that episode and nothing any producer or director or studio head can say will ever be able to compare in effect.

Jess and I figured out the other day that our conversations, between ourselves and even with friends, used to run 90 per cent shop talk, studio business and all that, and only ten per cent personal. Today it is 70 per cent family and only 30 per cent shop. This ought to indicate pretty well where our interests lie.

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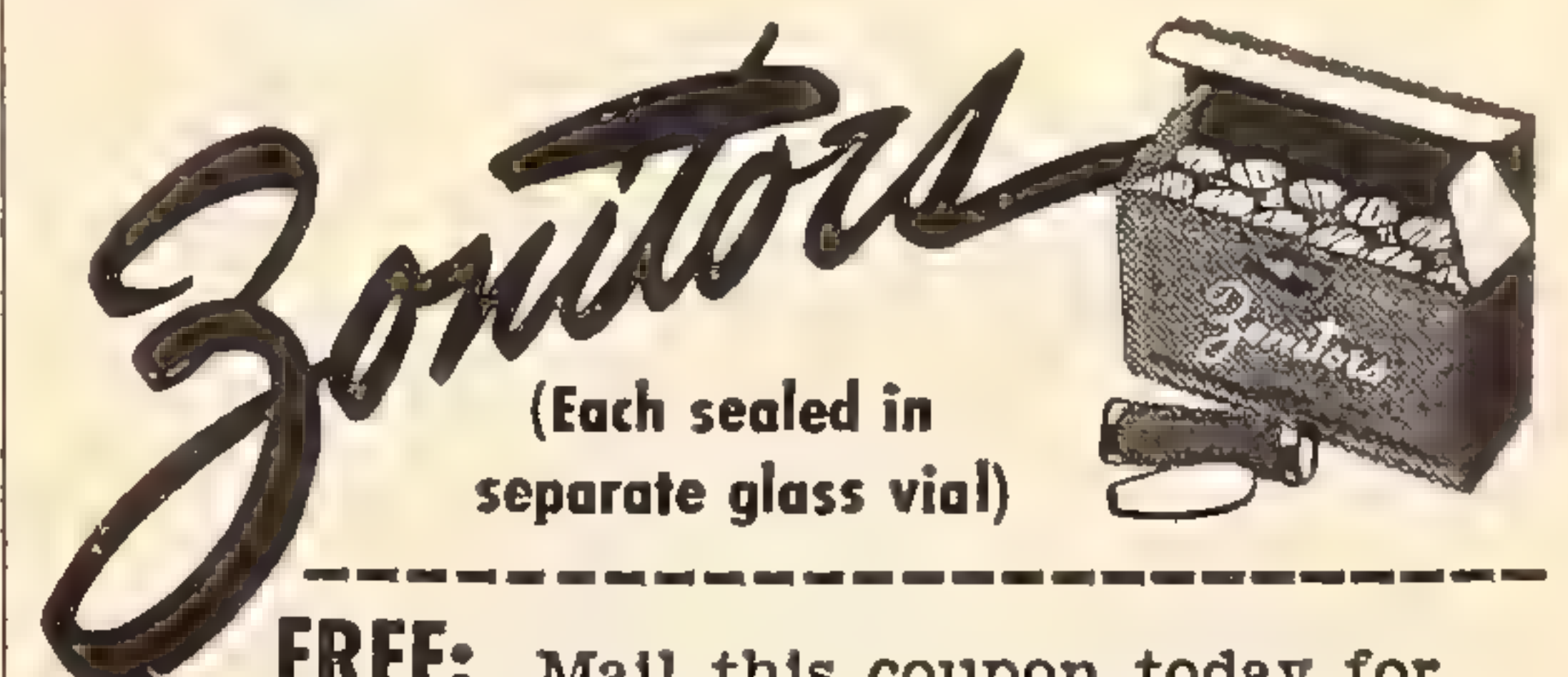
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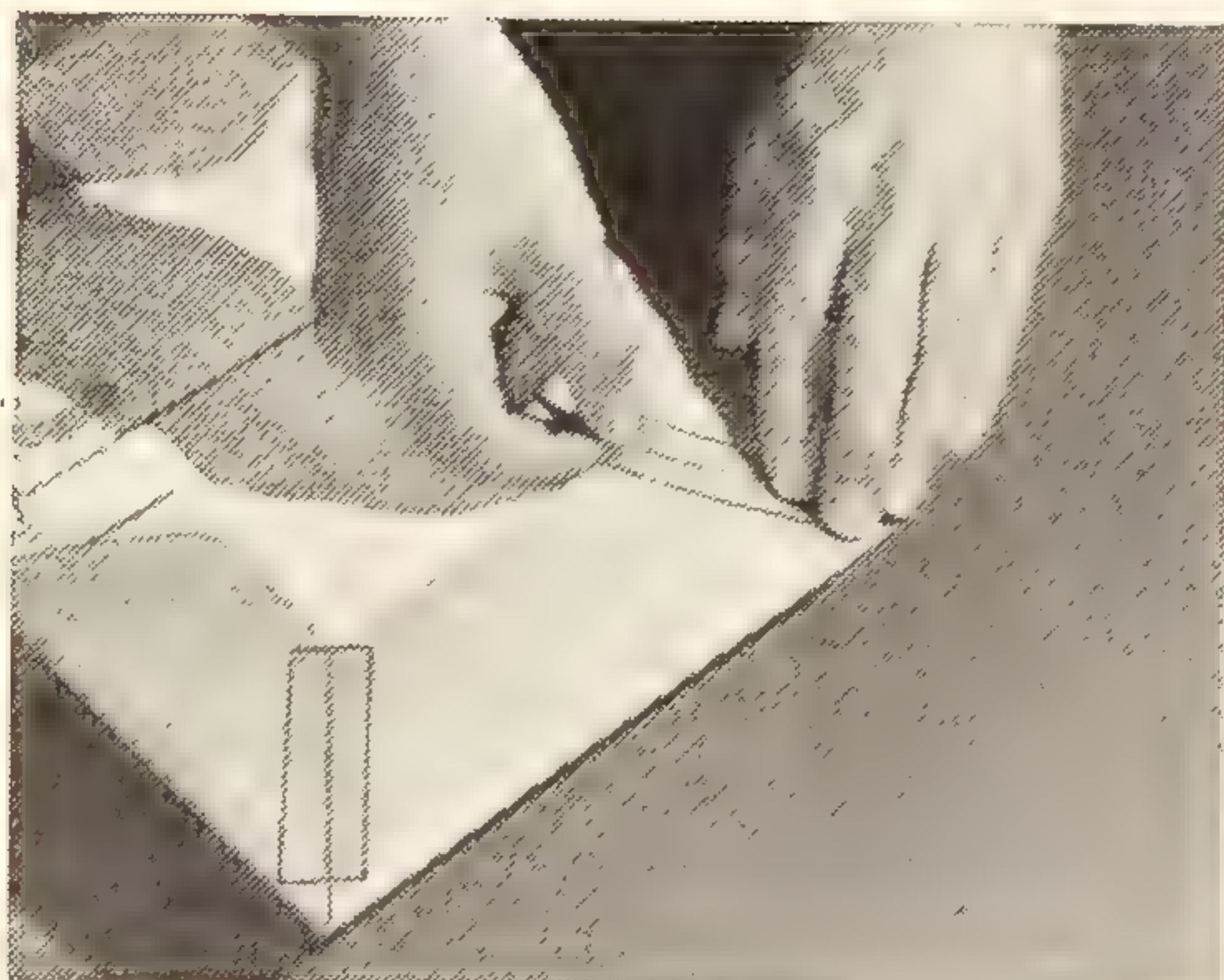
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I never cared too much about swimming. Today not going into the pool means missing a chance to frolic with the boys. I never knew what a circus was until I took Gregory and Timothy and saw it through their eyes. I had even forgotten what great fun just a picnic can be, until they recalled it all for me by their enjoyment of it. All the simple things of life that I never had time for I am now rediscovering, and enjoying it with them.

These days we no longer have a nurse for the boys. We have "young people" take care of them; a high school girl, perhaps, who can have fun with the boys as well as mind them. High school girls don't stick around too long. They go back to school when the summer is over, or they develop other interests, but we are satisfied to let them come and go. They come and go but the family stays. When we had a nurse it was the other way around. I would come and go and the nurse stayed. No wonder they turned to her and I felt like an outsider.

I'm an insider now in our organization. I am No. 2 boss and the actual, working mother. Jess is No. 1 boss and the actual, working father. We stick close to the home—we were never much on entertaining or going out anyway—and the home is the center of all our lives.

Not long ago Jess and I were congratulating ourselves on how we developed this setup. Timothy and Greg were playing around the yard, running up to show us things every once in a while. Jess turned to me after a while with a question.

"Did we work this out or was it worked out for us?" he wanted to know. And he looked toward the boys. I knew what he meant immediately. I knew he was thinking of a lot of times when we were close to stumbling, not too sure of the future... before the boys came. Now we are sure. We have something to be sure about. That's what our boys have done for us.

I didn't have to tell this to Jess. Jess was way ahead of me. I could tell by the answer in his eyes.

THE END

hollywood's draft status

(Continued from page 24) These men will be joined by the members of the Reserves who will train and teach them. Jimmy Stewart, a group commander in the Eighth Air Force in World War II, is one of the most active and well-equipped Reserve flying aces in the country, and if he isn't called up as yet, he undoubtedly will be.

Schuyler Dunning, husband of Celeste Holm, is another Air Forces Reserve specialist who expects an immediate recall to active status.

Practically the only actors who are "safe" and draft-proof are the ones who've hit 45 and aren't in the reserves. Walter Pidgeon, Spencer Tracy, Bill Powell, Cary Grant, Joe Cotten, and that group.

Others who were classified as 4F in the previous war may be classified 1A in this one. Gregory Peck, Fred MacMurray, Frank Sinatra, Van Johnson, and Monty Clift are just a few.

Several actors like Red Skelton, Alan



"Here I am again, Hank"

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Ladd, and Donald O'Connor were invalidated out of the last war, which means that they will probably be excluded from this one.

Occasionally, the public thinks that movie stars are fawned upon while in the service and given a lot of breaks that ordinarily soldiers don't get. Not true! If anything, the opposite is.

During World War II, Army non-coms and inept officers abused Red Skelton so consistently that many a night he bawled himself to sleep. They put him on latrine duty for months; they ordered him to do the dirtiest work; they made life miserable for him in an attempt to show that the Army played no favorites.

ONE time, Red, who has exceptionally healthy teeth, reported to the post dentist for a checkup. The captain's nurse remarked that she'd like to have a souvenir from the Hollywood star. In five minutes her boss yanked out one of Skelton's molars and had him autograph it for the dear girl!

Somehow, Red recovered the tooth. When he went on furlough, he took it to Dr. John Duzik, the young Beverly Hills dentist who was engaged to June Haver when he died. "Offhand," Duzik told Skelton, "this looks like a normally healthy tooth." Red was inconsolable. He wept for half an hour.

Victor Mature was another serviceman who had it rough. Mature was in the Coast Guard. One night while he was pulling shore duty, one of the braid asked him to open up about Rita Hayworth. At the time, Vic was very much in love with Rita and didn't particularly cherish the idea of making public the most private side of his life.

"Come on," urged the officer. "Let's have the lowdown on her. I hear tell she's real hot."

Mature drew back his right hand and let go with one short punch. A week later he was pulling Coast Guard duty on the high seas out of Iceland.

Turhan Bey, when he was going with Lana Turner, was drafted into the Army five or six years ago. He, too, was given a rough deal by stupid noncoms who wanted a complete briefing on his dates with the lovely Lana. After a while, he made up the most fantastic stories just to keep everyone amused.

Bill Holden, when he was stationed with the Air Forces in Texas, listened with great rapture while a fellow-officer conjured up the most incredible tales about Hollywood and its stars. When the officer began to regale everyone with stories of an actress, named Brenda Marshall, Holden got up and softly said, "That's just a lot of baloney."

"Who are you to say that?" demanded the lieutenant.

Holden smiled. "I just happen to be her husband."

you don't have to know the language

(Continued from page 63) in obvious distaste, and immediately steered her to a swank dressmaker, then to an equally elegant makeup expert. At the end of the week, Marta was taken back to La Guardia Field in order to "arrive" again for the benefit of the press.

She began to wonder if she had done the right thing in coming to America.

Marta's childhood was devoted to the classic dance for which she had exceptional talent, and which has given her today a fluid grace of movement. As a baby she had been unusually active and

GLENN Ford, ex-sergeant in the Marines, was worked as hard as any enlisted man in the corps. "He had to prove," an ex-buddy of his recently explained, "that he could take it whether he came from Hollywood or not." Ford lost 24 pounds as a leatherneck.

A few screen celebrities were handled with kid gloves in the service, but not many. Mickey Rooney, who married an Alabama girl, Betty Jane Rase, while in training down there, allegedly promised his topkick that he could manage him when the war was over. When this deal failed to materialize, the sergeant filed suit against Mickey.

Bob Mitchum worked in an aircraft plant for eighteen months and wasn't drafted until World War II was over.

With one or two exceptions, Hollywood's actors in the last war took whatever was coming without fear or flinching. They sought no favors and asked only to do their duty.

Most of them volunteered and weren't drafted. Undoubtedly, they and their successors will act the same way in this war.

What worries the studios is that many an actress will insist upon joining her husband if he is sent to a training camp.

Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Powell, and Esther Williams will all move to nearby communities if their husbands are called into the service. Naturally enough, they want to spend as much time with their men as possible.

JEANNE Crain, Betsy Kelly, Gloria Stewart, and Elizabeth Dailey say they will do the same thing. In the last war, Elizabeth spent as much time with Dan Dailey at various training camps as she possibly could. She even took a job in a cavalry post.

Betsy Kelly stayed in Washington with Gene when he was sent there, and Georgia Skelton spent every spare minute that the authorities would permit with Red at Camp Roberts.

The present war is too young to have altered the face of Hollywood, but if it continues for a year or two, it not only will drain the available manhood out of the film colony, but it will transform this community into one of the most "blackened out" ones in America. For this is not only the home of motion pictures, it is the greatest airplane construction center in the world.

Plans for the reopening of the world-famous Hollywood Canteen have already been made, and the camouflage paints and nets have already been taken out of store rooms.

Like the rest of the nation, Hollywood is girding for war. And one official at 20th Century-Fox has reached this dismal conclusion: "If the war lasts more than two years," he says, "practically every actor in Hollywood will see active duty."

THE END

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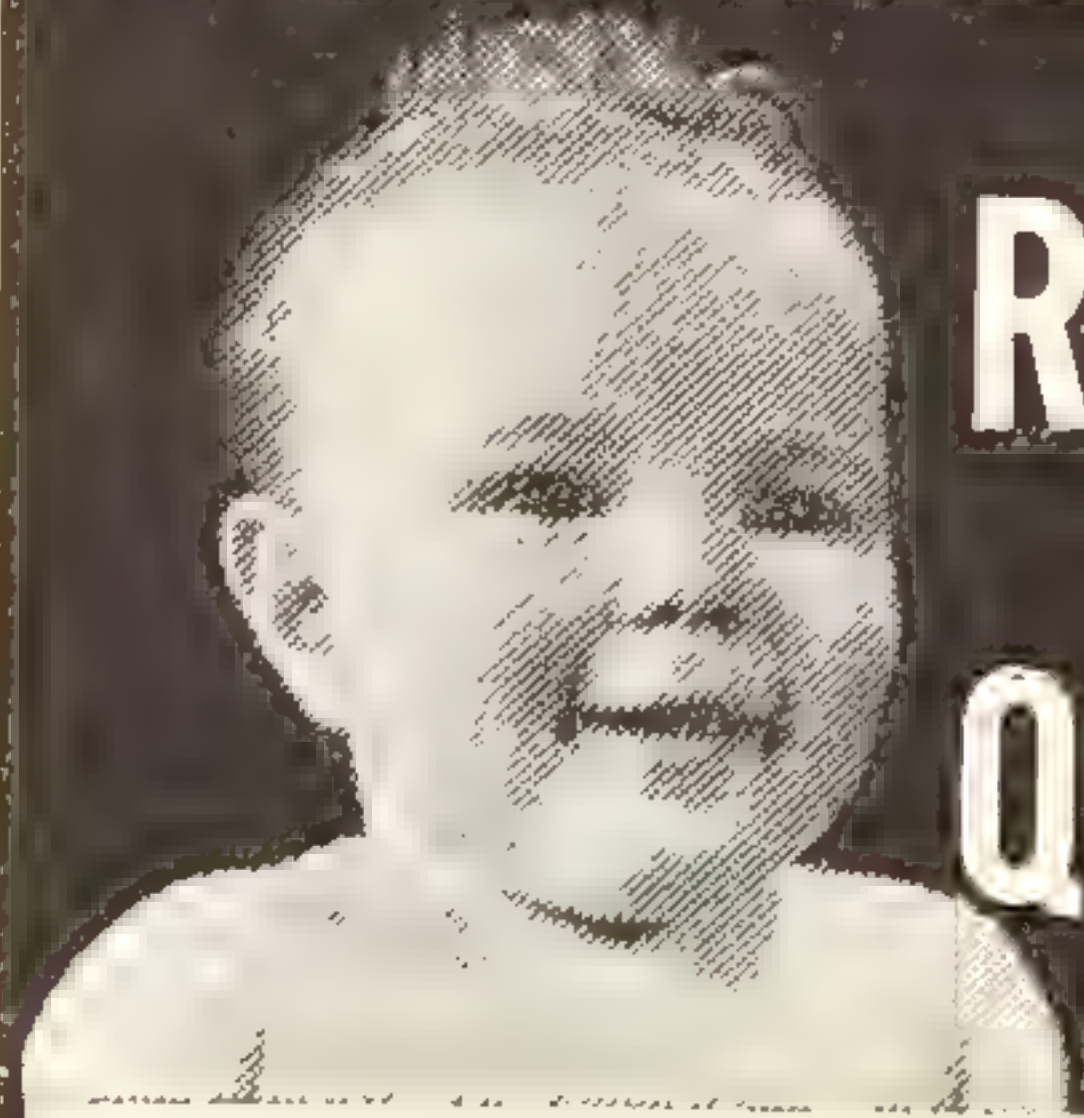
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with her head down, and by the time she had straightened and was facing the class, she had achieved self-confidence.

When Marta was thirteen, Vera Alexandrova married and went to Poland to live, but before leaving she told Marta's parents that the child had great talent and should one day be an actress. Marta stopped her dancing lessons, and after finishing her required education, held a job in the Swedish War Office, but she was unable to forget her teacher's advice and the idea of acting excited her.

So it was that when the Royal Dramatic Academy of Sweden announced a few openings for new members, Marta Toren was one of the 112 applicants. Only four boys and four girls were chosen. Marta was among them.

Marta had been working for some months when an American screen writer arrived at the Academy. For his own amusement, he wanted to look over the school's students, remembering that Garbo, Hasso and Bergman had all studied there. He was unimpressed with the classes he saw, but finally he met Marta.

"Can you speak English?" he asked.

"Ja," said Marta.

He pulled a letter from his pocket which he had recently received from America and asked her to read it aloud. Marta stumbled through it, but because of her face and figure, the writer would have been impressed even had she been unable to read her own language. Out of his own funds he paid for a screen test to be made, and sent it back to Hollywood. Automatically, he changed from writer to agent when the Universal-International studio cabled him to sign Marta Toren.

Marta didn't jump at the chance. Such a decision would require leaving her country, her home and her family. It was three months before she decided that she must take the chance. If she stayed in Sweden she would undoubtedly have a successful stage career, but the lure of the United States was strong, and she knew that if she turned it down she would wonder all her life what she had missed.

HAVING arrived in New York she was amazed at the American way, or rather the Hollywood way, of doing things. She was steered by her chaperone to all the so-called right places, where she would be seen and photographed. She was highly embarrassed by this procedure, but even more upset over the fact that she was not allowed to taste a banana split. A Swedish friend had been to America years ago and had brought home a glowing report of the concoction.

"Honey," said her protector, "you just can't go into a drug store and sit at a counter. You simply can't."

"Why not?" Marta wanted to know, and the reason given confused her. It seemed that she was to be seen only at "21," the Waldorf-Astoria and the Stork Club.

"But that is not me," protested Marta. "I want to see what an American drug-store is like, and I want a banana split."

"Nothing doing," came the answer.

One day when no one was looking, Marta stole down the hall of the hotel, into the elevator and then across the street to a drugstore. She had her banana split and she loved it. Almost better than that, she liked the young clerk who slid the dish across the counter to her.

"Here y'are, sweetheart," he said.

Marta beamed and retorted with what she considered to be the height of American slang. "You bet!" she said.

IT made her day brighter, that excursion. For the first time since her arrival she had a taste of freedom and a chance to be herself, and from then on she balked at every effort made to change her into

a stereotyped Hollywood personality. "If you want bathing beauties," she told her new bosses, "you have them around the corner. If you wanted me for what I was in Sweden, please let me stay that way."

There have been many lessons for her to learn. In Sweden, people do not speak to strangers until they are properly introduced, and so it was that in the early days in Hollywood Marta made herself a reputation on the set of being haughty and aloof. Once she learned that she was expected to smile and speak to them first, she was charmed with the idea.

The day she was introduced by her agent to the late Sam Wood, she bowed her head and curtsied. Afterward her agent exploded. "Good Lord!" he said. "You're a grown woman! You don't curtsy now!"

"But Mr. Wood is a director."

"That doesn't make him any different from anyone else," said her agent, and Marta accepted this new idea.

To date Marta has appeared in seven movies (her latest is *Spy Hunt*), all of them the cloak-and-dagger type, and her roles have required that she play the heavy-lidded fly in the international ointment. This isn't Marta Toren. Her ideal role would be a modern "Camille," or sophisticated comedy. She'd like to try both, and in these roles audiences would see the real Marta for the first time. As Marta says, "I can do none of the things like Betty Grable. I cannot dance or sing, so the only thing I can do is talk." And after she has talked, especially to her fans, they tell her that she isn't the femme fatale they had expected, but a really warm and delightful person.

NOW that she has mastered the English language (and amazingly well in three years) and learned the technique required in motion pictures, she has a future planned. She wants to marry and have children, but she hopes they will understand her urge to act because she knows that if they don't, her frustration will bounce back at their innocent heads. "If they let me do what I must do, it could be that I would enjoy the cooking."

During her first months in America, Marta felt divided in loyalty. Although she had fallen in love with the United States, she still felt the tug of her own land, and wasn't certain she wanted to stay here. Her first trip back to Sweden settled her mind immediately. It was good to see family and old friends once more, and most of all her nephew Dag, who returns her adoration. He slipped past the policemen at the dock and threw himself into her arms. But things in Sweden didn't seem the same, and Marta learned the new truth of the saying, "You can't go home again."

On her return she rented a house in Beverly Hills and filled it with the gay color that is so dear to her Swedish heart. There are Swedish books on the shelves, but Marta seldom reads them these days. She reads English much faster. She thinks, and even dreams in English, so it would seem that there is no longer a question in her mind as to where she belongs. She is studying now to obtain her American citizenship. "I live here. I eat here. I use the highways. It is my home," she says.

THE END

Paid Notice

**Are You As Popular
As You Should Be?**

SEE PAGE 16

sex or babies

(Continued from page 33) wouldn't seem glamorous enough to many movie-goers if they weren't able to convince themselves that the stars, even the married ones, have nothing on their minds but pleasure. They like to think that Shelley Winters chases after men in a Cadillac convertible, that Joan Crawford falls in love every Tuesday, that Farley Granger keeps buying and returning engagement rings. Most of all, the public likes to delude itself into thinking that movie stars get married not because of their desires for family and contentment, but because they are too passionate to remain single long, and are anxious to legalize their love-making.

EVERY marriage authority in the world agrees that sex is the dominant motive which brings men and women together, but to suppose that sex is the only thing movie stars care about when they get married is to overlook the truth.

It may surprise doubting Thomases, but there are only a handful of childless movie stars. Greer Garson, Claudette Colbert, Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, Clark Gable and Gene Autry, are among the few top-flight stars who've been married but, to their sadness, have no children.

What better answer to the question of sex or babies can there possibly be than this: In the past few months, June Allyson, Esther Williams, Jean Hagen, Cyd Charisse, Lana Turner, Jeanne Crain and Mrs. Ezio Pinza have all announced their impending motherhood.

A theory was once held in Hollywood that an actress was not good box-office if she was a mother. Every time a movie star or an actor's wife gave birth to a child the news was hushed up.

When Jennifer Jones arrived in the screen colony, few people knew that she was married to a boy named Robert Walker, and had two sons. It was felt that an announcement of this sort would detract from her allure.

A little over a decade ago, when Ingrid Bergman landed in New York, publicity men again failed to mention that she was a mother.

When Gary Cooper's wife gave birth to her daughter, when Alida Valli had her second child, when Irene Dunne presented her dentist-husband with Mary Francis—the news was classified as top secret.

"You see," a veteran publicity man explained, "you can't let the public realize that movie stars are just like other human beings. To begin with, they're not. You know that. They're prettier; they're handsomer; they have more money, more clothes, more talent. If you let the public know that Betty Grable has babies just like any other married woman, do you think ten thousand G.I.'s in the Pacific are going to write in for her picture?"

"Do you think they will?" the publicity man was asked.

He scratched his head. "Personally," he said, "I think so. Only some producers don't. Take David Selznick. He likes to give all his stars the glamor build-up. He couldn't even call Alida Valli by her full name. He had to have her called Valli.

"Nowadays, things are changing, but for years, the producers kept asking, 'Who's going to go to a movie to see a dame who has three kids?'"

THE fact that Betty Grable became ten times more popular after she had children, and that the most popular actresses at the box-office today are mothers, has done much to change the producers' attitude.

Jeanne Crain says that each time she gives birth to a child, her career improves. "I get better roles," she explains. "After I had my first baby the studio starred me in *Apartment for Peggy*, and *A Letter To Three Wives*. After my second son, Michael, was born, they put me in *Pinky*. Who knows? After this one, I may get the best part of my career."

Jeanne didn't wait for the studio's go-ahead to become pregnant for the third time. She took the production staff at 20th Century-Fox by surprise. She'd been scheduled to go to Georgia on location for *I'd Climb the Highest Mountain*, when she announced her news. Fortunately, Susan Hayward, another mother, agreed to substitute for her.

June Allyson, too, didn't let her career stand in the way of motherhood. After six years of marriage, she was on the verge of adopting a second child when she discovered that an adoption would be unnecessary. She notified the studio, was taken out of *Royal Wedding*, and went home to enjoy her condition. Judy Garland was given the part, but got a suspension, and Jane Powell stepped in. For a while it was thought that she, too, had become a member of the Metro Stork Club, but that turned out to be a false alarm.

"Next time," Jane says, "I hope it's the real thing." Jane's hoping so hard that she and her husband Geary Steffen have just added a nursery to their home.

Almost every newly-married couple in Hollywood wants a family. Elizabeth Taylor says that a family and a happy marriage mean more to her than her career. "If my career ever interferes with Nicky and me, out it goes."

"The sooner I have children," Jane Russell (Mrs. Bob Waterfield) says, "the better I'll like it."

These youngsters know what Hollywood couples and couples everywhere found out long ago—those marriages which have the most children usually last the longest. Protecting one's marriage doesn't fit in with the myth about Hollywood stars, but here are some more facts that destroy the myth:

MAUREEN O'Sullivan, married since 1937, has six children, as does Don Ameche, married since 1932.

Steve McNally, married in 1940, has five offspring. Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Teresa Wright, Pat O'Brien, John Wayne, Alan Ladd, and Joan Bennett (who's a grandma, too) have four children each.

Fred Astaire, Bill Holden, Gregory Peck, Burt Lancaster, Loretta Young and a host of others have three children each.

If anyone still thinks that motherhood deprives a girl of her sex appeal, just look at Hayworth, Bergman and Turner. These three hold their own against any unwed siren you'd care to mention.

Early in the game, when producers were outspokenly opposed to hiring mothers, actresses like Mrs. Spencer Tracy, (Louise Treadwell), and Mrs. Bing Crosby, (Dixie Lee), who disagreed with them, retired from acting and began raising families.

Others like Joan Crawford and Eve Arden compromised by adopting babies.

In time, the box office receipts proved that marriage and families made no difference to movie-goers and the stars began marrying without consulting studios. They began having children, as many as they wanted.

These stars realized that they were confronted during the course of their careers with many sexual temptations. They felt strongly that family ties would keep them settled, responsible, and capable of resisting temptation.

Given the choice of sex or babies, Hollywood's stars have for the most part

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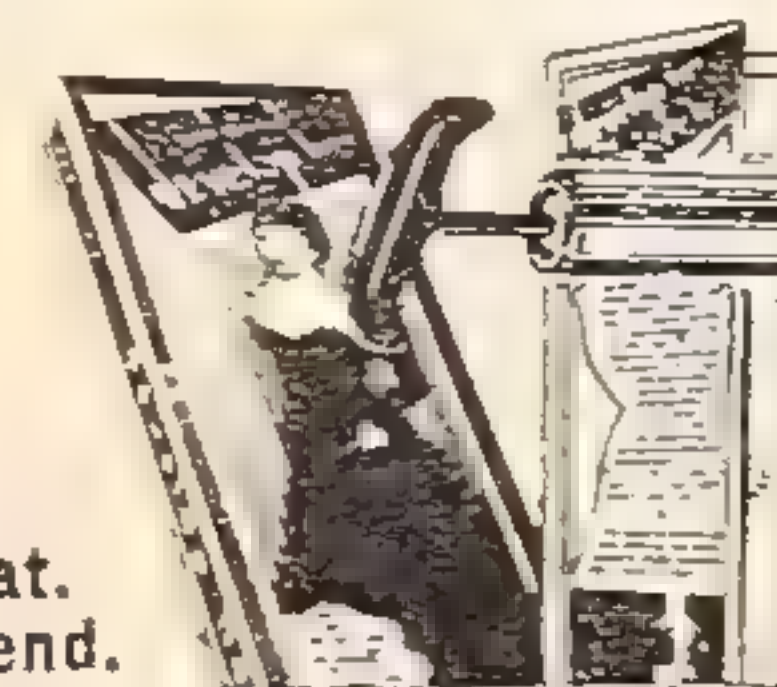
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in the depths of Africa***

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The Story of the MGM picture

With only two men to help her, Elisabeth Curtis begins a strange journey into the forbidden wilderness of Africa. Her destination is Watusi-land where she hopes to find her husband who has vanished into the unknown interior of the Dark Continent. The small group fights its way through jungle and desert to reach the land of the Watusi, Africa's fabulous diamond country. But only undreamed of horror and death incarnate face them at the end of their journey.



I SAW IT HAPPEN

My girlfriend and I were sitting in the Oval Room of the Copley-Plaza Hotel in Boston, watching Vic Damone sing. We'd saved up our money especially to see him that night and had to take the bus back



to Hartford the same evening. We told this to the waiter, so you can imagine our thrill when Vic himself came over to our table to talk to us. Just as the waiter brought us our check, someone picked it up and signed it, saying, "I'll take care of this." It was Vic! Two extremely happy girls went back to Hartford that night—Vic Damone fans for life.

Dorothy Sattin
Hartford, Connecticut

chosen babies. It may sound trite, but screen celebrities love to live normal lives. The theory that actresses are too career-minded to be normally maternal is completely false.

No girl, for example, has been more career-minded than Olivia DeHavilland, and yet when she became pregnant, she remained in bed seven months rather than take the chance of losing her child. Now her happiness as a mother is greater than her thrill at being an Oscar-winner ever was.

Georgia Skelton, Red's wife and an actress in her own right, did the very same thing before the birth of her child.

Betty Hutton epitomized Hollywood's sentiment about babies when she said recently, "I didn't know how good and full life could be until I had my children."

THIS is not to say that all life in Hollywood is idyllic. There are childless couples, and Hollywood does have its sinners, but they are in the minority.

Frances Farmer, one of the most beautiful and promising actresses the community has ever known, wound up a series of love affairs by taking overdoses of alcohol and benzedrine and ended up a patient in an asylum.

Carole Landis, hopelessly in love, committed suicide because she couldn't marry the married man she loved.

Lupe Velez, the gay, carefree Mexican spitfire, burst on Hollywood like a bombshell and died almost as suddenly. The darling of many local Lotharios, her list of conquests were the envy of every playgirl in town. But eventually, passion undid her. She conceived a child out of wedlock, and swallowed fifty-five sleeping pills to forget about it.

Madge Meredith, the beautiful wide-eyed country girl from Iowa who wanted so hard to become a movie star, got herself involved and convicted with a bunch of kidnapping thugs who beat up her manager, Nick Gianacis. Today, Madge works in the Tehachapi prison for women, sentenced to a five-years to life term, forgotten by all but a few.

Jean Wallace, after making a failure of her marriage to Franchot Tone, tried to stab herself to death. Luckily, she recovered.

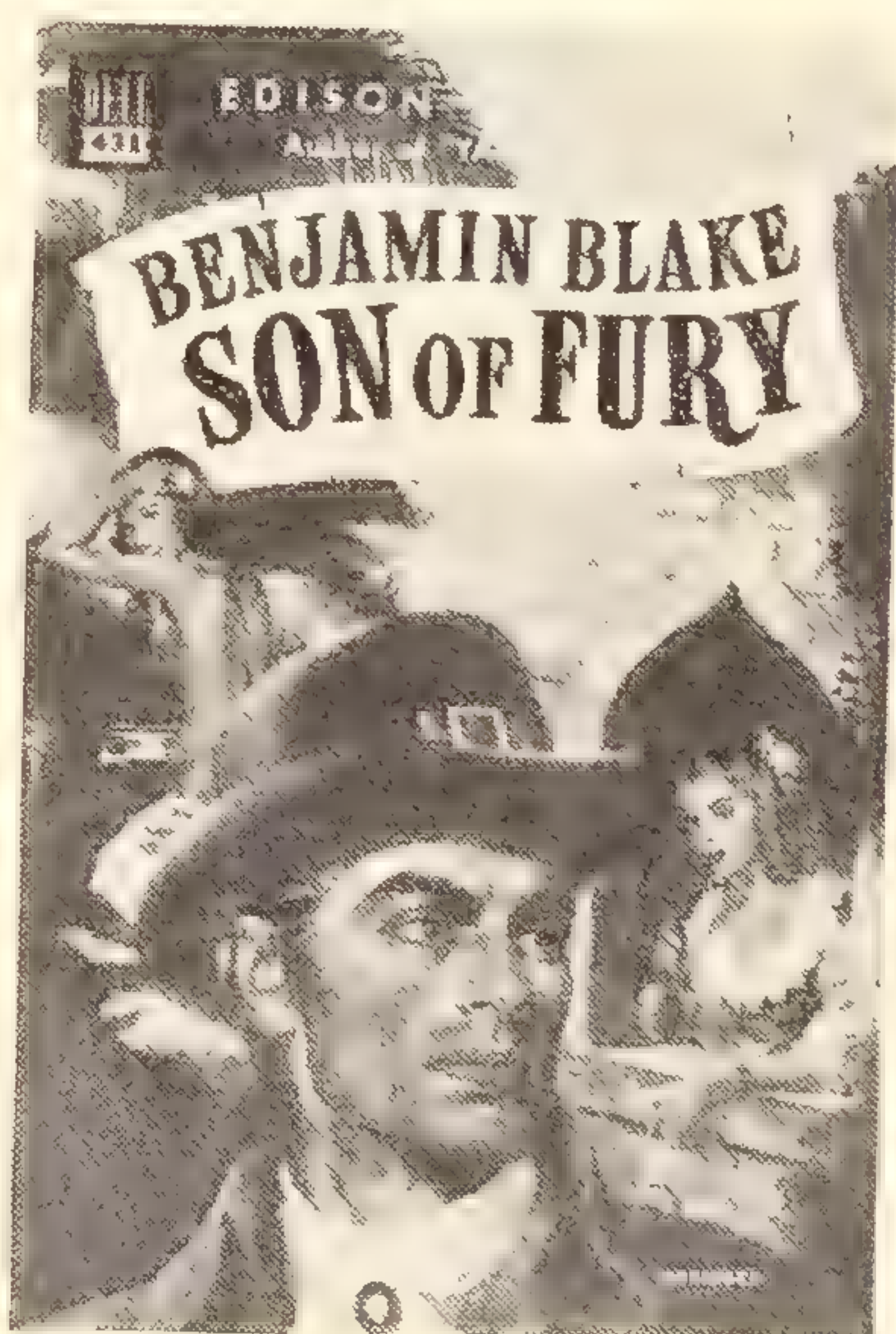
The list of moral transgressors in any community is long but so is the list of healthy, happy families. Hollywood ranks high on the latter list. Its citizens know that babies are the nicest people, and they are as welcome in this town as anywhere else on earth.

THE END

***He lived for one thing only—
Vengeance!***


BENJAMIN BLAKE—SON OF FURY

by Edison Marshall



Benjamin Blake must bow his back to the new squire of Breetholm, cruel treacherous Arthur, his father's brother. With lash and fist Arthur teaches Ben the bitter lesson of humility. Ben escapes from Breetholm and journeys to the south seas, vowing to return someday. The balmy tropics and beautiful island maidens almost make him forget his uncle. But the spell of the tropics fail to dim his memory of past suffering. In a quest for vengeance Ben sets out for Breetholm to destroy the thing he hates most—his uncle.

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ava, the talk of the town

(Continued from page 29) affair.

"I don't like it," said one executive. "It comes too close after the Bergman scandal. It's no good for the industry. I wish that girl were back in the United States. It's easier to keep an eye on them here. This thing is no good for the industry."

The other executive shrugged his shoulders. "I don't think there's anything to do," he said. "Sinatra is no longer under contract to Metro. He's legally separated from his wife. Ava is legally divorced. Who wants to stand in the way of love? Love, you know, can be very big at the box office."

All of this is typical of the discussions going on in Hollywood about the famous romance. While it was reaching its height, Frank and Ava were in London, sitting together in a Bray-on-Thames restaurant, making small talk, trying to ignore the fact that they were the object of all eyes, trying to answer the question of why the world would not let lovers alone.

There are many who say that Ava is making a fool of herself, that Frank is constitutionally incapable of sustained devotion, that this is merely an infatuation which will wear itself out and fade into memories.

The people who think this way are doing Ava a great injustice. They make her out to be a silly, naive little girl. Ava is nothing of the sort. No one can be married to Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw, and date dozens of other men, and still be considered naive. Nor does Ava suffer from an inferiority complex as is widely believed. The only thing inferior about Ava is her lack of formal education. And she learned years ago, that a beautiful body and a beautiful face more than compensate for these inadequacies where men are concerned.

This was brought home most sharply to her when she was married to Artie Shaw. Artie was always begging her to improve her mind. He sent her to college to take courses in English literature. He insisted that she spend all her spare time reading worthwhile books.

Once when they were staying in New York, Ava went out and bought a copy of "Forever Amber," by Kathleen Winsor. Shaw, according to the tale, blew his top. "Cripes!" he exclaimed, "how can you read such unadulterated trash? This is pure rubbish."



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ What's next for Dorothy Lamour? Her romance with Greg Bautzer has been leaping and bounding along the paradise trail, with Dotty confessing that "I have never before known such joy." Now, it seems, her joy may be due for a jolt. Lana Turner, her deadliest opponent for Greg's affections, is on the loose again. The fur hasn't begun to fly yet, but Hollywood anticipates a beautiful scrap while Barrister Bautzer squirms.—October, 1940, *Modern Screen*.

A few months later, Artie divorced Ava and married Kathleen Winsor.

NOBODY knows better than Ava what counts in this world. Anyone who has spent any time at all with her can testify to that. Ask Mickey or Shaw or Vic Damone or Howard Duff. They'll tell you.

Before she started going with Frank, Ava knew all about him, and knowing about him, she declined to accept his company. Having been married twice before, Ava has always made it a point to refuse dates with married men. Sinatra was no exception to this rule.

He became an exception, however, when he let Ava understand one evening that all was not honey between him and Nancy, and that to all intents and purposes, they had come to the parting of the ways.

No one can ever point the accusative finger at Ava and say, "That woman was responsible for destroying a marriage."

Sinatra's domestic discord can be attributed only to him and Nancy.

The public doesn't know this, however, and that's why they feel so strongly that Ava should not be permitted to love him.

The fact of the matter is that Frank's relationship with Nancy is merely a legal fiction. On September eighth, Frank is scheduled to appear in court and resolve once and for all the financial settlement due Nancy and the three children.

Frank's income for the past ten years has approximated some \$10,000,000. He no longer has a motion picture contract (his old one paid him \$5,000 a week), his records are no longer best-sellers, sheet music sales are away down, his future television show may or may not be any good. He's never going to be the popular bobby-sox idol he once was. In short, Frank has had it.

All this means that, in Frankie, Ava has a man who is past his professional prime. If Ava wants him under the present circumstances, surely she must be in love with him. "I can't go around screaming I'm in love with somebody who isn't even divorced," she says. "I think Frank is a wonderful person and if I were in love with anybody, it'd be him."

You can read between those lines quite easily. Ava's in love, all right. She has risked her career for him, and Frank has done the same for her.

When he bowled them over at the Palladium in London, Ava was in the third row center, applauding. When Frank was singing at The Shamrock in Houston, Texas, Ava was at a ringside table, applauding. When Frank was booked into the Copacabana in New York, Ava was on hand for the opening week.

These two have been following each other all over the world. Los Angeles, New York, Houston, Miami, Spain, Paris, London.

They're in love. They must be in love—and somehow the world frowns upon them. "Frank will never marry her," people say. "Surely, she must know it."

But Ava doesn't know it. She is certain that Frank will find some way to get a divorce. She is sure that somehow, sometime she will wind up being Mrs. Frank Sinatra.

She will confide her hopes to no one, not even to her sister Beatrice, who doubles as her chaperone, but her thinking is as visible as the top line of an optometrist's chart.

Just look: Frank has been incredibly resourceful, to date. He shortened his personal appearance engagement at the Copacabana because of a bad throat, and flew to Ava in Spain. He got out of his booking at the Chez Paris in Chicago. He had his business manager, "Blubber"

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Burns, and his agent set up a booking at the Palladium in London exactly when Ava would be there. In order to time things so that he might enjoy Ava's companionship, he even renounced his contract with MGM.

In a sentence, Frank has built his professional life these past six months around Ava Gardner. She's been the motivation behind all the moves in his public and private life.

He's worked things out beautifully. Why shouldn't he be able to work his way into a marriage with Ava?

Ava's smart enough to realize that love has a way of conquering all obstacles. Dick Haymes got out of his marriage. Nora Flynn got out of hers. Harry James secured a divorce and married Betty Grable when a divorce seemed almost hopeless. It happens. Who is there to say

that eventually, Frank won't maneuver himself into freedom? Who is there to say that when the great moment arrives, he won't make Ava his wife?

A few months ago you could have gotten odds of fifty to one that the Sinatra-Gardner entente would be nothing more than a fast fling.

Nowadays, people aren't so sure. There's a lot of talk that Metro will buy up Ava's contract, that the studio disapproves of her friendship with Frank. Nothing official. But Ava might very well find herself washed up in Hollywood—at least for a while.

Still she continues to see Frank, for like all women who have had successful careers, Ava has reached the inevitable conclusion—a career is a very wonderful achievement, only you can never get it to propose.

THE END

june allyson

(Continued from page 35) thud. "You're sure?" she said. "You're not teasing me?"

"I think you can depend on it," he said.

June's whoop brought the whole household running to her—Dick, Olie the nurse, Marian the cook, Frank the house man, and finally the small Pam, who had tangled in the hall with Pat the poodle.

June beamed at them all. "Guess what?" she said.

There was no mistaking the pure delight in her face, and they in turn all wore the same expression of disbelief.

"Not—" said Marian.

"Holy Hannah!" said Olie.

"Open some champagne!" shouted Dick, and he took June in his arms.

It was quite an afternoon, and since then everyone in the house has been expending his energy trying to get Mrs. Powell to take her pills and/or a nap. Comes two o'clock of an afternoon and they suggest, simultaneously, that she lie down, but June, who is comprised mostly of energy, flatly refuses. One day Dick decided that drastic measures must be taken. He swooped her off her feet, carried her into the bedroom, deposited her on the bed, and gave strict orders that she was to stay there for the afternoon. She made a face at his retreating back, and began to twiddle her thumbs. In five minutes she was fast asleep, and woke up three hours later, feeling horrible, mad at the world, and sporting a violent headache. She burst from the room in a fury.

"See what happens when I take a nap!" she said to the house in general. It was her first and last nap.

Books on the subject of expectant motherhood have flooded the house. At the beginning June read every one of them right straight through, and none of them made much sense to her as they dealt with such far-off subjects as formulas and what to expect at the hospital. The only thing that made an impression on her was a list of symptoms which, if experienced, required a fast phone call to the doctor. She found that upon reading the list she immediately developed the symptoms, and so the books have been piled in a dark corner somewhere, a move which has been conducive to her peace of mind.

The doctor is of small help. He answers June's myriad questions with a shrug, a smile or a grunt, none of which tell her a thing. Each time she makes a complaint, her doctor smiles and says, "That's to be expected," and June feels that her individuality in this world is fading fast.

She feels blandly superior, however, to women who are not in her condition, and

when she goes shopping, moves among strangers like a queen. She is different, she is a real Woman, for the first time in her life, and she wants everyone to know it.

As for Dick, he is living in his own world of superiority. At home he is adoring and solicitous of June, keeping after her to sit down, slow down or lie down, but when he leaves the house he is a changed man. He carries his head higher and his chest grows visibly bigger—and he moves among strangers like a king.

One day he asked June how Herman was getting along.

"Herman?" said June. "Who's Herman?"

"Who else?" said Dick.

"Oh," said June, and the name has stuck. It isn't that Dick wants a boy in particular, but you can't go on calling a baby "it," and Herman seems to have solved the problem. As for June, she doesn't care whether the baby is a boy or a girl, but all the same she admits that pregnancy is the world's biggest suspense act. "It really teaches you patience," she says.

If theirs is a boy he will be named Scott, and if a girl, Allyson. June had chosen Pat for a girl, but succumbed to Dick's insistence on Allyson. He thinks Allyson Powell is a beautiful name and while June agrees with him on that score, she is positive and petrified that the little girl will be dubbed Alley by her friends. Whatever the baby's gender, it will have Edgar and Frances Bergen as godparents.

THE Powells had requested a baby boy from an adoption center, and the child was due to arrive shortly after June learned she was to have one of her own. The temptation was strong to keep silent about the news and take the baby boy regardless. But she finally told herself that it wasn't fair, that too many people are on waiting lists for children, and that to take the boy under the circumstances would be the height of selfishness. It's difficult for her now to put the baby boy out of her mind; she keeps wondering where he is and what his new parents will be like.

June is progressing in exactly the opposite way predicted by her doctor. He told her, as any obstetrician would, that she could expect to be nervous, irritable and subject to fits of depression. To the contrary June is calm as a millpond, more cheerful than ever, and is completely un-

Bill Dowdell, editor of the Rome Daily American, charges a fee to visitors who want to sit in Ty Power's chair, which he inherited after Ty finished Prince of Foxes in Italy.—Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter

disturbed even by the disappearance of the laundress, an event which at any other time would have brought on a stroke.

She has been instructed to drink quantities of milk, yet one small sip of it will send her bolting from the room. Her dream meal these days consists of Italian spaghetti with a side dish of pungent pickles, which is topped off by quarts of ice cream. June finds this repast leads to a night of heavenly sleep.

Like any woman pregnant for the first time, June is trying to rush the whole idea. She bought and wore her maternity clothes long before such apparel was necessary. As far back as last summer she was proudly tying her one hundred pounds into a pair of maternity blue jeans. Finding that these clothes were more than a little previous, she bought size 12 clothes instead of the usual 10, and to her dismay, discovered they had to be taken in to fit her.

Faced with a frightening array of pill bottles, June claims it is no wonder that pregnant women are supposed to look beautiful. "How can they help it?" she says, gulping more calcium. "They're forced to keep themselves in top physical condition. Me—I've got a 100% blood count, perfect blood pressure, and I've never felt better in my life."

It could be that most of her well being is due to her frame of mind, for she has never been so happy. She spends most of her days with Pamela, dreaming of the time when there'll be two small Powells instead of one. At first she wondered if she would feel any differently toward the adopted Pamela, but by now she knows there will be no difference. The only thing is that Pamela required no naps, or milk, or calcium pills, and beyond those small matters, it is as though Pamela were her very own child.

Recently, June met a woman who had gone through five months of pregnancy and was already bored with the project. "I'll be glad when this is over," the woman sighed, and June felt a sudden urge to turn on her heel and walk away.

"I don't understand that attitude," she says. "When you think of all the women in the world who want children, yet must remain childless, I think it's a sin for anyone to feel that way."

For herself, she feels only gratitude and an aching happiness. "It's what you're here for," she says. "I feel now that I've completed my life. It's the first time I've ever really felt important. And," she adds, "I hope I'm lucky enough to feel important like this two or three more times before I'm stowed away for good." THE END

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When fall starts creeping around the corner, we start feeling ambitious again—and it's a good bet that you do, too. But you don't need to waste a drop of energy earning yourself a dollar bill this way. All you have to do is fill out the questionnaire below and mail it to us as fast as you can get hold of a stamp. Just read all the stories in this issue, tell us which ones you liked best. We're giving away 100 one-dollar bills to the first 100 people we hear from, so don't wait!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our October issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews
- ☐ Unhappy Ending (Linda Darnell)
- ☐ Hollywood's Draft Status
- ☐ The Champ's in Love (Kirk Douglas)
- ☐ Ava, the Talk of the Town (Ava Gardner)
- ☐ Don't Call Me Mister (William Holden)
- ☐ Sex or Babies: Which Do the Stars Want? (Turner, Allyson, Crain)
- ☐ June Allyson
- ☐ Susan Hayward
- ☐ Hollywood's Youngest Generation (Hutton, Eddington, Allyson)
- ☐ A Baby for Liz? (Elizabeth Taylor)
- ☐ Esther Williams
- ☐ Linda Christian
- ☐ Open House, Open Hearts (Gene Kelly)
- ☐ A Girl Can't Be Too Careful (Blyth, Roman, Winters) by Hedda Hopper
- ☐ Stag Night at the Steam Room (Brady, Curtis, etc.)
- ☐ The Faith My Mother Taught Me (Ann Blyth)
- ☐ Safari to Catalina (Gail Russell, Guy Madison)
- ☐ Peck's 10-Year Plan (Gregory Peck)
- ☐ Lucky Dahl (Arlene Dahl)
- ☐ It Comes Up Love (Ida Lupino, Howard Duff)
- ☐ You Don't Have to Know the Language (Marta Toren)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Tell It to Joan (Joan Evans)

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?
.....
.....
.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....
.....
.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference...
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What MALE star do you like least?
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a baby for liz?

(Continued from page 39) interrupted her honeymoon to see the pretty Mom she's always adored, Liz told me. "Really and truly, we don't want to have children for another two years."

"Why not?" I said.

"Nicky and I want to have lots of fun first. We want to go places and see people and you can't do that when you have children."

Well, maybe she's right. But, on the other hand, this idea has never stopped Nicky's father, the debonair Connie Hilton. He has three grown-up sons by his first wife. And an entrancing baby daughter by his second, the gorgeous Zsa Zsa. Connie loves to dance all night long—which is one reason why Zsa Zsa told me, at Elizabeth's wedding, she divorced him. "He just wore me out." Nicky has all of his father's energy!

And having two children didn't stop Mr. and Mrs. Taylor from traveling with them to this country from England when Elizabeth was seven years old. Came the war and of course they stayed here. Now there might be another conflict and who knows what will happen with Nicky in the Naval Reserve. But children in the home are great to come home to. I know. I have two.

AND as for Liz's setting a definite date for the stork—well, that's one bird you can't count on as far as the calendar goes.

So if Liz and Nick are going to have a baby sooner than they anticipate, or if they're anticipating a baby sooner than they say, it sets me to wondering what that sweet bundle has in store for himself (or herself, or themselves!).

Liz has already decided that she wants a boy first. "I used to want a girl," she told me, "but Nicky wants a boy. So I hope the first baby is a boy. It's better for a girl to have an older brother watch out for her. My brother Howard is two and a half years older than I am. We've always had fun together. And it's wonderful when you grow up and want to go places. Your brother can always take you if you don't have a date." (That's one problem Liz never had to worry about, and I guess her daughter won't either!)

Whatever sex it is, Liz's baby will be born not only with a silver spoon in its mouth, but a golden knife and fork in each hand.

It's mama stands to earn a million dollars as a movie actress with a brilliant future. Poppa has oodles of shares in the dozens of fabulous hotels owned by the senior Hilton. And the young future father is smart in his own right to boot.

But above all, Elizabeth's baby will have a mother who knows all the answers about the facts of life. There'll be no "birds and bees" business in reply to that usually dreaded question, "Mama, how are babies made?" Elizabeth has known the answer to this one for the past thirteen years.

"I'll always remember when Elizabeth was five years old and she first saw a calf being born," her mother told me recently. "We were living then in what had been the gamekeeper's cottage on the estate in England of her godparents, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cazelet. She came flying into the house, her eyes wide with excitement and shouting, 'Mummie, come quickly.' And when the calf was lying by its mother's side, Elizabeth asked me very seriously, 'Is this the way children are born too?' I told her yes and I explained that all mothers carry their babies very close to their hearts until the time comes for them to be born. So Elizabeth

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has never had to ask me questions about babies. It was so different in my time. I had a wonderful mother, but it was considered shocking to want to even know about such things."

I haven't yet asked Elizabeth or Nicky what kind of a nursery they plan. They both seem such babies themselves I get kind of embarrassed when I discuss the fascinating topic. After all, they still say they are not planning a baby for two years. But this I know, there will be no strict feeding schedules for the young Hiltons. In Elizabeth's babyhood and until a few years ago, a baby had to be fed at 6 A.M., 10 A.M., 2 P.M., 6 P.M., and when very tiny, at 10 P.M. as well. "I'm sure that's why she didn't like food," says Mrs. Taylor. Now doctors say—"Feed 'em any time when they are hungry. And pick 'em up and give them lots of loving and to heck with the rules."

It's a cinch that Elizabeth's daughter will be mad about clothes. The only time Lizzie didn't scream for joy over a new dress was during her early adoration for Ann Westmore. She preferred to wear Ann's old clothes while her own new clothes languished in the closet until she outgrew them and her mother gave them away! But now, even if she never adds to her huge and wonderful trousseau, she'll have plenty to wear for the rest of her life.

I know, too, that future Taylor-Hiltons, boys and girls both, had better learn early to love the open spaces, because that's what they'll get plenty of. Nicky's an expert golfer and very good at fishing and hunting. And ever since Liz was knee-high to a stirrup—four and a half years old—and owned her own pony, she's been crazy about all sorts of animals.

"SHE didn't care for dolls at all until she was eight years old and we lived in Beverly Hills across the street from Ann Westmore (the daughter of make-up expert Wally and Elizabeth's maid of honor at the wedding)," her mother tells me. "But when she saw Ann's collection, she wanted one just as big. At one time Elizabeth had a hundred dolls. At Christmas-time they were all over the house. I've saved ten of them for Elizabeth to give her children."

Elizabeth took turns with Ann at playing the mother and the nurse to their large doll family. They used to borrow their mothers' clothes to wear themselves, and Mrs. Taylor was kept busy making fancy outfits for the dolls. Today Elizabeth's favorite is not a doll but a big teddy bear—it still sits guard on her bed.

Nothing, by the way, has been touched in Elizabeth's bedroom in her mother's house. Except the pearl-gray carpet—Elizabeth house-broke her dog in her bedroom and after the wedding the carpet was sent to be cleaned.

And here's a sad note. During Elizabeth's honeymoon the little dog, "Butch," died. Mrs. Taylor did not spoil the honeymoon by telling her about it until she came back. The dog pined for Elizabeth after she went away. She always used to take him to the vet's to be clipped—he was a gray, miniature poodle. He was very highly strung and to hear him howl after Elizabeth went was awful. I live in the next street and I heard him.

About a month after the wedding Mrs. Taylor took Butch to the vet's. At two in the afternoon they called her to say Butch had been trimmed and he was fine. Before she could get out of the room the phone rang again and they said, "Oh, Mrs. Taylor, he's dead." Poor Butch, he was only eight months old.

At one time Elizabeth had five dogs. And if you have never read "Nibbles and

Me," her book about her pet chipmunk, you should—it's delightful. Until she was sixteen, the house was always full of guinea pigs. Plus several talking birds. And she still has the horse, King Charles, she rode in *National Velvet*. MGM gave her the handsome animal for her 13th birthday.

It will be interesting to see how Elizabeth tackles the eating problem of her children. When she herself was little, she had to be almost tricked into eating, she hated food so much. And it wasn't until *National Velvet* that Mrs. Taylor really tricked her into an appetite. She told her mother, "I want to grow big and strong so I can ride the horse well." "But darling, how are you going to grow if you don't eat?" quickly replied the senior lady Taylor. So Elizabeth started eating man-size steaks. She never did get fat, however. Unless there really is a baby on the way, Elizabeth currently wears size ten in dresses and tips the scale at 114 pounds.

In all the years I've known her, Elizabeth has never been ill with more than a cold or a case of sunburn. As a child she was just as healthy, suffering only with whooping-cough which she caught from brother Howard. And an abscessed ear. "She was never delicate, just slender and slight," says her mother, who is also slender and slight—and strong.

When Elizabeth was small, she was painfully shy. She wasn't exactly afraid of people. "But," her mama tells me, "she used to cling to my hand, and shift from one foot to another without saying a word." Elizabeth is no longer shy. And she's beginning to talk more and with more authority. And I don't somehow think that her children will be anything but very self-possessed and "at home" in large groups. They will have lots of practice anyway—both Lizzie and Nicky love people around them.

THE plan now is for the young Hiltons to live in a suite at the Bel Air Hotel (of which Nicky owns 20%, and which he manages) for one year. Then they buy a lot and will build their very own home. Elizabeth wanted something very early American, with white and red bricks. Nicky doesn't care too much for that. He goes for "Traditional Modern"—all the comforts, and space and big windows of modern styling, with some antiques that are solidly comfortable. So that is what Elizabeth wants now. (This marriage can't fail to be successful!) Of course there will be a pool and the mansion will be on a hilltop.

As a cook, Elizabeth is a good actress. Her first cake was so hard, they had to throw it down on the floor to break it up. But Lizzie wants to learn—she's married to a guy who knows all about food because of his years of training in hotel kitchens. She has asked her pal Ann to show her how to cook hard-to-make delicacies like Yorkshire pudding and soufflés.

So this is how I see the Nicky Hiltons in five years—a gracious, happy couple, living in a beautiful modern house, both successful in their chosen careers. And, oh yes, two small children. I hope they get what they want—first a boy, then a girl—and the girl must inherit Elizabeth's looks—she'll be doing fine if she gets some of Nicky's, too.

Now we have to wait for the date of the first-born. It's an odd coincidence, but Liz's next movie is called *Father's Little Dividend*. Maybe a better title would be *Mother's Little Dividend*. I don't know. I'm only guessing. But it seems to me a wonderful idea for private life, that is. Maybe I'm prejudiced, but I think Liz was made to be a perfect mother.

THE END



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